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The Ambition of Mussolini

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

October — 1935

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

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Editorial Comment The Ambition of Mussolini		1
The Abyssinian "Superiority Complex"	*Pierre Crabitès*	10
Florabel Loses Her Lapang (*Story*)	*James W. Bennett*	18
Benjamin Franklin—Diplomat	*Elizabeth S. Kite, Litt.D.*	28
When the Schoolmen Came to Brooklyn	*Charles Willis Thompson*	38
Carlyle and the Mystical Tradition	*Charles Frederick Harrold*	45
Saint Francis (*Poem*)	*Maurice V. Reidy*	49
Go to the Fly, Thou Skeptic	*E. J. Anderson*	50
A Shack on the Hillside	*Alan Devoe*	58
After Reading Janet Erskine Stuart (*Poem*)	*Sister M. Thérèse, Sor.D.S.*	62
Potpourri	* * *	64
Greenwood	*Frederic Thompson*	67
Doorways to Yesterday	*Margaret Davis*	74
Those Puzzling Stops	*C. H. Lea*	80
Two Dawns (*Poem*)	*Catherine Parmenter*	82
The Drama	*Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt*	83
The Ball and the Cross: A Forgotten Heritage	* * *	90

Nova et Vetera 94 Foreign Periodicals 98 Recent Events 102

Our Contributors 106 New Books 108

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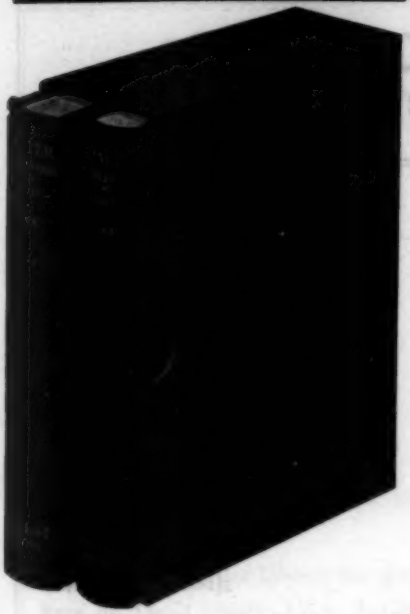

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

OCTOBER, 1935

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE AMBITION OF MUSSOLINI

A FRIEND of mine, an excellent surgeon, explains his technique in cases of appendicitis: "Go in, cut quickly, come away clean; don't probe around for more trouble or you may scatter the infection." Good surgery, I imagine, and it would be equally good military tactics. Mussolini, doubtless, expected to follow that method in Ethiopia. But there is a difficulty for the surgeon and for the dictator. Suppose the whole intestine or even the entire organism and not merely the appendix is pus-ridden. Then how can you "come away clean"?

Surgery and Warfare

Now, as every diagnostician knows, all the continent of Europe is reeking with infection: uneasiness, suspicion, fear, distrust, nationalistic jealousy and war-fever are everywhere. Any attempt to operate upon even the smallest member of that body will scatter the infection. The ultimate result may be fatal. I knew a man whose big toe was gangrened. The doctors cut it off. Then they amputated to the knee. Then to the thigh, then they took off the other leg. Then the patient died. There may be gangrene in Ethiopia, barbarism, cruelty, slavery. But if Mussolini attempts to cut it out without further trouble, he will have to be a wizard of a practitioner.

Two or three generations ago diplomats used to refer to the Turk in Constantinople as "the sick man of Europe." To-day all Europe, and for that matter, all western civilization is the sick man. His only chance to live a while longer seems to be rest, quiet, nourishment. The knife is "not indicated." It will be small comfort, after the fact, if the surgeon has to report, in the paradoxical professional phrase, "the operation was quite successful, but the patient died."

IL DUCE seems not to care. "League or no League," he cries, "with Geneva or against Geneva, we are going in." And he puts it up to a crowd of Fascist youth gathered

before his palace: "Comrades, I know what you are expecting to hear from me, 'we will march straight on.' Is that what you want?" A cry of "Yes" welled up from the crowd. In other words, the surgeon about to operate, consults the men in the street, "Shall I operate?" "Yes, operate," yells the crowd. That settles it.

"THE hour of destiny has struck for Italy," Mussolini tells the troops. Perhaps, but "Destiny" is an ambiguous word. I seem to remember another military leader who prated of "Destiny" and called himself a "Child of Destiny." He was, in a sense he did not intend. Destiny caught up with him at Waterloo. And wasn't there an ancient *Duce* who met his destiny at the foot of Pompey's statue?

A Child of Destiny?

Destinies are not individual. "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself." Neither do nations. Their destinies are interwoven, intertangled. England with her keen diplomatic instinct understands that fact. She sees that her destiny is involved in that of Ethiopia. This may seem odd—a great empire dependent upon the fate of a tiny State of half-savages in a corner of Africa. But so it is. And herein is the importance of the Italo-Ethiopian affair. The fate of all Europe may be determined by the outcome of a "punitive expedition" against a tribe of fuzzy-wuzzies. It cannot be overemphasized; Europe, Asia and Africa are one organism. If you step on a black man's toe in Abyssinia, a white man howls in London. I wonder if Mussolini has pondered over that curious phenomenon.

SO much for *Il Duce*. But what of *Il Populo?* I wish I could say—since I still hold to the democratic principle of the ultimate wisdom of the mass of men—that Mussolini is running ahead of and quite away from the Italian people. But they are keeping pace with him. As far as I could see in a recent hurried trip to Genoa, Rome, Perugia, Florence, Venice, Milan, the populace is quite as eager for war as the sword-rattler himself. It may be an argument against democracy, but one must not be *doctrinaire* in face of the truth.

A word may be said, however, to explain the popular frenzy if not to excuse it. The people are not permitted access to the facts. They have no contact with world opinion. Their newspapers, miraculously, are all of one mind, and by the same token, all equally "judicious" in the choice of what they shall tell their readers. When, for example, in late August, the Pope in a public address conceded the probability that Italy needed more land for her expanding population, the newspapers duly reported that concession. But the Holy Father went on to say that he deprecated a war of conquest. That part of his speech was deleted before it reached the eyes of Italian readers. It seems arrogant that an editor should blue-pencil the Pope. But, of course, the editors didn't do it. Some one higher up acted the censor. At that, it's a bold procedure. Since, as Mussolini said in a speech to 20,000 veterans in Rome, "the Italians are all Catholics" they might at least be permitted to read what their Spiritual Father had said. Does the Fascist censor know better than the

Why the People Cry for War

Pope what is good for the souls of the people?

On second thought, why should the people of Italy, and especially the people of Rome, depend upon newspapers? There are other documents in which they may read the "destiny" of those who go to war to build up empire. The ruins of the Forum remain and he who runs or even he who only stands and loafs may read them. What happened in the previous Roman Empire is written in the crumbling stones. The legions went out, conquered, came back and marched with great pomp around the Capitol and under triumphal arches. But in time, other conquering legions *came in*. The self-same magnificent roads that had opened up the way to Gaul, to Scythia, to Germany, to Asia—and, be it noted, to Egypt and Ethiopia—provided smooth access inward for the Huns and Goths and the Vandals. Out went Germanicus, Scipio Africanus, Julius Cæsar and Pompey. In came Alaric and Attila and Genseric. It's a poor road that doesn't lead both ways. All roads lead away from Rome, and *to* Rome. The *terminus a quo* was also the *terminus ad quem*.

And Why They Shouldn't

What the Gauls and the Scythians and the Africans did when they came into the city is written all over the Forum—the old Forum and the "Mussolini" Forum. There are strata upon strata of débris in Rome, each layer being, as it were, the geologic record of a destroyed civilization. If the Romans may not read the papers, let them peruse the ruins.

Since the papers dare not tell it, and the ruins may not be easy for the common man to decipher, why not the Gospels? At this writing, the Sacred Scriptures have not been placed on the Fascist Index. And isn't there something to the effect that "they that take the sword shall perish by the sword"?

There is also another book—present-day post-War Europe. That book says more graphically than paper and ink, Nobody wins a war. The loser loses and the winner loses. Soldiers may win, but the people lose. "Peace without victory," said Woodrow Wilson. Had he lived he would have revised the phrase—"*War* without victory." All modern war is without victory. In 1918 Italy found itself on the winning side, Germany on the losing side. But in 1935 Italy is as badly off as Germany. The Italians say so. They complain that they didn't reap the fruits of victory. But who *did*? We Americans? With six years depression and ten millions still out of work? Who, then, "reaped the fruits of victory"? Nobody.

The Devil's Merry-Go-Round

WARFARE cannot now be localized and isolated. When Julius Cæsar went off to Gaul, the populace gave him a rousing send-off, and a right royal welcome when he came back, but between times they could forget him. Later on when one of the medieval intercity wars was in progress, let us say between Siena and Florence, Genoa didn't bother, nor did Naples. The battle front was limited to two cities or at most to a half-dozen. But nowadays narrowly localized wars are impossible. There is no longer any "front." The people at home are at the front, the economic if not the military front. In the long run,

there are more casualties at home than in the field.

Furthermore, "the evil that men do lives after them." The evil that wars do lives for centuries. The effect of the Napoleonic wars is visible to-day. Napoleonic? Yes, and earlier wars than the Napoleonic. In Heidelberg this summer our guide in the "Schloss" repeated again and again with emphasis how the French in 1689 and again in 1693 had "ruthlessly destroyed the town and the castle." He loved especially to linger upon the demolition of the powder-tower which was blown off its foundations and thrown almost whole into the moat. One could sense the meaning under the guide's perfunctory speech, "We do not forget; 1689 to us is only yesterday. The day will come" . . . *Der Tag* again!

Speaking of Germany, what Nazi would believe you if you told him that Bismarck and von Moltke ruined his *Vaterland*? But the logic is simple enough. The conquest of Austria and Denmark intoxicated the Iron Chancellor and with him the united German people. The victory at Sedan and the occupation of Paris made them roaring drunk—drunk with power. Then the dream of empire, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. The easy victories of 1868 and 1870 led to the blunder of 1914 and the catastrophe of 1918. The paths of Bismarck lead but to Hitler. After von Moltke, Ludendorff. The last state of that nation! . . .

So the devil's merry-go-round goes round.

Even the hurried tourist through Europe can see these things, feel them, smell them in the atmosphere. Why don't the diplomats? Why don't the dictators?

THERE seems to be an exception, England. But England is really the supreme present example of the folly of empire-building. The Roman Empire ruined Rome. The British Empire will crush England. Because of India and Australia, England must keep the Canal. She cannot, therefore, tolerate an increase of Italian power in East Africa. Hence her intense solicitude in the present instance.

Why England Cares

No student of *Realpolitik* imagines for an instant that England is disinterestedly zealous for the League. She is for the League as long as the League is for her. If the League should turn to England and ask, "Will you undo what you have done so that Italy may have no excuse to do what she is doing?" will England answer, "The point is well taken. I see the folly of my way. I repent. I will let India and Australia go"? And all the English answer in chorus, "How absurd! Don't be a silly ass!"

Let no hasty reader jump to the conclusion that I admit the justice of Italy's *Tu Quoque*. To me the Italian argument is no more valid than if Al Capone should say, as indeed he does say, "Why put me in jail and not the captains of high finance? I only did in a small way what a hundred bankers have done on a gigantic scale." Yet there are persons, some of them with a reputation for intelligence and even for religiosity, who claim not to see the flaw in that logic. They mistake recrimination for justification.

TO return to England and the League. It may be that the League will be the death of England. Hitherto she has had India,

Australia and Canada to care for, with Ireland giving her a kick whenever she turned her back. Now if she takes on the League as part of her imperial burden, the accumulation of weight may break her down. Since these innocent and trite remarks will, as usual, cause me to be accused of anti-British prejudice (no American can predict anything but success and glory for England without being suspected of animosity) I had better go on to say that I condemn warfare of conquest by any nation whatsoever, even my own. To put the case as powerfully as possible, I shall copy without dissent the strongest paragraph I have seen about our own land-grabbing. It is from the Richmond *Times-Dispatch:*

Our Own Imperial Crimes

"We first took our country from the Indians, the natives, just as Italy proposes to take Ethiopia. We added to this conquered country a large piece of land which we purchased from the French, who had taken it from the Indians. To this we added large areas which we took from Mexico in a war of conquest, and, later, we added land which we seized in a war of conquest against Spain.

"This State [Virginia] and those States which were her confederates are in this Union today by virtue of conquest. They seceded from the Union, and, after a bloody war, were conquered and reannexed. The Federal Government claimed, as Italy claims, that she was warring to rid the land of human slavery, and as a result of Federal victory, human slavery was abolished."

For good measure let us add with Theodore Roosevelt that we took the Panama Canal zone "because we needed it."

Even so, I repeat, every nation that has annexed alien or overseas dominions will be plagued and ultimately ruined by its imperialistic adventures. I have said that the Suez Canal may be England's nemesis. The Panama Canal may be ours. As for the Philippines, they are already a burden and any day may become a menace. If—be the possibility remote or proximate—if Japan wants them and takes them, what shall we do? Send men and ships and planes to hold them? Sweet prospect! We might give them away now, or sell them if we can. It would save us from the ignominy of being compelled some day to surrender them. The day is coming when we shall see the folly of ambition for empire.

Quæ cum ita sint, as Cicero says so often, since these facts are so obvious, why don't the Italians see them? To be specific, why doesn't Mussolini see that Julius Cæsar was the evil genius of Rome? The ruin of the city was assured when Cæsar went out to conquer the world.

THIS summer I saw, with some amazement, a monument to Giosuè Carducci in the Church of Santa Maria dei Frari in Venice. How and why the author of "The Hymn to Satan" came to be honored with burial in a church, was a problem to me and to my fellow-pilgrims, simple-minded American Catholics that we are. But there he is, or at least there is the memorial to the anticlerical, anti-Christian poet-laureate of the infidel Grand Orient Lodge.

Returning home I picked up *The New York Times Book Review* and

read an article dated at Genoa and titled "Carducci, Spiritual Father of Fascist Italy." "It is fit and proper," says the writer, Henry Furst, "that Fascist Italy should celebrate the first centenary of Carducci's birth, for to whom more than to him can be traced the origin of the Fascist spirit in Italy? The veneration for imperial Rome, the respect for martial ardor above all other forms of spiritual energy, and the spirit of hate and intolerance for all those who are of a different opinion from one's own, in no writer can these elements be found in a purer and more complete state than in the author of the *'Odi Barbare.'* In d'Annunzio, who owed and acknowledged that he owed much to his predecessor, all this is but a reflection—a pale and unsatisfactory reflection."

Carducci the Prophet of Fascism

The mystery deepens. Why is Giosuè Carducci, preacher of hate, eulogist of violence, honored with a tomb (or even an epitaph and a memorial) in a Catholic church? Presumably he recanted and at the end asked for the sacraments, like many others who hate the Church in their lifetime and throw themselves into her arms when dying. Very well, let him have the sacraments. Give him every chance before the Judgment Seat. But why the monument in church?

Perhaps some of my pro-Fascist friends (preferably Americans who return ecstatic from Italy with tales of clean streets and punctual trains) will enlighten my ignorance so that I shall see no incongruity in honoring a satanist along with the saints.

While they are at that task, will they kindly go on to explain what fellowship there can be between the religion of the Prince of Peace and the heathen savagery of Carducci and d'Annunzio. And if they can take that second hurdle in their stride they need not balk at a third: how shall we reconcile the acceptance by Catholics of the militarism of Mussolini, with the doctrine of St. Augustine or St. Thomas concerning a justifiable war, not to say with the teaching of the Dominican Father Stratmann, who has applied St. Augustine and St. Thomas to modern conditions?

To tell the truth, this theological problem concerns me, puzzles me, worries me much more than the political. I wasn't scandalized or even surprised in 1914 when the university professors in Germany upheld the Kaiser, but I don't understand why the theologians in Italy do not condemn the threatened war with Ethiopia, say rather the threatened butchery of Ethiopia, as not in accordance with the Gospel or the Fathers. If our Catholic ethics is colored by nationalism, can it still be Catholic?

Silent Theologians

Catholic papers in England have spoken very forcefully. Perhaps the strongest utterance of their sentiment is in *The Tablet* of London: "We are compelled to say that Signor Mussolini is talking and acting as if he were the leader of a pagan rather than of a Christian people. . . .

"The sabre-rattling and fire-breathing of the last few weeks are not what we should have from the *dux* of a Christian state; indeed, they are not easily distinguishable from the Nordic braggadocio of Herr Rosenberg and his friends. *Il Duce*, however, seems to imagine that he may do a thing against

which Christian teachers, from the days of the Divine Teacher Himself, have vehemently protested.

"An Italy redolent with incense and noisy with bells will not be a Catholic Italy if its rulers and people are courting that malediction which the Holy Father of Italians and non-Italians alike has called down upon the nations and peoples who want war. Unless we have misread or misinterpreted *Il Duce's* recent utterances, . . . he appears to be making more of the fasces of the lictors than of the Cross of Christ."

The *Catholic Herald* quotes that passage and seems to make it its own. But these are vehicles for the thought of the Catholics of England. What of the Catholics of Italy? In my recent visit I saw no Italian papers that spoke like the London *Tablet* or the London *Catholic Herald.* Nor did I hear any conversations to that effect even behind closed doors. What then are we to think? Is Catholicity to be colored by nationalism? I read in one of the New York papers a dispatch from the United Press at Rome: "Catholic peace agencies abroad are besieging the Pope to throw the force of the Church against Italy's use of military force. Italian Catholics and the Italian clergy are practically unanimous in support of Benito Mussolini's program of colonial expansion." Does Catholic doctrine vary with nationality?

The same news dispatch continues: "The majority of the Italian clergy argue that Italy requires room to expand and that if Italian civilization is taken to Ethiopia it will permit the Church to increase its activities in East Africa." Here, evidently, arises the old question, "Does the end justify the means?" No Catholic theologian in the world dares say that a good end justifies a bad means. Our enemies sometimes accuse us of teaching that infamous principle, but the accusation is libelous. So why the silence on the part of the theologians?

Perhaps in this excessively delicate situation in which a declaration of the true doctrine might occasion national apostasy, they have left the difficult task to the Holy Father.

But the Pope Speaks

THE Pope indeed has spoken courageously. In one public speech he said that a war of conquest is unjustifiable even for a nation which feels the need of expansion, and that border disputes should be decided by arbitration and not by war. In another public speech to some 20,000 veterans of the World War he repeatedly emphasized the need of peace. As he spoke, the atmosphere all about him was filled with clamor for war, but he fairly harped on peace:

"We pray constantly for peace because the whole world sighs for peace, desires peace, implores peace. All the world, remembering the last war, wants peace. We pray for peace because We are the vicar of Christ, Who is the King of Peace, Who was heralded by the prophets as the Prince of Peace, Who when He had come on earth was announced by the angelic canticle of peace to men of good will. As the vicar of this divine master, as the common father of all souls, We pray for peace.

"We desire also, together with peace, that the hopes, exigencies and needs of the great and good people which is our own people may be recognized and fulfilled, that its rights may be fulfilled and

satisfied, but with justice and in peace; with justice, because without justice there is only sin and sin renders a people miserable. With justice and in peace, because peace means the absence of all the evils that war brings in its train.

"Therefore We pray always for peace. May God give the world peace — peace, justice, truth and charity—a peace made of honor and dignity, of justice and respectable rights, a peace that shall spread happiness and well-being in the world."

A beautiful utterance; in the circumstances a brave utterance. It takes courage to cry Peace! Peace! when all one's nation is howling for war.

One hesitates in a merely journalistic paragraph to adopt the minatory tone of a prophet of old. But the conclusion cannot be suppressed that if Italy persists in disturbing the none-too-firm equilibrium of western civilization, Italy instead of recapturing the ancient glories of the empire, may destroy herself and all the rest of us.

American Apathy

AMERICAN secular papers, commenting on the Italo-Ethiopian situation, show for the most part no indignation. Take, for example, Arthur Brisbane, who is said to form and to reflect the opinion of millions of Hearstian readers: "Mussolini's driving power and efficiency that have transformed the fever breeding Pontine Marshes into homes for Italian families should need no 'seven months' to produce results in Abyssinia. The thing to do is to concentrate on the 'Conquering Lion of Judah,' otherwise the Negus or 'Power of Trinity.'"

There is in that comment no hint of wrath against a big nation threatening to assault a helpless little group of semisavages. But let us try another paragraph from the pen of the most influential of American journalists: "In the past, kings and emperors could stay carefully, safely from the fight, sending other men, 'my last moujik,' as the late Czar of Russia put it, to fight for them. That time is past. Planes, gas and bombs will carry war to the royal palace.

"Mussolini's airplanes will concentrate on the probable residence of Ethiopia's 'Conquering Lion,' and the 'Power of Trinity' will soon become tired of war and tired of Mussolini."

For cold-blooded indifference such comment might do credit to Machiavelli. Mr. Brisbane's moral sense seems to have atrophied after some twenty years of service as "yes man" to the unprincipled Hearst.

But read on: "There is an unnecessary fuss about American business men having secured in Abyssinia rights to develop oil and mineral wealth. An American should be able to go shopping, at his own risk and on his own responsibility, wherever he chooses, as Englishmen do, without having the State Department indulge in 'fits.'"

There you have it. Brisbane nonchalantly observes that the Americans who tried to grab the oil lands of Ethiopia at a critical moment were only "shopping" and had a right to shop. The uprush of public opinion reprobating the transaction is "fuss" and the action of the Secretary of State is "fits." Did we say something about moral bankruptcy?

ANY number of foreign "kibitzers" are trying to tell the United States how she should play her hand in this fateful diplomatic game. We ourselves had not even been aware that we were at or near the card table.

A certain Marte Gomez (from Mexico, of all places!) arises at a session of the Council of the League of Nations and "warns Italy that the American nations cannot recognize territorial conquests." Perhaps he means American nations that belong to the League. It would be well to be specific in this instance. We of the United States are accustomed to prick up our ears when we hear the phrase "American nations."

We Must Mix in, Must We?

But another, this time an Englishman, reads us by name a warning. Sir John Harris, in the *Contemporary Review* for August closes an article on Italy and Abyssinia with the magisterial pronouncement: "Rising supreme over all other factors is the outstanding one that if France, Great Britain and the U. S. A. intimate plainly that hostilities will not be permitted without prior arbitration and conciliation, there will then be peace, not war. Delay in a decision by Britain, France and the U. S. A. to maintain peace would be a crime for which history will never forgive the present-day Government of these countries."

That might seem to be plain enough. But I wish that those who go so far in telling us our duty to Europe would go further. Suppose we *do* declare that "hostilities will not be permitted" and yet hostilities commence. What are we then to do? Engage in hostilities to end hostilities? In the present condition of civilization a war may start anywhere, in Ethiopia, Manchukuo, Jugoslavia, or where not? Must we Americans rush into all of them and stop them all? Bye-and-bye revolutions will break out in Russia, in Mexico, in Germany. Must we take care of those also? Has the United States the divine vocation of settling all the controversies and fighting in all the wars that arise? Rather let us tell our monitors abroad that the fear of embroilment in any corner of the world and at any moment is what kept us out of the League. And so long as we don't care to sit in at the game, isn't it rather impertinent and irrelevant to tell us how we shall play our cards?

THE ABYSSINIAN "SUPERIORITY COMPLEX"[1]

By Pierre Crabitès

THE well informed Rome correspondent of the London *Times* writes to his journal, on July 14, 1935, that "what exactly Italy will insist upon obtaining from Abyssinia is still being kept a secret from the public. There is, in more responsible quarters, a marked reluctance to sketch the probable attitude of Italy." And the same newspaper observes, in its leading article of the same date, that "Rome gives the appearance of simply wanting to seize Abyssinia."

The *Times* overlooks the salient obstacle which confronts Sir Samuel Hoare, M. Eduard Benes and those who are sincerely seeking to prevent war between Italy and Abyssinia when it stresses the point that "Rome gives the appearance of simply wanting to seize Abyssinia." If such were the crux of the difficulty, diplomacy would soon find a solution to the problem which is now causing such concern.

The issue is far more serious. It revolves around the Italian "inferiority complex" which Mussolini is seeking to correct and the Abyssinian "superiority complex" which "the King of Kings of Kings of the Realm of Ethiopia" is doing his utmost to stiffen. Two moral forces, which have nought to do with trade expansion, territorial aggrandizement or militarism are thus face to face. Deftness of manipulation may keep them apart for a time. It will require something more to assure the reëstablishment of normal relations between Italy and Abyssinia.

Mussolini has worked wonders for his country. Some writers credit him with having saved Occidental Europe from Bolshevism. He has unquestionably made Italy neater in appearance, more orderly in outward respect of the law and more comfortable to the foreign visitor. His accord with the Vatican is a masterly accomplishment. His creation of a new Italian mentality marks him as one of the outstanding men of the twentieth century. In fact, what he is now universally proclaimed to be recalls to my mind what was said of Porfirio Diaz when I visited Mexico in 1901.

I do not question the *Duce's* exalted patriotism, dynamic energy or intellectual resiliency. I pay homage to his qualities of heart and mind. I yield to no man in my admiration of the results of his creative genius. But with my Porfirio Diaz experience staring me in the face I cannot help interpreting the present and future with my eye riveted upon the past.

The great Mexican fell from power not merely because old age sapped his vitality but because, with all his talents, strength of purpose and courage he was unable to create a new Mexican mentality or a new Mexican soul or a new Mexican outlook on life.

Diaz organized out of nothing, or

1 Editor's Note: The Catholic World presents this article as a sidelight upon the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. The Editor admits that it seems to him, as it will doubtless seem to many readers, extremely paradoxical, but he feels there may be a considerable basis of truth in Judge Crabitès' theory. At least the point of view expressed is very interesting.

rather out of bandits a constabulary or corps of *rurales* which was a model of efficiency. He made of the Mexican army of the nineties of the last century a body whose mobility was highly praised by military experts. His administration of the finances of his country especially when Limantour was in charge of that service, was said to be most admirable. But the rank and file of the Mexican people remained impervious to all this. When nature took her toll of him, the succession of men of the type of Madero, Huerta and Carranza spelt anarchy. In other words, the forces of atavism, which had long been suppressed, finally gained the upper hand when advancing years caused Diaz to falter.

Mussolini is now at the zenith of his intellectual strength. He has no such heredity to overcome as that which in the end overthrew the Mexican leader. His partisans insist that his influence is greater today than it has ever been. I do not attempt to dispute their claim. I confine myself to pointing out that his political strategy has long been that which diplomatists describe as a *politique de prestige* and which the average American would prefer to characterize as "carrying a chip on one's shoulder."

Such tactics usually escape condemnation as long as they are successful. Nothing succeeds like success. Year after year Mussolini has adhered to his *politique de prestige* and has won repeated victories in the domestic field. The world at large now looks upon him as being the personification of present-day Italy and acclaims him as a great man. He is worthy of the laurels which he has won. He is ambitious and revels in this glory.

But the *Duce* is first and foremost a patriot. The incarnation of egoism, his love of Italy transcends everything else. He would cheerfully shed his blood for his country. He delights in the plaudits which are showered upon him not because they burn incense to his vanity but because they are a tribute to what Italy has become under his guidance.

The leadership which Mussolini covets, not for himself but for Italy, is based, in the last analysis, upon force. I do not suggest by this that Fascism governs Italy by the sword. What I am endeavoring to bring out is that Italy's status as a great power depends upon the *Duce's* ability to convince Europe of the efficiency of the Italian fighting machine.

Armaments and artillery, battleships and submarines, aëroplanes and food supplies play a great part in modern warfare. They mean but little, however, compared to the spirit of the men who man the guns. It is the personal equation that wins the final victory. Until the morale of the enemy has been destroyed, until the soul of the soldiers has been conquered, no permanent success has been won.

Mussolini grasps this truism as well as anybody. He understands his people far better than I do. He is a psychologist as well as a statesman. He knows that no nation suffering from an "inferiority complex" can produce soldiers who have the stamina to go through a grueling war. He cannot close his eyes to the fact that the Italians are suffering from an "inferiority complex." He perceives that until he can eradicate it his *politique de prestige* and Italy's status in Europe repose upon an insecure basis.

This Italian "inferiority complex" in respect of warfare which thwarts the *Duce's* ambitions to make modern Rome what was ancient Rome, is the outcome of conditions which precede the nineteenth century. The failure of Carlo Alberto and of Piedmont to make any headway against Austria, the disastrous defeat at Lissa, the fact that it was Napoleon III. and, to a certain extent, Prussia that finally made United Italy a possibility and the culminating disaster of Adowa accentuated this "inferiority complex" virtually from the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century.

I am afraid that the Great War and Caporetto have further developed this "inferiority complex." At all events, Mussolini knows that Europe has not forgotten Lissa, Adowa and Caporetto. He is convinced that Fascist Italy is not the Italy of the past. He is certain that the men of his race yield to no other in those qualities of military leadership, stamina and self-sacrifice that make great soldiers. He is determined to eradicate this "inferiority complex" and re-create an Italian fighting spirit even as he did a new civic Italian soul.

Mussolini is not a theorist. He is a realist. This "inferiority complex" is due to the mental pictures that linger of Lissa, Adowa and Caporetto. He proposes to extirpate them from the Italian mind.

Fate has already made it impossible for him to meet Austria on the sea and blot out the memory of Lissa. Austria no longer has a seacoast and no navy and the book of history has closed upon the Hapsburg dynasty. It would be hazardous for him to think of dealing with Caporetto until Adowa has first been deleted from the record. And Mussolini, both because he is practical and logical thus centers his attention upon seeking to make it possible for Italy to forget what happened in 1896, when pre-Fascist Italians met Abyssinians in battle array.

If Mussolini has to grapple with this "inferiority complex" of the Italians, Haile Selassie and the Abyssinians are suffering from a "superiority complex." They are convinced that Europe is afraid of them. They look upon the efforts to have the League of Nations prevent war as proof of the accuracy of their deduction. I do not suggest that they have deliberately provoked the Italians. I confine myself to asserting that they view Rome's challenge with undisturbed equanimity.

If the Italian "inferiority complex" springs from Lissa, Adowa and Caporetto, the Abyssinian "superiority complex" may be traced to Gundet, Gura and Adowa. The results of these three latter engagements were so decisive that I can well understand how they have turned the head of a backward race and persuaded it of its invincibility.

All of these battles took place during the last third of the nineteenth century. Since the culminating victory of Adowa no nation has, until recently, provoked Abyssinia. During the World War her frontiers remained unassailed. She sees in the long peace which has followed her complete triumph, evidence that Europe dreads her sword.

She knows that during those nineteen years that run from 1876 to 1895 her troops overwhelmingly defeated forces led not only by

Italians, but by Egyptians, Swiss, Danes, Austrians and Americans. She thus views the future with a complacency that begets an attitude of such supreme confidence that I describe it as a "superiority complex." And it is because so many different nations sent officers to lead the armies which sought to invade her soil that she now imagines that the League of Nations has intervened to protect itself from a recurrence of these old defeats.

The port of Zeila, which is now English, and which the British Government appears to have been willing to turn over to Abyssinia in an effort to bring about a settlement of the pending controversy, played a prominent part in starting those wars which led to the series of Abyssinian victories to which I have just referred. The Khedive of Egypt purchased it in 1875 from the Sultan of Turkey.

Zeila had been used for centuries by Arab and Turk for unsuccessful attacks upon Abyssinia. To consolidate this acquisition an Egyptian force was sent to Massawah under the command of Colonel Arrendrup, formerly a Lieutenant in the Royal Danish artillery.

The counter move of Abyssinia was the creation of a new province which abutted upon the Egyptian frontier. This district was put under the Governorship of Colonel Kirkman, a Scot in the Abyssinian service.

Both sides understood what was meant by the presence of Arrendrup at Massawah and of Kirkman at Ginda. It did not indicate that Denmark and England were about to fight but that Egypt and Abyssinia were getting ready for a struggle. With Arrendrup were, among others, Count Zichy, a brother of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at Constantinople, Major Durholz, a Swiss who had served for a time in the Pope's army, Major Ruchdy, an Egyptian of Turkish extraction and Major J. M. Dennison of New York and formerly of Iowa, a Union veteran of the American Civil War who had entered the Khedivial service.

Towards the end of October, 1875, Arrendrup moved his forces to Asmara and Codofolassie. The Abyssinians retired. The road to their capital appeared to be open. King John ordered that a call to arms be sounded throughout his kingdom. While his heralds were rushing about from place to place the Egyptians, numbering 2,500, armed with Remington rifles, two six-gun batteries of mounted artillery and six rocket stands, continued their advance.

The Dane thought that he was on a dress parade. But the Abyssinians finally got their forces in hand, and surprised the invaders on November 11, 1875, at a place called Gundet. The Egyptians lost 1,800 men and 2,000 rifles. Colonel Arrendrup, when surrounded, first emptied his revolver into the advancing foe and then saber in hand, defended himself to the last. He died the death of a hero.

Major Dennison and Major Ruchdy were not in this engagement. They, with a small detachment, were on a mountain top at Addi-Huala, some miles away. They remained in complete ignorance of the details of the terrible struggle which went on in the valley. It was only when a messenger came into camp and informed them that a battle was in progress that men were sent out to learn, if possible, the true state of affairs. Bad news travels rapidly. An Egyptian sol-

dier from one of the commands soon rushed in and reported the defeat.

This intensified the desire for reliable information. It also stimulated Dennison and Ruchdy to prepare for the worst. The two companies were consolidated. The construction of a wall, of such stone as they could pick up within hand's reach, was begun around their position. And then wounded soldiers began to arrive. Their tale left no doubt of the enormity of the disaster. The troops showed signs of demoralization. It took violent means to hold them in line. During the night a company which Colonel Arrendrup had stationed at another point joined the force under Dennison.

The news which the American received from the battlefield convinced him that his situation was most precarious. He resolved the next morning to move out in force to the brow of the precipice, to learn positively just how matters stood and to act accordingly. He gave orders that two companies and two pieces of artillery should at once prepare for this service. The Egyptian officer, through whom the command was communicated to the soldiers, soon returned and informed the Major that they positively refused to move. Before decisive steps could be taken with this rebellious force, Major Dennison received from King John a written demand for the surrender of himself and of his command. The answer was returned that the proposition could not be entertained.

A night of anxiety followed. Majors Dennison and Ruchdy placed themselves at the head of the column and, revolver in hand, threatened to kill anybody who sought to pass them. Notwithstanding the determination of these officers, some of the men, who dared not attempt to rush by, threw away their guns and even divested themselves of trousers and other clothing in order to lighten their burden.

But the American and the Turk —Ruchdy's blood was Turkish— held firm. They got their men through the mountain passes. The officers marched the command a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles in thirty-two hours. The troopers then felt safer. They halted for a little sleep. Proceeding more leisurely they finally reached Massawah, one hundred and sixty miles from the field of carnage.

News of the defeat of Arrendrup filled official Cairo with consternation. The Government resolved to meet the situation by sending a larger expeditionary force under an Egyptian, Ratib Pasha, with an American, Colonel Dye, as Chief of Staff. The latter demurred feeling that the honor should go to a senior compatriot. A Northerner, with the true spirit born of Grant's chivalrous conduct at Appomattox, he suggested that a Southerner, General Loring, of Florida, be selected.

Colonel William McE. Dye, Colonel Charles W. Field, of Virginia, Lieutenant Colonel Derrick, of Virginia, Major Loesh, Major Robert Schuyler Lamson, Surgeon Major W. W. Wilson, of Ohio, Captain David Essex Porter and Captain Irgens, of Montana, were the other Americans who formed part of the expeditionary force, as constituted when it left for Abyssinia. Surgeon Major Johnson, of Tennessee, and Colonel Samuel H. Locket, of Alabama, were subsequently assigned to the corps. Lieutenant Colonel C.

J. Graves, of Georgia, who had served before in the United States and Confederate navies, had charge of water transportation, the lightering of vessels and analogous work.

The army consisted of: Four regiments of infantry aggregating 9,600 men, 68 horses and 720 mules; one regiment of cavalry, 800 men, 900 horses; two field batteries, two mountain batteries and one rocket battery aggregating 474 men, 54 horses and 334 mules; one company of sappers and miners, 150 men, 6 horses and 100 mules; and the General Staff composed of the General in Chief, Chief of Staff, 2 generals of brigade, 2 colonels, 3 lieutenant colonels, 6 majors, 2 captains, 3 lieutenants, 2 subalterns, and 14 soldiers. The Staff had 30 horses and 50 mules. These figures, plus the remains of the Arrendrup expedition brought the total number of men to an aggregate of twelve thousand. They sailed from Suez for Massawah on December 5, 1875.

Both Loring and Dye give lengthy accounts of the insuperable difficulties with which the Staff had to contend when once the army reached Massawah. They bring out, with no lack of detail, that cooperation between the Egyptians and the Americans was rendered impossible as a result of Ratib Pasha's fundamental weakness as a commanding officer. Everything that they say is no doubt true. Princes, however, engage foreign soldiers to accomplish results and not to prove why they could not do so.

The officers of the Sudan Government, who have issued the official compendium known as *The Anglo-Egyptian Sudan* write with laconic brevity that:

"The Egyptian headquarters arrived at Massawah about the middle of December. Owing, however, to the disorganized state of the Staff and the difficulties of transport the army did not get under way till the middle of January, 1876. After tedious marches it arrived at the Kaya Khor pass, near which place, at Gura, it was met and heavily defeated by King John on 7th March, losing nearly 4,000 men and 8,000 rifles."

Surgeon Major Johnson of Tennessee was among the prisoners taken by the Abyssinians. He was wounded at the time of his capture. Notwithstanding this fact he was stripped to the skin and his arms tied behind his back so tightly that the pain became excruciating. He was then made to walk for days, under a burning sun and given to understand that if he did not keep up with the horsemen he would be murdered.

He saw prisoners of war massacred all around him. He feared every moment that his own turn would come next. One day he was seized by three or four Abyssinians and hurried away to a neighboring hill. Part way up its side he was halted at a large rock. Two of his guards sharpened on it their iron instruments already steeped in blood. The grating sound suggested to him such thoughts of horrible mangling from dull and awkwardly wielded implements that he begged an Abyssinian, with a gun, to shoot him.

They ascended still further. At almost every bowlder more sharpening went on and somebody was killed. The survivors were getting fewer and fewer. Johnson's turn was obviously approaching. The summit of the hill was near at hand when a horseman was seen in the

distance. He hurried forward. He was the King's courier. He bore a message that the soldiers were to return with their prisoners.

This did not end Major Johnson's troubles. He remained a captive for two more weeks. His guardians delighted in threatening him with mutilation and death. When orders came for his release and King John learned from them that Surgeon Major Johnson was a physician, that Christian monarch sought to induce the Tennessean to remain in Abyssinia and become attached to the royal household. He refused. He returned to Massawah with nerves shattered and almost completely prostrated.

So elated were the Abyssinians at this success, so impressed were they of their invincibility, that even after peace had been proclaimed they did not hesitate to make an incursion into the Egyptian lines and seize in February, 1877, Lebbens H. Mitchell of New York, a geologist and mining engineer in the service of the Egyptian Government who was carrying on a scientific survey on Egyptian soil. He was subjected to such cruel treatment by his captors that in terminating his official account of his sufferings he used this language:

"If the cardinal principles of the Christian religion consist of injustice, cruelty, covetousness, selfishness, prejudice, fanaticism, pride, bigotry, superstition, shamelessness and an immorality which can be defined as the very essence of unbridled licentiousness and beastly lust, then indeed are the Abyssinians, in point of fact, as in name, Christians."

I shall not refer to what happened to the Italian troops at Adowa. That subject is too well known to necessitate repetition. Suffice it to say that it has accentuated the Abyssinian "superiority complex" and that it causes them to have abiding contempt for Italians. They refuse to draw a distinction between pre-Fascist Italy and Fascist Italy.

Passing from 1896 to 1935 the military correspondent of the London *Times* writes under the date of July 11, 1935:

"The effective subjugation of a country largely depends on having targets that can be effectively smitten. Here, targets will be few unless the Abyssinians offer them. And nothing is more nerve-wracking for an army of occupation than the intangible ubiquity of a guerrilla foe who is operating in his own country with room enough to play that game. On the other hand, air power and mechanization tend to accelerate the exploitation of victory over a congregated force, and jeopardize the chances of rallying the survivors to harrass, where they cannot directly resist, the invader's progress. Moreover, the nerve-shock of a new weapon is apt to have the deepest echo among a primitive people."

This same expert goes on to say that: "Italy's uncompromising attitude hinders the essential adaptability of strategy to events as well as to conditions. The aim of complete subjugation must also be measured by the topographical conditions. The rugged plateau with its towering escarpment might be likened to the medieval castle of a giant's dream. Approaches are few and difficult, being fortified by Nature with successive moats and barricades, while the communications of an advancing force would be as hard to safeguard as to create.

"Addis Ababa, the capital, is over 400 miles distant from the Italian bases in Eritrea and stands over 8,000 feet above sea level; as a bombing target it would thus seem well out of reach of present service aircraft."

It lies far beyond my purpose to attempt to prophesy the eventual outcome of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict. All that I desire to record is that a recent article in *The New York Times*, written by a financial expert, makes it quite clear that Italy's financial and economic structure may not be able to withstand the strain of a prolonged struggle.

I do not place undue emphasis upon this opinion. The Great War lasted four years. Dearth of gold did not bring it to an end, although financiers had declared during the years that preceded it that no war could last more than a few weeks on account of the monumental expense involved. What concerns me is the effect upon the Italian "inferiority complex" that may result from a failure to obtain immediate results.

Mussolini has worked such wonders in Italy, he knows his people so well, that I refuse to admit that pre-Fascist Italy and present-day Italy are necessarily one and the same thing. But, on the other hand, my mind stands aghast at what may happen should the Abyssinian "superiority complex" enable Haile Selassie to prolong the contest. Should a revolution break out in Italy, Europe will indeed be in sorry straits.

FLORABEL LOSES HER LAPANG

By James W. Bennett

THE companion-ladder creaked beneath Florabel's one hundred and seventy pounds of solid flesh as she descended. She called imperiously to a saddle-colored individual drowsing in the Company launch. He awoke, started the motor and began to edge the boat closer.

The full glare of a pair of powerful lights at the top of the ladder shone on a resplendent Florabel. She had discarded the white starched apron and stiff cap that she habitually wore as the sole stewardess of the *Demerara* plying between New York and Trinidad. Her emphatic yellow hair was encircled by a band of brilliants; her neck was hung with multiple strands of imitation pearls. Wisps of a coral chiffon gown brushed large capable feet unmercifully cramped into gilt slippers. Despite the tropic heat, she had thrown over her bulging *décolletage* a wrap of white rabbit fur. "*Lapin*, treated like ermine," she had been told when she bought it on East Fourteenth Street in New York. Subsequently, she had always spoken tenderly of the wrap as lapang . . . *real* lapang.

The roadstead was choppy and the barefooted custodian of the launch showed a disinclination to bring his craft alongside the staging. Florabel measured the distance as it circled cautiously near, lifted her coral skirts to her really impressive knees—and gave a sudden leap. The boat swayed perilously, righted itself and, with the stewardess safely aboard, began to drone its way toward the shore.

Florabel's eyes, their lashes mascara-beaded, speculatively watched the approach to Trinidad. Venezuela—just across the strait from this British island—was involved in political difficulties. She was going ashore to give her best attention to Venezuela.

Upon landing, she took a taxi to the Queen's Park Hotel. There, she crossed the lobby and went into a small open court green with palms and giant ferns potted in kerosene tins. Seating herself she stared with interest at a cage filled with small monkeys.

"So 'uman and so in'uman," she reflected. "Just like Colonel Bitters. W'ich reminds me"—she looked down at a large plated baguette wristwatch—"that 'e's late for 'is appointment. I don't like that."

But the Colonel made his entrance almost immediately, hurrying, in an attempt to preserve the amenities. Without speaking—for he was out of breath—he bowed, clicking his heels.

"There now, Colonel, sit down. You look a bit done in!" She indicated a wicker rocking-chair opposite, the one facing the light.

The Colonel, stiff in the knees, eased himself down, still panting softly. He seemed to find it difficult to open the conversation.

"I don't mind if I do," remarked Florabel finally.

Colonel Bitters started. He tapped the bell on a taboret at his side, to summon the bar boy.

"You can mayke mine port wine," said Florabel. "It h'encourages the red corpuscles, I 'ear."

He gave this order, adding gin and bitters for himself.

As Florabel sipped her port, she regarded the Colonel with covert admiration. Bronzed of face, with iron-gray hair, and chest outthrust, he seemed the typical British army officer, retired. Perhaps a shade too typical, but Florabel was not captious. "Ayn't 'e gorjus?" she thought, conscious of a tinge of envy. What couldn't she accomplish—with a front like that! But, after all, she was doing pretty well for herself. No complaints.

"Well, Colonel," she said, setting down her empty glass, "it's Venezuela, I s'pose? I 'eard that their larst revolution 'as just failed—so you'll be wantin' me to smuggle a few rebels aboard, wot?"

He winced at her dropped H's. "Yes, I have a little plan. But it only indirectly concerns those poor fellows in Venezuela. Strictly speaking, this isn't business. Just a spot of altruism. Something that I know is going to appeal to your large, warm, sympathetic heart."

"Plus sixty per cent," Florabel amended softly. "Our split's always been sixty-forty. Sixty for me, an' forty for you."

"But—but I give you my word, there's not a penny in it for me. A girl wants to leave Trinidad on your ship, to-morrow night."

"And, w'y?"

"I trust I'm too chivalrous to ask that."

"I'm not," said Florabel calmly.

"But, wait! This young girl, beautiful, born of one of England's finest County families, wishes to leave, incognito. That is all one needs to know about it."

Florabel rose and wrapped the lapang impressively about her. "It's been a nice chin-chin, Colonel. Thanks for the port."

"Sit down!" he said testily, and again tapped the bar bell.

"I—I don't mind if I do," said Florabel, subsiding. "Just this one glass of port—*and* complete information regarding the subjeck."

Colonel Bitters frowned, his resemblance to a peevish monkey becoming more marked. He began a long story. . . . Florabel listened intently, trying to disentangle probable fiction from possible fact. But he was in fine form. When he had finished, she was still unable to learn the name of the young and beautiful creature in dire distress. However, a compromise agreement was reached. The Colonel was to deliver the girl to the ship. The girl was to reward Florabel as generously as she saw fit. . . . There must be a large profit in this, Florabel thought, for the Colonel to remain so reticent. A very large one!

Leaving the hotel after her interview with Colonel Bitters, Florabel sternly waved away a cluster of taxi touts. She looked about for a moment, then spied an old horse-d r a w n victoria. Into this she stepped.

The Hindu driver snapped his whip menacingly, but carefully refrained from any contact with a horse so gaunt, so ancient, that Florabel had often wondered what held the animal in an upright position. This driver who, in his more energetic moments, was valet to Colonel Bitters, halted the horse in a side lane.

"Well, Selim, my usual question," began Florabel briskly. "Where 'as the Colonel been, this week?"

"To tailor in Frederick Street, Moddom. His white pants fitted not precisely. The seat goes too tight."

Florabel clucked impatiently. "Where else?"

"Seven times, he went to purveyor of whisky to complain about quality — and to make free tastings."

Abruptly Florabel opened her purse and stripped a bill from a roll of bank notes. Selim—one of the thousands of his race imported to work the Trinidad plantations—had through force of sheer intrigue lifted himself above physical labor. He had reached the dizzy eminence where even mental effort was to be avoided — unless immediately remunerative. Florabel thrust the money toward him.

"'Ere, Selim, buy your wife another silver h'anklet. Judgin' from the fees *I've* prowided, they must reach 'er knees by now!"

Selim clutched the bill in a skinny claw of a hand. "I forgot to say, Moddom, that the Colonel has been up at Government House. Twice."

"H'Oh, you forgot that, did you! . . . But why, in the name of 'eaven, 'as 'e been going there? I should 'ave thought Government 'Ouse would be the *larst* place 'e'd wisit!"

"Moddom, the Colonel did not announce his visit. He walk in back garden and talk to pretty lady."

"*Wot* pretty laydy?" Florabel asked sharply.

"Young lady who is offshoot of Governor's own blood sisiter."

"'Sisiter'? Are you tryin' to say: the Governor's niece?"

"That is right. You recall to me the word: his niece."

"Then take me to Government 'Ouse, Selim."

Selim shook his turbaned head. "Drive road is shut by strict order at sundown — for those without pass."

"Well, is there any other way to get there?"

Selim eyed Florabel's bulk with impersonal frankness.

"Could Moddom walk up very steep hill?"

"Moddom could," Florabel answered drily. "W'en I'm on a job, a 'ill means nothing to me. I can look a mountain in the fayce!"

In spite of her boast, Florabel found the ascent of the hill unusually trying. By the time she had reached the rear gate of Government House her ample bosom was heaving, and the beading on her eyelashes had begun to smudge. She kicked at the gate.

A voice demanded: "'Oo is it?"

"I've come to see the Governor's niece in privit'. So look alive!"

The gate opened. An orderly in khaki tunic and s h o r t s stared shrewdly at Florabel. Then, without a word, he beckoned her inside. She followed through a kitchen garden, around a corner of the house to a stretch of lawn, masked at the far end by shrubbery. He tapped discreetly on a shuttered French window and then withdrew. A moment later, the window opened and a young girl in white stepped out.

"I'm Iris Consardine. Do you want to see me?"

"Yus. I've come to 'elp you. In my way I'm a bit of an h'expert."

Florabel was conscious of grave eyes, beneath arched and supercilious brows, staring at her and she added quickly:

"I've just been 'aving a talk wiv Colonel Bitters."

"Oh! . . . Everything is all right, isn't it?"

"Everything will be all right, if you let *me* manage it. I'm from the *Demerara.*"

"You'll get me aboard? I—I must get aboard! There isn't another ship sailing to New York for two weeks. But I knew the Colonel would help; he's been most awfully kind. He wouldn't accept anything for his service. Only he said he'd need five hundred pounds to bribe a certain tight-fisted stewardess—"

"Ow! 'E did, did 'e!" Florabel interrupted, her tone acid. "And wot if I was to tell you I was that stewardess?"

Miss Consardine glanced at the bandeau of brilliants, the coral gown with its elaborate *décolletage,* and the lapang. "Oh, I'm sorry!"

"That's all right, Miss. My motto is: don't wear yer profession on yer sleeve. But wot I don't see, is: why you wants to get away? Ayn't you havin' a good time—if you'll h'excuse me—pourin' tea at the Governor's garden parties?"

"It—it's most awfully important," Miss Consardine said briefly.

"It must be," Florabel agreed with ponderous irony, "to be worth five 'undred quid—when passage to New York can be 'ad for twenty."

"I can raise the money," the girl said quickly. She fingered a strand of matched pearls about her slender throat. "I'm going to pay for it with my necklace. The Colonel is arranging to dispose of it."

"Coo! So that's the gayme, is it!" In advance, Florabel could predict the fate of those pearls. The Colonel would come regretfully to tell Miss Consardine that the gems had proved to be imitations. A substitution of this variety was one of his stock tricks. However, Florabel kept these reflections to herself. She asked abruptly:

"'Ow does the old boy plan to get you aboard the ship?"

"Disguised—as a Hindu woman, in veils and bangles. He even spoke of a nose ring—but I said it would probably make me sneeze. After I'm aboard, the stewardess—that's you—is to take me to a cabin where I can change back to my own things."

Florabel shook her head and muttered: "The old rogue! The old romantic! Bangles and everything! 'E certainly—"

She was interrupted by a sharp whistle from the shrubbery, fifty feet away. Miss Consardine gave Florabel a startled look.

"Answer 'im, Miss. I've guessed as much already. When young laydies begin tossin' val'able necklaces abaht, there's always a man in the h'offing."

The girl put her fingers to her lips and emitted a gurgle such as might have issued from the ruffled throat of a wood pigeon.

"All clear, Iris?" came a loud, penetrating whisper which caused Florabel to glance apprehensively toward the house. Then, without waiting for an answer, a tall young man bounded across the lawn, grasped Iris fervently and kissed her. Raising a highly rapturous eye, he spied Florabel. "Dammit! An audience!"

"Well, now," said Florabel, "you didn't give me time to move aw'y."

"It's all right, Cary," explained Miss Consardine a trifle breathlessly. "This is the stewardess from the *Demerara.* She's going to fix things. Aren't you, Mrs.— Uh—Mrs.—?"

"Florabel. That's wot everybody calls me. I ayn't married."

"Has the Colonel messed things up?" demanded Cary.

"'E would 'ave," Florabel answered, "if I 'adn't come along."

"Just as I thought," said Cary solemnly. "He can't even get a story straight; he pulled a terrific howler telling me about his experiences in India. If you ask me, *I* think his valet coaches him!"

Florabel gave Cary an admiring glance. She, of course, knew that Selim coached the Colonel. But it was astute of the young man to note it so quickly. In addition, she liked the way Cary's hair crinkled about his forehead. She had a particular weakness for such hair.

"See 'ere," she began emotionally. "The Colonel will think I've lorst me 'ead for business—but why don't you two get married in Trinidad? Instead of spendin' all this money, runnin' aw'y?"

"Because," Cary countered, "Iris isn't allowed to see me. There'd be shining Hades to pay, if I were caught here to-night. In the first place, I'm an American. In the second—but let's not go into that."

"I think we'd better," said Miss Consardine. She turned to Florabel. "He's a dangerous character—out on parole. And he's got to go aboard the *Demerara* to be deported."

Florabel eyed Cary. "I wouldn't say as 'ow you look dangerous."

"Oh, but he *is* dangerous," said Iris, defending her thesis. "He helped the rebels in Venezuela. He fought and bled for them."

"Sorry, dearest, but I didn't bleed a drop." Cary turned to Florabel. "I was over there, prospecting for oil—I'm an engineer—and I ran into the grandest little revolution! It was a honey! That is—while it lasted. Unfortunately the Venezuelan Government woke up, and *I* took a scow for Trinidad, three hours ahead of the constabulary. Now there's a price on my head—C. O. D. the mainland. The Governor, here, won't let them extradite me—Iris, there are moments when I am almost fond of your uncle—but he's equally keen to get me out of Trinidad. I appear to have gotten in his hair. Added to that, he's simply shoving his aiddecamp—a loathsome a n i m a l—down Iris's throat!"

Miss Consardine laughed. "Marmaduke's not a loathsome animal! I think he's rather sweet!"

Cary addressed Florabel grimly: "You heard that? You've got to help me get this weak-willed creature aboard that ship! I'll pay you, when we get to New York—"

"We'll not talk abaht remuneration," Florabel interrupted. "I'm that sentimental. All I want is gratitude, a charnce to get even wiv the Colonel. G r a t i t u d e and—" she breathed easier, "per'aps a little over for, say, h'incidental h'expenses."

A man's tall figure loomed suddenly before F l o r a b e l as she emerged from the steamy pressing room of the ship, late the next afternoon, with an armful of frocks that she had been freshening for her ladies. She was sketchily encased in a red tricot bathing suit which she affected for such labors. She gave an exclamation and a hand jerked upward a pair of fallen shoulder straps.

"Ow! Mr. Cary! Wot're you doin', lurkin' in that dar passage-w'y?"

"Being deported," he answered in

a low but extraordinarily bitter voice. "I gave the Third Officer—he's my little jailor—the slip in order to find you. Our scheme is up the well-known spout! Knocked for a dizzy loop! Iris has left on a picnic."

"A picnic!"

"Yes, her uncle dragooned her into it. They're taking a basket supper and are going to watch the oh-so-jolly moon pop up!"

"W'ereabouts is the picnic?"

"Espadrillo Point. I won't sail without Iris! I'll hop off this damned little tub of a ship and swim back!"

Florabel lifted her triple chins haughtily. "You're very free wiv yer talk abaht swimmin'! Did you never thinks of sharks? Now, will you go back to the Third H'Officer—before he finds us talkin' together? I'll tayke care of this new situaytion."

Florabel scuttled past him, bath sandals flapping, into her cabin. She jerked her coral gown from a hanger and whisked her lapang from a box odorous of moth balls. It was time she went ashore, what with somebody putting a flea in the Governor's ear. Poking her head out the porthole, Florabel spied the Company launch about to leave for shore. Her voice rose sternly: "'Ey, you! Wayt 'arf a mo'!"

The launch-man glanced apprehensively up at the grim face, topped by the bright yellow hair—and waited.

As she stepped off the launch, ashore, Selim came running toward her. He had completely lost his customary Nirvanic calm.

"Moddom, Moddom! I am in ser'ous trouble! The Colonel—"

"'Ush!" interrupted Florabel, giving him a baleful glare. "Would you tell our business to the 'ole of Trinidad?"

Selim's face worked. He managed, however, to refrain from further speech until the horse had pulled Florabel and the patched carriage away from the thronged jetty. Then he burst out:

"Moddom, the Colonel accuses *me* of theft! The pearls! When I took your pearls to him and gave the message, he seemed glad. But always the Colonel is cautious. He bited each of them—"

"Coo!" murmured Florabel. "Fancy the Colonel a'biting!"

"But then, Moddom, he took them to jewel seller. He came out of jewel shop, shouting that I was thief—that I had steal Miss Consardine's necklace and give him that chip string in its place. Moddom *must* let me tell the Colonel the truth! I demand it!"

"H'Oh, you demand it, do you?" Florabel's voice was chill. "And wot abaht my paying you twice as much in backsheesh as you gets in wayges from the Colonel? Besides, Selim, the Colonel carn't afford to put you in clink for stealin'."

"Yes," Selim agreed reluctantly, "I am aware of several reputational damagement facts about him that—"

"H'Exactly!" cut in Florabel. She had no time, at this crisis, to discuss Colonel Bitters' past life. "Now tell me: did the Colonel twig the Governor abaht Miss Consardine's plans? Wot abaht that picnic?"

"Not Governor. The picnic was arrange' between the Colonel and Miss Consardine. The Colonel wrote'd her a note—which I did open and read before delivering. It said that picnic was part of his plan."

"'E's a quick un!" Florabel muttered in unwilling admiration. "'E sees wot I'm up to and, as the H'Americans say, 'e throws the plush-lined monkey-wrench into the machinery. Now, 'e's getting Miss Consardine out of my reach. No pearls, no h'escape—that's *'is* motto!" She gave Selim a sharp look. "Is yer wife at home? I want to see if she's got ready the veils and bangles the Colonel h'ordered."

"Always at home, Moddom, like proper good wife."

"Then, Selim, s'pose you drive out to Espadrillo Point. I want you to deliver another note to Miss Consardine." Florabel reached into her capacious handbag, pulled out a sheet of the *Demerara's* stationery and a pencil stub. She wrote laboriously for several moments. "'Ere it is. Slip it to 'er. And no 'anky-panky—you see that Miss Consardine gets it, and don't let the Colonel spot you, 'andin' it to 'er!"

Selim accepted the paper but he said querulously, "Moddom knows that Espadrillo Point is far. The horse, perhaps, will not live to go that distance. He is old, this horse."

"W'y, 'e's not a mite over forty years." Florabel climbed out of the victoria. "Now be on yer way, Selim. And don't let the nag die before you delivers my message. H'Apply the whip! You'll like the sensation of bein' in a gale at sea!"

The midnight sky lay like stifling folds of velvet about Trinidad. Off shore, a mile away in the roadstead, streamers of lights from the *Demerara* gleamed like irregular gold threads. The ship's whistle suddenly blasted—half hour before sailing time.

Florabel advanced along the freight wharf like a stealthy elephant. Once she struck her toe noisily against a loose board. She froze into immobility—but apparently the noise went unnoticed. She realized, however, that even on this badly lighted stretch of wharf her lapang wrap made a conspicuous rotund blur. At the end of the pier, she lifted her hand. In answer, a small boat, manned by two Hindus, rowed to the flight of wooden steps leading down to the water. She peered into the craft and saw huddled there a small figure swathed in veils. The figure moved and Florabel caught the tinkle of anklets. The next moment, just as she was preparing to jump aboard the boat, a voice from the rear called out peremptorily: "Halt!"

Florabel stood stock still. The voice continued:

"No one is allowed to leave this dock wi'oot— Oh—it's you, is ut, Florrrabel? Yer not takin' the Company launch to yer ship?"

"Ow! Mr. McDermot!" Florabel turned with a false smile to a red-headed, stocky man in the uniform of the dock police.

"This isna yer usual wharrf, either. 'Tis a dirrty spot for thot lovely airrmine coat, I'm thinkin'."

Florabel's nerves snapped. "Well, wot if I likes a chaynge of scenery? Is it anything to you?"

"No-o. Not rrightly speaking. Here, I'll help ye doon."

He slipped his hand under Florabel's arm. Pettishly she jerked herself free and leaped into the boat. The jerk caused her to lose her balance and she fell squarely upon the swathed figure. There came a muffled scream — which Florabel promptly covered with a loud laugh.

"Here!" shouted McDermot. "Brrring that boat back!"

Florabel gave the craft a vigorous push.

"Row!" she ordered the boatmen. "Row, you 'eathen!"

With mixed feelings, Florabel listened to Mr. McDermot's commands that she return to the shore, if she knew what was good for her —commands that grew fainter as the Hindus sent their craft spinning seaward.

"Now," she directed, "s'pose you put on yer little engine."

One of the Hindus obediently spun the flywheel of an outboard motor. Florabel — in defiance of harbor laws — extinguished the boat's sole lantern. The engine sputtered into reluctant life.

"You can take a breather now," Florabel said to the huddled figure. "But keep at least one veil over yer fayce. That policeman discoverin' us, ayn't doin' our project any good!"

She strained her eyes toward that uncertain, hazy shore. A launch was putting out from the jetty. Mr. McDermot had promptly given the hue-and-cry. She spoke sharply to the Hindu bent over the motor:

"Carn't you make this boat go a little faster?"

"No, Moddom. He travel high spot now."

"Like Selim's 'orse!" she muttered. "The 'Indu naytion just ayn't built for speed!" Her eyes were anxiously upon that distant, winking light. It was joined by another. "Lauk! A 'ole fleet is arfter us!"

Abruptly the outboard motor detonated in a faster rhythm. Florabel said approvingly to the engineman:

"Stout feller! You did get it to show more speed!"

But the Hindu lifted a worried face. "Moddom, you do not comprehend. Something is, I think, stucker. When we reach your ship, we shall not be able to stopper."

"We sha'n't—? Well, isn't that splendid!" said Florabel bitterly. "We'll just keep goin'! Miles and miles out to sea—until we runs out of petrol, or bungs inta the Venezuela coast!"

She turned back to gauge the distance of the two launches inexorably converging upon her. But already the ship loomed just ahead.

With a terrific burst of energy the engine whirled the tiny propellor—madly. Then, with a gasping "Oooof!" it fell completely silent. In a voice dangerously calm, Florabel addressed the Hindu:

"We carn't stop, did you say? We carn't stop—"

"But this is fine, Moddom," interposed the boatman lifting a relieved face. "Now I can reach into engine's vitals and find trouble."

"We ayn't got time to tinker wiv it now! Unship them oars!"

"But, Moddom—"

"Unship them oars — before I taykes a clip at yer!"

The two Hindus obeyed. Under their frantic efforts, the boat slipped into the shadow of the *Demerara's* stern. The two pursuing launches drew up. One of them, Florabel saw, was a police boat, with Mr. McDermot aboard; the other flew the Governor's pennant. And, in the second boat, standing at the prow—like a figurehead—was Colonel Bitters.

After an instant of uncertainty, Florabel caught a rope dangling from the ship, and with a vigorous pull drew her boat close to the companion-ladder. As the ship's lights

focused upon her, the night was suddenly rent and tattered by the bellow of Patrolman McDermot:

"Stay where ye are! Dinna try to mount yon ladder!"

Florabel stood up in the cockpit of her boat. Her bandeau of brilliants was over one eye, the lapang thrown back. "Wot's all the blether abaht? Why shouldn't I climb up to me own ship?"

"Becus yer trrryin' to smoogle out a young leddy!"

Other shouts rose, from the ship. The noise had drawn the attention of all the passengers, and the deck railing was crowded.

Florabel prodded the slim form in the boat with the toe of her gilt slipper, and whispered, "Look alive! Now's the time!"

Obediently the veiled woman rose to her feet and made a leap for the staging at the foot of the companion-ladder.

"There she is!" yelled Patrolman McDermot. "Hold her!"

He waved to the ship's second officer. The latter descended a step to meet the veiled figure now rapidly mounting with a loud rattle of silver anklets and arm bangles. Puzzled, the mate demanded:

"What *is* this? Stowaway, or abduction?"

From the swathed veils came a thin voice: "I have tikkit!" The woman fumbled for a moment then produced a slip of paper.

The ship's officer gave it one glance and then shouted, "Cancelled! Here, Policeman, take this woman! She's a stowaway!" He pointed sternly down the ladder. The figure slowly descended. A gust of wind caught her multiple veils—and a dark blur of face was revealed.

Colonel Bitters, shading his eyes against the glare of ship lights, gave an excited cry. "It's she! It's the girl we want! I'll take charge of her!"

"Oh, no, you won't!" snapped McDermot. "*I'll* take her ashore!" And, pushing aside the Colonel's clutching hands, he lifted the woman from the staging at the foot of the ladder, to the police launch.

Florabel, at that precise moment, gave a piercing scream. With wildly waving arms she sprang for the ladder. But, although the distance was not great, her leap was short. She struggled in mid-air — and plunged heavily down into the water. A masculine roar came from the rail of the ship, threaded by the shrieks of the feminine passengers.

"Man overboard!" yelled the second officer. "Catch her with your boathook, you on them launches!"

But Florabel, treading water, kept out of reach of the wildly poking poles. Her bandeau was gone, and her yellow hair hung in dank strands over her face. Splashing like a dilapidated leviathan, she whooped piteously at the confused attempts of her rescuers. One of the Hindu boatmen went in after her—followed by his mate. Then a life preserver struck her a glancing blow, effectually silencing her loudest scream. She muttered wordlessly under her breath. Life belts were now strewn in great profusion on the water. The second officer kicked off his shoes and prepared to dive. . . . It was then that she allowed herself to clutch at a pole. She was hoisted to the staging.

"Whoof!" she said, blinking the sea water out of her eyes. "Whoof!" She answered none of the questions clamorously put to her. Sea water

oozed from every pore of the lapang. She shook herself, liberally splashing her rescuers. The dry ones ran up the ladder in haste.

Only Colonel Bitters at the prow of the launch leaned closer, undeterred. He pointed to the police boat, now, that Florabel was rescued, hurriedly drumming its way back to Trinidad. He said bitterly:

"There, Florabel, goes Miss Consardine—lost! And the reward lost, too! The next time, suppose we try a little coöperation—"

"Nedxt tibe," Florabel interrupted wheezily, "no aldruism! We're goi'g back to our sigzty-fordy basis!"

"Come up, Florabel!" called the second officer testily. "We're late! You're holding up the ship!" And, as he spoke, the telegraph clanged. The *Demerara's* propeller began to turn.

Florabel reached the deck and, paying not the slightest heed to the staring passengers, made her way down the saloon stairs. Her gilt slippers swished. The coral gown clung to her, revealing numerous embarrassing curves. She caught the oozing rabbit-fur coat about her and began grimly to calculate the damages:

"H'Item. One lapang evening wrap. One chiffong dress. One renewal of golden glow on 'air. One coronet of brilliants. One necklace of genuine oyster-shell h'artificial pearls. . . . "

At the far end of the lower deck a man, struggling in the grip of the third officer, suddenly broke free and dashed up to her. It was Cary —minus a necktie and plus a rapidly swelling right eye.

"Iris, she's gone! The police boat! I tried to hop overboard! But that—that grease ball of an officer held me back!" He glared at Florabel. "Well, you were a fine fixer, weren't you! Just swell!"

Florabel mopped her streaming face. "You was watchin' my little scene? Wiv the rest of the gallery? You never thought to look at the other side of the ship—the dark side, facin' the sea? No. Nor did anybody else. I alus counts on 'uman stupidity, Mr. Cary. If you *'ad* been lookin', you'd 'ave seen Miss Consardine scramblin' up a 'and ladder to this deck from the launch I sent out to Espadrillo Point. Bein' 'elped aboard by my friend, the Second Steward."

"But the girl they took away, disguised as a Hindu? That was Iris!"

"The woman in the police launch didn't 'ave on a stitch of disguise, Mr. Cary. That was Selim's wife—obligin' me for the occasion."

"Then Iris is *here?* Actually on board? Where can I find her?"

"In my cabin, Mr. Cary. I told 'er in my note of h'instructions: 'Lock yourself in and pray. Keep on prayin' until you feels the propeller turn. Arfter that, you can sort of h'ease up!' "

"Where's your cabin? I've got to see her!"

He took a quick, springing step along the deck. But Florabel put a damp but firm hand on his arm.

" 'Old on! My *lapang!* The sea water's ruint it!"

"Your lapang—? Oh, that wrap! I'll write you a check for a dozen of them—and you can cash it in New York."

"One lapang will do, Mr. Cary," Florabel said modestly. "One lapang—and four 'undred ninety-two pun, three shillings, sixpence—for h'incidental h'expenses."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—DIPLOMAT

By Elizabeth S. Kite, Litt.D.

THE story of the life and of the amazing success of Benjamin Franklin, to-day nearly one hundred and fifty years after his death, still enthralls the imagination of men. It is safe to say that it will continue to do so for hundreds of years to come.

In his case it is not simply success, but successes; the most important of these, the one that in the end crowned all others, is his success as a diplomat, in which career he is reckoned not only as to time but as to capability, outstandingly the *first* which America has so far produced.

Born in 1706, sixth son in a family of ten children, at seventeen a runaway from home restraint and at seventy-eight a recognized scientist, philosopher, man of affairs, social favorite, statesman and diplomat, how is such a career to be accounted for? Up to the present no biographer, and their name is legion, has succeeded in answering this question definitively, hence the attraction of repeated attempts in that direction.

One of the most recent and brilliant of these biographies pretends to explain Franklin's career and his success in France by the revolutionary spirit of the times into which he is supposed to have been caught up, and by the lack of personal inhibitions which permitted him to become early in life and onward, a splendidly rounded and normal human being. The writer, evolving theories out of his own brain and conveniently ignoring facts, sets about cleverly demonstrating the proposition that Franklin's amazing social success in Paris was really the high point of his attainment; that it came first in point of time and was responsible for the comparatively insignificant fact of the French Foreign Minister's having taken up the cause and allowed Franklin to amuse himself by "plotting" together with him. As Parisian society in 1777, as always, was dominated by the "fair sex" it becomes clear that Franklin's supposed light and easy way with women was the really dominant note of his success as a diplomat. So extensively is this theme developed that many assume that the last word has been spoken on the subject. Not at all! Let us turn to the documents of the case and see what they show.

In attempting to find the key to Franklin's diplomatic success in France (1776-1784), we will take the precisely opposite stand and turn to that moment of early manhood when he first seriously determined to adopt as motto in life his father's oft-repeated text: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before Kings."

Even in his most abandoned moments the desire to improve himself had always been a dominant one in the character of young Benjamin. The "low intrigues" in which he had freely indulged both in Philadelphia and London during those early years when free from home control, had taught him at last this lesson that vice "is hurtful to the very

essence of man's nature" and that it must be absolutely abandoned before even attempting to set out on the pathway of success in life. Facing himself squarely and taking the facts as he found them at the moment, the young man saw clearly what he must do first of all. He would marry the girl to whom he had been engaged, whom he had then abandoned and who during his absence in London had been forced into an unfortunate marriage with a man who had immediately deserted her, quitting the country and leaving no trace.

It was on September 1, 1730, that Benjamin, then in his twenty-fifth year, took Deborah Reed to wife, thereby correcting, so he tells us in his *Autobiography*, as best he could "the great *erratum* of his youth." By this union Deborah's uncertain worldly position was stabilized and Benjamin's motherless infant son William, found a home.

Benjamin's mind was brimming with vitality, with ideas for the development of his business, for the general advancement and betterment of civic conditions in the City of Brotherly Love where he had taken up his residence. Deborah was frugal, industrious, prudent and absolutely devoted to the interests of her husband. In due time she presented him with a beautiful baby boy, who for the four short years that he lived was as the very apple of his father's eye. Personal happiness only increased Benjamin's desire to be worthy of continued blessings which he believed Heaven would bestow as a reward of virtue. Indeed it was at this early date, so he tells us in his *Autobiography*, that he conceived the "bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection." He even supposed at that time that it would be possible, by determinedly putting his mind upon it, to live "without committing any fault at any time." He did not attempt, however, to set out on this path without asking the help of Heaven. He composed a prayer in which he called upon "Bountiful Goodness" and "Father," to give him wisdom to know his true interests and strength to perform what that wisdom should dictate. In return for this aid Benjamin promised to seek occasions of doing good to his fellow men.

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of Benjamin Franklin or the fact that by nature he was deeply religious. He had, however, early conceived a violent aversion to dogmatic Christianity, from the sermons of a certain Presbyterian minister of the church attended by his family, and from the catechism he was compelled to learn, whose tenets were either incomprehensible to him or seemed to be opposed to what he considered "natural goodness." Nevertheless, so he says:

". . . I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity: that he made the world, and governed it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. . . ."

He names Jesus Christ with Socrates as worthy of imitation.

The young man was not long in finding, however, that this "natural religion" offered an insufficient stimulus to enable him to attain the perfection he desired. He discovered, so he says, that "the mere speculative conviction that it is to

our interest to be completely virtuous, is not sufficient to prevent our slipping." He set his mind therefore to discover some method by which better results could be attained. He read moral treatises and especially began to observe critically the conduct of leading successful citizens, mostly Quakers, with whom he found himself surrounded. He was impressed with their sobriety, their thrift, their honesty, their modesty and the general unobtrusiveness of their manner of life. He soon arrived at the conclusion that success in life was the result of self-mastery. He therefore determined to eradicate as far as possible all tendency to vice in himself and to cultivate what seemed to him the qualities that were the most desirable. After deep meditation he summed them up under the following twelve heads: 1. Temperance, 2. Silence, 3. Order, 4. Resolution, 5. Frugality, 6. Industry, 7. Sincerity, 8. Justice, 9. Moderation, 10. Cleanliness, 11. Tranquillity, 12. Chastity. To this list he subsequently added Humility, a Quaker friend having "kindly" informed him that he was thought proud, and that often in discussion he was overbearing not to say insolent in maintaining an opinion. This fault in particular, he determined to overcome.

As Benjamin's object was to acquire the habitude of virtue, he cheerfully faced the prolonged struggle thereby implied. He wisely determined, however, not to attempt the acquisition of all at once but to take them severally and in order, giving a week's special attention to each until the whole thirteen had been passed in review, when the series was recommenced. That nothing might escape him he kept a little book ruled in squares, seven across the page by thirteen up and down, into which all failures were recorded in their proper place after a thorough self-examination each night. His care was to keep from black marks the entire line belonging to the virtue that was being emphasized for that week.

The result of these daily examinations was not always to Benjamin's liking, but he persevered and in due time had the satisfaction to see certain faults of character disappear almost to the vanishing point, while others obstinately refused to permit themselves to be brought under control. Thus as regards Silence, he observes that his natural tendency for "prattling, punning and joking" which had made him acceptable to "trifling companions," was soon so far curbed that he began to acquire the reputation of being a man of wise counsel "among the most solid members of the community." On the other hand, Order remained the bane of his existence. Try as he might he never was able to attain anything like what he considered desirable in this regard.

As he advanced in years, and as the solution of civic and colonial problems were thrust upon him, the growing complexity of his life prevented Benjamin from giving the time to daily examinations as he had done previously. He never failed, however, to carry the little book marked in squares with him wherever he went nor did he release himself from the obligations its presence by him imposed. This is proven by the fact that he kept it with him in France and that the most significant pages of his *Autobiography* were written in Paris in 1784, precisely the ones that give a detailed account of his method of

acquiring mastery of himself. His avowed purpose being to put before his children and grandchildren, for their future benefit, what he considered the source of the success that had made his own life so conspicuous.

". . . It may be well that my posterity knows," he says, ". . . that their ancestor owed . . . to the joint influence of all the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness of conversation, which makes his company still sought after, and agreeable to his younger acquaintances. . . ."

When one considers that this modest statement was made in 1784, in Paris when in his seventy-eighth year, shortly after the successful conclusion of the Treaty of Peace by which England acknowledged the independent sovereignty of the United States of America, so largely his work, and when he was being sought out by the Papal Nuncio in Paris to aid in the solution of the problems connected with the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the newly organized republic, one is struck with the significance of his remark written down at this very time in his *Autobiography* regarding Humility: "I cannot boast," he says, "much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I have had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of it."

When Franklin wrote the above lines he had been for more than fifty years closely associated with every event of importance, internal and external, connected with the development of his country.

From 1730, the date of his marriage, to 1754, Franklin had confined his energies to acquiring a solid business foundation and a habitude of virtuous living. Acts of enlightened citizenship on his part that continued uninterruptedly during the whole of this period had quickly raised Philadelphia to the status of the best served and the most comfortable city to live in of any in the new world. Ideas of practical statesmanship looking to the well-being of the country as a whole had not failed to take form in Benjamin's mind so that when he was called to Albany for the convention of 1754 he was already contemplating the formation of a confederacy of the British Colonies under the King that bears a certain resemblance to the recent development of the Commonwealth of Nations which to-day forms a part of the British Empire.

Three years later he was sent to England as representative of the popular party in Pennsylvania in dispute with the Penn Proprietors, and with only two years intermission he lived continuously in England until the time of his return after the beginning of the Revolution in 1775. During all this period he was intrusted with some diplomatic mission or other for certain of the Colonies. He served also as Royal Postmaster General for the Colonies and his son William who had been with his father in England and educated at the Temple, was knighted and made Royal Governor of New Jersey.

When Franklin landed in Philadelphia, May, 1775, he was immediately appointed by the Pennsylvania Assembly, of which he had long been a member, a delegate for his State to the Second Continental Congress then coming together and

meeting in the State House there. He had come to America with the hope strong within him that it would be possible to effect some sort of arrangement by which this Congress could be permitted to function under the King without any actual break with the Mother Country.

It was late in November, 1775, when news of the Proclamation of the British King issued August 23d, of that year, in answer to the Petitions asking for a redress of the grievances which the Colonies felt they had against the British Parliament, reached the Congress. Learning then that their acts were called rebellion and that they themselves were stamped as traitors by the King they responded by appointing a Committee of Secret Correspondence, with Franklin at its head, which was the first step towards appealing to Catholic France for aid in the contest that now began to show itself as inevitable.

The Proclamation of August 23d was known in France, a few days after it was issued, through its embassy there. The French Foreign Minister, the Comte de Vergennes, instantly grasping its significance, sent an unofficial envoy named Bonvouloir to learn and report exactly what the reaction in America would turn out to be. Bonvouloir arrived in Philadelphia early in December and was not long in securing an introduction to Benjamin Franklin with whom the whole situation was rather freely discussed. The French envoy had no authority to speak for his Government but he advised the sending of an agent, which accordingly was done secretly, early in March, 1776. Events now began to move rapidly on both sides of the water. Bonvouloir's report reached France late in February, 1776. By the middle of March the Spanish King had notified his nephew Louis XVI. that he would be willing to double any sum (if it could be expended secretly) which the latter monarch was willing to spend in aiding the Colonies. April 14th, Louis XVI. signed a bill ordering the French navy, destroyed in the late war, to be rebuilt. June 10th, a million livres were given to the famous Beaumarchais to help found his commercial House of Roderigue Hortales and Company. Spain soon after doubled this sum, as she had promised.

In America the first Resolution regarding independence was introduced in Congress June 8th. On the 10th, a Committee was appointed to draw up a Declaration in form. The next day another Committee was appointed to draw up a "Plan of Treaties" to be offered to France. When the latter were ready and after being approved by Congress, Commissioners were appointed to present them to the French King. Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane (the agent sent by the Secret Committee in March) and Arthur Lee were chosen. The retort of Franklin when he heard his name mentioned as Commissioner is well known. Turning to Benjamin Rush who sat by him he said: "I am old and good for nothing; but as the merchants say of their remnants of cloth, I am but a fag-end, you may have me for what you please." As a matter of fact Franklin was about to experience such a renewal of youth as few septuagenarians have ever had the good fortune to enjoy.

Silas Deane and Arthur Lee were already in Europe, therefore Franklin set out unattended except by his two grandsons, William Temple

Franklin and Benjamin Franklin Bache, boys of seventeen and eleven years of age. They reached France early in December but did not arrive in Paris till the twenty-first. In the meantime a rousing reception had been arranged for Franklin by his old-time friend and fellow scientist, Dr. Dubourg. The French Government, however, which happened to be passing through a most serious crisis at that particular moment (the British Ambassador having been informed by his spies of the activities of Beaumarchais and Deane in sending secret aid to the "rebels"), ordered all the "secret aid" ships unloaded, and enjoined the most absolute silence upon Deane regarding the arrival and possible mission of Benjamin Franklin.

Franklin on his part, plunged suddenly into this confused atmosphere where nothing could be explained and with his mind attuned only to the American situation, was at first frightfully perplexed. Received in formal audience on December 28th with his colleagues but unable to explain matters to the Minister, he determined upon a bold step. Sunday, January 5th, he went to Versailles and without formality of any kind demanded a private audience. He sent the note by his confidential secretary, the scientist Dr. Edward Bancroft, now known to have been, at the time, secretly in the pay of the British Government.

This was too much. A lesson had to be given and the Comte de Vergennes knew how to give it. Wheeling round to his desk he wrote a note to his secretary Gérard turning the American Commissioners over to him, asking that he meet them in Paris some day later in the week. He sent the note to Gérard by Bancroft. The latter returned empty-handed to the hotel where Franklin was staying. The latter's unbounded dismay may be guessed. There was nothing to do but to go back to Paris and wait. What did it all mean? Did the Comte de Vergennes intend to humiliate Franklin? Not at all! It was only the first step in the lesson which the aged Commissioner was forced to take. The second was very much more palatable, and was so charmingly and tactfully administered that Franklin completely understood. The tacit arrangement was briefly this: Lee was to go to Spain to seek the aid of that Government. Deane was to keep control of the whole secret commercial proceedings in connection with Beaumarchais; Franklin for the present was to relax into sumptous ease in the beautiful Villa Valentinois belonging to M. de Chaumont in Passy which was immediately to be put into readiness for the reception of the famous American philosopher, while a free gift of two million livres was to be deposited with the banker Grand at Franklin's orders, and for the use of the Commissioners. It was M. de Chaumont who was the messenger of all this bounty though the villa he offered to the venerable sage out of his own abundant generosity.

The exact date of Franklin's removal to Passy is not known. The first letter of his published correspondence dated from there was written March 13th. Undoubtedly he had gone to the villa about the middle of February and it was immediately following his establishment there that the Comte de Vergennes wrote to his representative in London, incidentally giving the

prescribed tone to be used at that Court whenever there was question of the famous American:

". . . I still do not know what the dr. Franklin has come among us to effect. In the beginning one might suppose that he was charged with important commissions, when suddenly he shut himself up in the sanctuary of philosophy, and if he is carrying on practical politics it is not with the Ministers of the King. . . . (February 22, 1777—Doniol. Vol. 2, p. 326.)

It becomes therefore quite clear that Franklin not only did not set out in the beginning to capture French society, but on the contrary was wholly absorbed in securing political recognition for his country, while at the same time it was he who was "captured" by the French Government and shut up in luxurious isolation from all political connection with it. Only when it became evident to him that it would tend to the advancement of his mission to appear for the present as one bent only upon the enjoyments of social intercourse and the cultivation of philosophical friendships, did Franklin think of entering upon a life of leisured ease. This was made possible for him by M. de Chaumont's taking over the general management of the establishment, which he could easily do as his own sumptuous residence was in close proximity to the villa consigned to Franklin's use.

After news of the victory of Saratoga reached Versailles, in December, 1777, Franklin was called upon to take part in the deliberations connected with the Treaties signed between France and America, February 6, 1778. A month later Louis XVI. announced to the Court of Great Britain that he had acknowledged American independence. England immediately recalled her Ambassador after which France recalled hers. The way was now open and on March 23, 1778, the Commissioners were officially received as acknowledged representatives of the United States of America.

France followed up this move by dispatching a fleet under the Comte d'Estaing which unfurled its sails and set out May 20th after the Commander and his staff had attended in full parade uniform a solemn Mass offered up to call down the blessing of Heaven upon the undertaking. He was accompanied by a Minister Plenipotentiary, Conrad-Alexandre Gérard (the Comte de Vergennes's former Secretary), who was going out to represent his country and her interests at Philadelphia, the seat of Congress.

In 1779, Congress recalled all her foreign representatives except Franklin who was named Minister Plenipotentiary. Since he possessed the entire confidence of the French Government, affairs at the American Legation in Paris moved forward in a manner altogether harmonious. Doubt of the good faith of France never for an instant entered the mind of Franklin. The generosity of the King that found so many ways to manifest itself and the clear-sighted policy of the Comte de Vergennes so impressed him that he exerted himself at all times and to the utmost to adapt himself to the requirements of the situation as they made it clear to him. Moreover he never gave officious or unasked-for information or advice. Into the midst of these tranquil scenes John Adams suddenly obtruded himself. He came, not indeed with

any power from Congress to share Franklin's responsibilities, but as a Commissioner to negotiate peace and a commercial treaty with England when the time should come that the one and the other could be undertaken.

From the beginning of 1780 to the end of 1782 John Adams was a thorn in the side of Benjamin Franklin and the Comte de Vergennes, though the latter did not permit himself, except on one or two particular occasions, to become visibly annoyed. Franklin, however, could not escape the censuring scrutiny of his Puritanical friend. Well for him, and for the affairs of the alliance between America and France that he, Franklin, had begun fifty years earlier to train himself to Silence, Moderation and Tranquillity no matter what irritating circumstances might arise.

John Adams was alarmed at the expensive manner of living at the American Legation in Passy. He distrusted the generosity of M. Leray de Chaumont and feared America in the end would have to pay for the use of his villa; Adams also thought this same gentleman was a great deal too much in evidence in managing the business affairs of Franklin. Moreover he mistrusted profoundly the Comte de Vergennes, and thought the interests of America suffered because Franklin allowed himself to work in harmony with the French Foreign Minister. He complained of what he called Franklin's utter lack of order and undertook to set matters right in this line. He was scandalized at the devotion of such women as Madame Helvétius for the aged philosopher and wrote back to Congress that Franklin was "extravagant, dissipated and indolent" and that American interests suffered from his carelessness and insufficiency. Moreover he undertook to enlighten the Comte de Vergennes upon all points of American interests which he deemed it important the Minister should know. Also he insisted upon carrying out his own views in regard to his future mission to England without considering the wishes of the ally of America at that critical juncture. Finally he so far forgot himself as to take up matters directly pertaining to America's official representative at the French Court.

It became necessary that the French Minister take a somewhat drastic stand. Adams was made to understand that for the present a residence in some place outside of France would be desirable. He betook himself therefore to Holland where his vibrant energy could expend itself to the real advantage of his country. His animosities, however, went with him and when he returned in October, 1782, to take part in the peace negotiations (for in the meantime, John Jay, Henry Laurens and Benjamin Franklin had been named his associates by Congress), it was in the pose of a self-appointed deliverer that he appeared. Franklin had begun the negotiations and carried them on in full accord with the French Foreign Minister, for a period covering several months before any of the other Commissioners arrived in Paris. Jay was the first to appear. Jay, of persecuted Huguenot descent, from a point of view quite different from that of his Puritan colleague, distrusted France and consequently distrusted Franklin as well. As soon as Adams arrived the two determined to hasten the final negotiations and sign the Preliminaries

of peace without the knowledge of France. Franklin being only one against two (for Henry Laurens took no part), and conscious that the main points of the treaty had been already secured, did not attempt to deter them although the instructions of Congress were positive on this head that nothing should be done without the full knowledge and approval of the French Court. Conscious of having disregarded their instructions it was then that the great outcry was made in an attempt to show that the act was forced upon them because of the dishonest intentions of both Franklin and France.

Thus the legend of French disloyalty to her ally has come down in our history of these negotiations. The documents in the case do not bear out this aspersion of the character of either Franklin or of France. Indeed it is altogether probable that had Franklin been allowed to finish the negotiations that he had begun, Canada would have been added to the territory relinquished by England at the signing of the treaty.

As it was specially provided in the Preamble that the Preliminaries were not to become effective until the negotiations of France and her ally Spain had been concluded with England, no serious harm had been done. The grave accusations against both Franklin and Vergennes, so vehemently reiterated by Adams in his letters to America and in conversation in Europe was a much more serious matter. No attempt was made by either openly to refute his allegations. The Comte de Vergennes, however, in a letter to his Minister in America, the Chevalier de la Luzerne, made a categorical refutation of each point in Adams's attack. This document is a complete vindication of the policy pursued by the French Government during this negotiation.

Franklin on his side, in a letter to the President of Congress, Robert Livingston, written July 22, 1783, pronounced what the historian Doniol calls "the sentence that must remain definitive regarding the differences which arose among his colleagues and the causes from which they were derived." The charges of Adams and Jay, says Franklin, can be explained "by supposing a very natural Apprehension, that we, relying too much on the Ability of France to continue the War in our favour, and supply us constantly with Money, might insist on more advantages than the English would be willing to grant, and therefore lose the Opportunity of making Peace, so necessary to all our Friends."

A little further on in the letter, referring to the one received from Livingston, Franklin says:

"The judgment you make of the conduct of France in the Peace, and the greater Glory acquired by her Moderation than even by her Arms, appears to me perfectly just. The Character of this Court and Nation seems, of late years, to be considerably changed. The ideas of Aggrandizement by Conquest are out of fashion, and those of Commerce are more enlightened and generous than heretofore. . . . The wise think France great enough, and its Ambition at present seems to be only that of Justice and Magnanimity towards other Nations, Fidelity and Utility to its Allies."

Franklin in this letter has clearly expressed his views regarding the

attitude of France on this matter but nowhere does he say anything regarding his part in the transactions unless it be where he writes to "caution" Livingston respecting the "Insinuations" of Adams "against this Court, and the instances he supposes of their ill will to us, which I take to be as imaginary as I know his Fancies to be, that Count de V. and myself are plotting against him, and employing the News-Writers of Europe to depreciate his Character, etc. . . . I am persuaded, however [and here we have Franklin's famous characterization of John Adams], that he means well by his Country, is always an honest Man, often a wise one, but sometimes, and in some things, absolutely out of his senses."

September 3, 1783, the Definitive Treaties between England and the nations at war with her were all signed together in Paris. Franklin and Vergennes had long before made up between them whatever annoyance had been felt at the discourtesy shown France in the Preliminary signing. Both were overjoyed at the successful termination of the negotiations. Both countries had gained the sole objectives proposed by the Alliance of America with France: Independence for the United States, restoration of her lost prestige in Europe for France. Territorial aggrandizement for either country had never been admitted as an ultimatum of the war, hence the treaty which closed it was one of the few of any age which did not carry in it the seeds of future wars.

Now that Peace was consummated, Franklin, aged and suffering from many bodily infirmities, desired to give up his post; he therefore wrote to Congress asking for leave to return home. When the Comte de Vergennes learned of this move he was deeply grieved and wrote in a letter to his Minister in Philadelphia that he sincerely hoped the desired release would be held off as long as possible, because, he said, "it would be impossible to give M. Franklin a successor as wise and as conciliatory as himself." The Comte begged the Chevalier to stress in all conversations, as far as he could do so tactfully, the loyalty of Franklin and the wisdom that had constantly directed his conduct during the whole course of his mission to France.

It was May, 1785, before news of the long hoped-for release reached Franklin. He began at once to make ready for his departure. The Queen, Marie Antoinette, sent her own carriage to carry the aged and retiring diplomat with as little discomfort as possible, to his port of embarkation. The hearts of all the French people followed him in his journey to America and a large part of his own heart he left among the friends he had formed there. Shortly before his death five years later he wrote to a friend in Paris:

"I shall never forget the nine years' happiness I enjoyed there in the sweet society of a people whose conversation is instructive, whose manners are highly pleasing, and who above all the countries of the world have in the greatest perfection the art of making themselves beloved by strangers. . . ."

WHEN THE SCHOOLMEN CAME TO BROOKLYN

By Charles Willis Thompson

THIS article is a footnote to Dr. James J. Walsh's remarkable book, *Education of the Founding Fathers of the Republic*, published last March by the Fordham University Press.

Dr. Walsh's discoveries about the persistency of Scholasticism in centuries which are popularly supposed to have forever cast aside the Schoolmen and all their works, supply the answer to a question arising in my own experience, which has puzzled me for over forty years. And this question which is thus answered suggests, in its turn, a possibility of which Dr. Walsh knows nothing; the possibility that, in unofficial ways and in subterranean channels, the teaching methods of the Schoolmen have been continually in use among non-Catholics ever since they were discarded by the universities. These are the things this article is to be about. I consider it fair to the reader to let him know at the outset what he is going to read or not going to, so that he will have no reason to complain that he was unsuspectingly led up a dark alley and has suddenly found a moral, fully cocked and primed, leveled at his head.

"Scholasticism," says Dr. Walsh, "means simply the philosophy of the monastic *schools* during the early Middle Ages." It was fully developed by St. Thomas Aquinas, but began as early as the fifth century. It was the teaching of Christendom for a thousand years. The vulgar belief is that at the time of the Renaissance or else of the Reformation, enlightenment laughed it to scorn and it disappeared under an avalanche of ridicule and has never been heard of since, except as a subject for jokes. Others know that, for some inexplicable reason, Leo XIII. made it obligatory for all Catholic seminaries to teach philosophy and theology by the Scholastic method; so that it is not quite dead, though it ought to be, and still haunts the retrogressive steps of that other medieval relic, the Catholic Church.

Dr. Walsh's discovery was that the American colleges all taught by the Scholastic method from their foundation at the settlement of the Atlantic Coast down to 1810 or later. Incidentally to his researches, he found the same thing to be true of England; Scholasticism was still the teaching in Cambridge until 1840. The present educational theory, that of cramming the mind with facts instead of teaching the student how to use that mind, has been doing its deadly work for only a little over a century in Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, and the other universities in America, and for less than a century in England. It need not be added that, since those who are thus taught become the teachers of others, the deadly work is done no less among those who never reach college than among those who do; the modern inability to think extends to all classes, and from the same causes.

"The acquisition of information," says Dr. Walsh, "now took the place to a great extent of training in

thoughtfulness and in discrimination of truth from falsity on which so much emphasis had been laid in the older time." He quotes Professor John Dewey as saying, "The best criterion of education that we have is that it keeps people from being duped," on which he comments: "It is probably easier to fool people now than ever before. Many refuse to believe that, and lay the flattering unction to their souls that we are an intelligent, discriminating people, but the stock market and its devotees, our wonder-working patent medicines, the ease with which our people fall for all sorts of frauds, as well as the prevalence of political chicanery and the *naïveté* of voters, demonstrate very clearly the ease with which our generation may be duped."

This training in the ability to separate the true from the false was in the method of Scholasticism, rather than in any other phase of it. It still is. The "disputation" is the core of that method. In the disputation the student has to defend his thesis not merely from attack but from razor-edged analysis. In defending himself he cannot afford to use a single word whose meaning is cloudy or susceptible of another interpretation; if he does, it will be seized upon. This forces him to accuracy not only of thought but of the words in which the thought is clothed. The assailant, equally with the defender, must know exactly what he thinks, why he thinks it, and what words to use and avoid in order to convey his precise meaning and nothing more or less than that.

"The disputations," says Dr. Walsh, "became the most important elements in the curriculum in the thirteenth century when the great master of the disputation and of Scholasticism, Thomas Aquinas, was teaching there" [in Paris]. His book proves that they remained "the most important elements" in the curriculum of every American college from Harvard, the first, to Brown, the latest, during the Revolution and for twenty years after it. Week in and week out the disputations were presided over by the college president, who was required by the statutes to do so. At commencement the result on the mind of the individual student was publicly tested; the chosen student had to advance and defend his thesis against the chosen assailant before the audience, with a general assault and defense by the other students at the end, and a summation by the professor on the merits of the argument.

This training, said Huxley, was "better calculated to develop the many-sided mind of man than the curriculum of any modern university." The change was to the modern method, though "modern" means only "since about 1810." Gradually the disputation was succeeded by a dissertation. With no one to expose the logical flaws, there is nothing now to put the student at the task of self-analysis and self-questioning. There is every aid to looseness of thought and to looseness of expression; and, faith, we have got them.

I wish to emphasize the word used in the preceding paragraph, "gradually." It leads to the experience I am about to relate, and to the question that experience raises. The Schoolmen's disputation did disappear from the curricula of all American colleges, "gradually," but by a process which was complete by the end of the first quarter of the

nineteenth century. So, it is to be assumed, the intellectual training brought to so high a point by Thomas Aquinas disappeared altogether from American life, except in some Catholic seminaries, until Leo XIII.'s encyclical *Æterni Patris*, enforcing it on all Catholic seminaries everywhere. But did it? Did it nowhere continue to live, perhaps underground, perhaps to run along in subterranean channels, without official recognition, but still a force in the minds of such young men as were fortunate enough to fall under its influence?

In 1887, when I was sixteen years old, there lived in Brooklyn—which was then an independent city, and the third city in the Union, with a larger population than Chicago—a lawyer named Thomas J. Tilney. He was one of the prominent citizens of Brooklyn, and held the office of Civil Service Commissioner. His favorite avocation was gathering boys and young men around him and developing their minds, stimulating their intellects, making them think and talk about what they thought. In Plymouth Church (Henry Ward Beecher's) Tilney had a Bible class of youths from fourteen to twenty-one, and he followed these aims there, with surprising results. But, with only such subjects for discussion as arose from the Bible reading of the day, he did not have scope and range enough for the full development of his desires; and so he organized a debating society, at first using his Bible class as a nucleus and immediately opening the membership to all young men, whether attendants at Plymouth or not.

It was different from all other debating societies I have ever known or known of, and they have been many. I now see that his method was that of Thomas Aquinas, that of the Catholic seminaries of the world to-day. All I saw at the time was that it was in some way unique among debating societies. In joint debates we encountered the best known and reputed to be the most successful and intellectual of them, in our city; and their chosen representatives were fluent and attractive talkers, but ours were accurate thinkers and word-precisians. I now see that our opponents represented the diffuse and falsely-glittering thinking which is the mark of the new education, and that what we represented was the mental training of the Schoolmen—and of the Founding Fathers who signed the Declaration of Independence and who formulated the Constitution; of Thomas Aquinas and, also, the teachers of Hamilton, of Adams and Jefferson.

In 1893 Tilney left Plymouth and joined the Central Congregational Church, in a different part of the city. We continued to run the debating society according to the training we had had, but did not make any advance in thinking or in formulating our thoughts and expressing them. The reason, though we did not know it, was that we did not have the knowledge of the secret principle which inspired the rules we worked under. We were stagnating, marking time. I conceived the idea of transporting the society to the Central Church and asking Tilney to resume his direction of it. With four other leading members I went to his house and broached the idea. He said he had been about to start a debating society in his new church, but would have had to start from the begin-

ning in his training of it, whereas our proposal would enable him to begin with a club already trained in his methods. It was thrown open to all young men at our first meeting in the new home, and our membership was doubled at the first session there by the accession of many eager and untrained young men, to whom the well-taught members of the original society were a continuing object lesson in Tilney's methods and aims.

At this conference in his house, in which he accepted my proposal of bringing the club into his care again, I mentioned the superiority of our training over that of other debating clubs, and the unique (so far as I then knew) quality of the mental discipline it gave. I was beginning to express my wonder at how he had conceived the idea of such a perfect training and had even developed its method in his own mind before we organized so that we started with a constitution and by-laws the principles of which we had never had to change, when he interrupted me.

The change in his manner was surprising, and abashed me. He had been laughing and joking, but in an instant he was solemn and earnest, and there was something in his voice and manner that awed me. The word I mentally used in trying to describe it to myself, after I left his house, was "mysterious"; and this in itself was startling, for Tilney was habitually the most open and least mysterious of men. He said, with that new, unwonted gravity:

"If you knew where these rules, as you call them, came from, you would not credit me with any genius in inventing them. I didn't invent them. Those rules are the application of principles that are older than I and older than any living man. They are not merely old, they are ancient. Their origin is not a matter to be counted in years or decades, but further back than you dream. Don't ask me any questions, for I can't reveal the answer. But take what I say now as a fact."

In a flash he was back in his usual jolly, hilarious manner. It was the only time in many years of acquaintance with him that I ever saw him even momentarily in this mood. It made a great impression on me, both then and in all the years that followed. He spoke in exactly the tone of one who held weighty secrets and was under an obligation of honor not to give a hint of what they were. I turned the question over in my mind as I walked home that night, and have often puzzled about it in the forty-two years that have passed.

Of course I saw instantly that whatever obligation of secrecy had been imposed upon him must be that of some secret society, and my instant conclusion was that it was a Greek-letter fraternity or some other venerable college association, an offshoot of which was probably some moot court for mental training of its members. I think his university was Yale, which according to Dr. Walsh's book still made the Scholastic method and especially the disputation the principal part of its curriculum "at the end of the eighteenth century." Dr. Walsh is apparently unable to date its disappearance there definitely, but says, after recording that the change began at Harvard in 1810, when demonstration began to succeed disputation, "This same thing is true for all the colleges for which we have theses after the Revolution." The

theses, which show the questions debated, have largely disappeared since that time.

I also saw, as I ruminated on my walk that night in 1893, that whatever Tilney's college society might be, it did not invent the method, and was not the sole proprietor of it. Evidently it was in use in many colleges, not by the faculty of any, but by being handed down from one senior class to its successor, as an inviolable treasure. And Tilney had said in so many words that it was ancient, but had prohibited me from asking the obvious question, "How ancient?" Since reading Dr. Walsh's book I know how ancient it was.

After launching the society in its new home and guiding us through our weekly meetings for several months, Tilney was taken ill and, in a very few days, died. It was in that same year, 1893. The club continued, taking as Tilney's successor William C. Redfield, who later was in President Wilson's Cabinet as Secretary of Commerce. And here lies another point of great significance. Though I had not the clue then, in Tilney and Redfield two opposing schools were arrayed; the Scholastic method, the Thomistic method, over against the rattle-te-bang New Learning—accuracy of thought and accuracy of expression as against glamorous talk and complete "liberty" to let the mind roam into any field.

Redfield was an able man, and therefore may be said to have represented the new method at its best, just as Tilney was the man able to represent the old method. With the aid of Dr. Walsh's book, I can see now how all Redfield's work was directed to substituting "demonstration" for "disputation." He could not uproot the disputation—the debate, we called it, but the organization of the debate was almost exactly that of the organization of the disputation in a Jesuit college—but he grafted on it an invention of his own, which he called "the topical talk." It illustrates the difference between the two schools better than a page of explanation. A member was designated every week to deliver a speech on some subject suddenly announced by Redfield, was given five minutes in which to collect his thoughts, and must then get up and speak on that subject for five minutes. The idea was to develop quick thinking "on your feet," and nothing could have been devised that would better train the young speaker to glib oratory from an unprepared and uninformed mind.

Another Redfieldian attack was on Tilney's institution of what our founder had called "criticism." Early in the club's career he had carefully studied the progress in debate or disputation made in the Scholastic method of attack and defense, and we had not quite satisfied him. To sharpen the youthful skill in dissecting the meaning of words and the accuracy of ideas, he applied in another direction the fundamental principle of the disputation. He ordained that for ten minutes after an original essay had been read the essayist—a different member each week—should be subjected to one-minute speeches analyzing its errors of thought and phrasing. He knew that we would imitate him, so he made the first such criticism and devoted himself to ridiculing most unmercifully every word which inadequately expressed a thought, and every idea that was vague or false. Of course

we all followed in his footsteps and tried to outdo him and each other, some speakers defending the essayist's logic, and for over five years the weekly assault on the essay was a battle of brains. The essayist was allowed a minute in which to reply —this too is after the Scholastic method—and turned the laugh on his critics, if he could.

This was one of the great features of the weekly combats of mind. Redfield did not like the attack-and-defense method at all, and he proclaimed that criticism should be "constructive, not destructive." How familiar that phrase sounds today, in this welter of vague thought! Like Tilney, he inaugurated the change by himself giving the first speech putting his idea into practice; it was a beautiful specimen of the mere orator as opposed to the logician. Needless to say, it was of no benefit either to his hearers or to the essayist, who was left in ignorance whether he had written sensibly or foolishly. Also needless to say, most of the young men followed his example, and the "criticism" deteriorated into a week-by-week mess of indiscriminate eulogy and into wandering discourses not on the essay itself but on the subject it had treated, from any standpoint you might select.

The method of disputation, in Scholasticism, is to appoint a "defender" of the chosen thesis. He must study it carefully until he thinks he is fully equipped to meet all contenders. On the appointed day he must state the proposition, explain it, and give proofs. Two "objectors" have been appointed, and when the defender finishes, one of them attacks some or all of the proposition and points out its flaws. The defender replies, the objectors have their turns, and the last quarter of an hour is open for general debate in which the professor and members of the class take part at will.

With the slight modifications necessary for the environment, this was Tilney's method. The "l[illegible]ers," as he named them, were the same as the Catholic "defenders" and "objectors"; they, too, were required to sum up, and the disputation or debate then became general. He himself took the part allotted in the Scholastic method to the professor, by delivering a "decision," as he called it, but the decision was on the merits and demerits of the respective arguments, their accuracy or inaccuracy of thought, logic, and wording.

When Tilney died in 1893 he was probably not over forty-two, and he founded the club when still in his thirties. He had a perfect comprehension of young men's minds. In the club he never seemed to be directing it, but was apparently only a fellow-member, without any office; but in every smallest detail he molded it. His aim was always not to impose his mind on his pupils, but to enable them to develop their own minds. For that end the Scholastic plan which he had preserved from his college days was the only perfect instrument. His son, Dr. Frederick Tilney, is a distinguished neurologist and a professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia. I am unacquainted with him, but have read reviews of a book by him describing it as thoughtful and important.

To Tilney's sure touch and to his ancient and perfect method the young fellows responded like violin-strings to a master's fingers. But, able as Redfield was, and popular

as his pleasing personality made him, this was not true of him. With the later light given me, I see that this was traceable to the respective characters of the two schools of education the two men represented. Under Redfield the society marked time and made no advance, except to become scattering in its thought and fatally facile in its oratorical mode of expression. Tilney had discouraged rhetorical flowers in behalf of keen and straight thinking; the reverse was true with Redfield, and this was due to the difference in the concepts for which they stood. Disappointed at seeing no progress, and not in the least understanding why, Redfield resigned in 1895, and the society, after lingering on for a few months, adjourned *sine die* early in 1896. Redfield's work died sterile; Tilney's still endures.

And in that last sentence lies the whole story of the Old Learning and the New.

This experience of mine may suggest to Dr. Walsh that the Scholastic method probably never died among non-Catholics, or even fell into a stupor. Men with Tilney's extraordinary genius for entering into the spirit of budding minds and watering the buds are not overnumerous, so the work he did with us boys may not have been duplicated; but at any rate it seems certain that many others than himself have made use—of one kind or another—of the training by the medieval Schoolmen which they got in college. The university faculties no doubt were—or are, for presumably this still goes on—ignorant that under their noses their pupils had been practicing the methods of the Middle Ages. Unless, of course, some beneficiary of those methods chanced to mention it to them; in which case they probably have received it as an encouraging sign of interest in intellectual development, and nothing more; for most likely very few of the young men receiving this help, so long handed down from generation to generation, know what its origin is.

But Tilney did. If nothing else convinced me of that, the extraordinary weight of his manner and tone when he told me of the antiquity of that origin would make me sure of it.

CARLYLE AND THE MYSTICAL TRADITION

By Charles Frederick Harrold

To what extent was Carlyle a mystic? Can the reader of *Sartor Resartus* and the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* truly say that, in spite of Carlyle's rebellious individualism and Protestant pride, the "Sage of Chelsea" ever really approximated the spiritual heights and certainties of St. John of the Cross? The very questions suggest a categorical denial. Yet it is possible to find in Carlyle's works, and in the estimates of his critics, a number of striking proofs that, at moments and in varying degrees, he caught the vision of the One, and realized the need of dedicating our lives in service to Him. For Carlyle, as for the great mystics, we are to see

> "Man! swinging-wicket set
> Between
> The Unseen and Seen." . . .

It is undoubtedly with such a belief in mind, characteristic alike of the Carlylean outlook and that of the true mystic, that Baron von Hügel maintains of such men as Carlyle that to "shear any of [them] of their Mystical . . . elements [is to] have shorn Samson of his locks." Certainly there is enough in Carlyle to measure up to von Hügel's standard: "The Mystic finds his full delight in all that approximates most nearly to Simultaneity, and Eternity; and consequently turns away, *qua* Mystic from the Successive and Temporal presented by History." It is enough to note that in *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle is obviously hungry for "an Eternal Here and Now." Such points as these are therefore pertinent in any discussion of the degree to which Carlyle approximated a mystical attitude. And they gain further weight when we reflect that it is largely owing to the mystical elements in his doctrines that his work has perennial interest. In these days of shifting literary values, it will be thus doubly profitable to inquire into Carlyle's mysticism, and to discern in what measure it contributes to his continued vitality.

It is, of course, impossible to forget, in spite of his mystical elements, that Carlyle was prevented by birth, upbringing, and indoctrination, from developing any consistent or symmetrical mysticism. No one acquainted with the cardinal elements of the mystic's belief would expect Carlyle ever to have sought the final stages of mystical experience. No one looks into his writings for "the dark night of the soul," or for Eckhart's "spark of the soul." Carlyle apparently knew little or nothing of the "ladder of perfection," whereby the mystic proceeds from "purgation" through "illumination" to a final "unitive life." Carlyle's "world-flight" never reached the limit of a real renouncing of the world—though he constantly preached it—or of a reconciliation to its imperfections as the probation of the soul. His "illumination" amounted to little more than a flash of rudimentary vision into the great fact of immanence of God in the world. And the unitive life, that rare spiritual achievement

by heroic souls, was something lying wholly beyond his comprehension. The very absence of harmony and joy, the very dissonance and anger and cynicism in his life and work, show how little was the spiritual victory which he achieved. Indeed we find his mystical and most deeply religious period to be that in which he lived in the comparative solitude of his "Dunscore Patmos" at Craigenputtock (1828-1834). In later years, his preoccupation with history and with social problems involved him in the vortex of Victorian secularism, and he increasingly lost the sustaining value of his earlier intuitions.

Yet there is no denying that at moments Carlyle wrote to the end like a true mystic. When he maintained, for example, that "all speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices," and that it is "only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience" that we can know the highest truth, he suggests to many of us the mystical tenet that ultimate knowledge is denied to speculative reason. With the *Theologica Germanica*, Carlyle could easily have said: "He who would know before he believeth cometh never to true knowledge.... I speak of a certain truth which it is possible to know by experience, but which ye must believe in before ye know it by experience." We remember that Carlyle's theory of knowledge rested largely on his belief in the supremacy of will over reason; for him, the reason, when applied to religious realities, was "self-devouring." It was the will, or faith, which was to lead Teufelsdröckh through the Everlasting No to the Everlasting Yea. And the final knowledge was ineffable. For Carlyle, God is beyond naming; he is as certain as Eckhart that "God is nameless," as convinced as Plotinus that "the One is in reality ineffable." If Carlyle asks, with Faust, "Who dares name Him?" it is because God, for him, is as inexpressible as the "nameless Being" of Ruysbroeck.

It is this scorn of the pretensions of the intellect which leads Carlyle to another conception which allies him with the mystics. God is ineffable, he maintains, partly because to the human reason He is "the Unfathomable," "the dark bottomless abyss of Being." Carlyleans are familiar with such terms as "the Eternal Silences," "the Immensities," "the Silence of deep Eternity." Such expressions occur with great frequency in Carlyle's correspondence as well as in his later works. To one familiar with the terminology of the mystics, they suggest Ruysbroeck's "Dim Silence," the "Divine Darkness," or Tauler's "Divine Abyss of God." They further remind us of the important place in Carlyle's religious thought which is occupied by the beauty and efficacy of silence. To him silence is both a way and a goal, both the ground for ultimate communion with God and the grand characteristic of much of God's way with us.

Another doctrine which tends to unite Carlyle, to some extent, with the mystics is that of the bodying forth of the One in many, the "mystic, miraculous, unfathomable Union" of all things in an "All-embracing Love, that encircles alike the seraph and the glow-worm." He insists on the "continuity of essence" through all grades of being and existence. If, as he says in *Sartor Resartus*, "Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole," if and since it is the partial representation

of God's will in action, then man himself, in so far as he depends upon Nature, is bound up in the whole. Nor is this all. Man is "a *Spirit*," says Carlyle, "and bound by invisible bonds to *All Men*." Thus, as much as St. Teresa or St. Francis, Carlyle realized the spiritual unity of all things, and recognized the infinite duty of the individual soul to serve the ends and purposes of God. All rebellion, all mere self-assertion, all the pride, greed, and slothfulness of the individual self, all separateness from God was error and sin. It is true that Carlyle's phrasing is more or less metaphysical; the fundamental meaning, however, is unmistakable.

No less central with Carlyle is the emphasis and interpretation which he puts upon symbols. It has been common to consider the presence of symbols as a criterion claim to the mystic vision. In the light of this fact it is interesting to note that Carlyle says that "in the Symbol proper . . . there is . . . some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible." With truly mystical caution, however, he adds that "there is concealment as well as revelation" in even the greatest symbol, since the most perfect expression attainable is but a shadow of the reality. At its best, however, symbolism is an aid to language and expression in general. It suggests and presents the essence of the inexpressible; it reminds us that, as Carlyle was fond of saying, "the Highest cannot be spoken in words." Thus we may readily understand Carlyle's audacious conclusion, in his essay entitled *Characteristics:* "Nothing that is wholly seen through has other than a trivial character." To him, as to the great mystics, all things, all events, all expressions in language are mysteriously double-natured: interpreted with relation only to themselves, they give us relative knowledge, or science; regarded as symbols of an ultimate reality, of God's love, they speak to "the desirous heart, the intuitive sense, of man."

We have already noted, at the beginning of our discussion, that Carlyle hungered for an infinite Here and an everlasting Now. All his life he was haunted by the enigma of time. He tortured his mind over the thought of man as the "confluence of Time with Eternity." But long before he had preoccupied himself with this thought, it had been elaborately thought-through by Eckhart. "The Soul," says that great mystic, "is created in a place between Time and Eternity. . . . With its highest powers it touches Eternity, with its lower Time." The same subject is dealt with at considerable length by Ruysbroeck, by the author of the *Theologica Germanica*, and by Plotinus. The emphasis which it receives from them is hardly greater than that in Carlyle. Longing for release from "the wild death-element of Time," the "troublous dim Time-element," as he often called the space-time world, he was indeed seeking, as we have earlier said, the serenity of "simultaneity." He sought the "immanence of the temporal in the eternal, and the eternal in the temporal." His quest was for the peace of the Holy Spirit in the midst of the world's clamor for illusions. The idea of transiency, of death and loss, preyed on his mind, and impelled him to think of the abiding Spirit dwelling even in the rush and roar of the time-stream.

Our survey of the mystical elements in Carlyle's religious thought has been necessarily brief and cursory. But if it has shown anything, it is probably the striking parallels between his beliefs and those of the mystics of the great tradition. It would be possible to extend the comparison further, on the basis of additional and minor similarities. Carlyle's exaltation of the "Worship of Sorrow," which he sets forth in *Sartor Resartus*, can be paralleled by passages in Tauler, who makes it the way to union with God, or in Eckhart, who regards it as the mother of all the virtues. Even Carlyle's doctrine of Work can be found stated in various forms in mystical and semimystical writers. "To act is the property of God," says Philo. God is the *Actus Purus*, says St. Catherine of Genoa. And Tauler exalted work, including the pious application to daily tasks, as a part of the "mystic way." Thus when Carlyle alters Socrates' *Know thyself* to *Know what thou canst work at*, as he does in *Sartor Resartus*, he is partially in line with a great tradition of religious thought. Even though his doctrine includes a highly secular element, it includes also that spiritual allegiance to holy ends which stamps it as the product of a mind strongly inspired with mystical truths.

Mysticism has been said to be the effect of one, or all, of three experiences: an excess of rationalism, a period of skepticism, or a desire to regain a vital sense of the living truth expressed in dogma. Carlyle underwent all three of these experiences. He began early to indulge in rebellious rationalism and intellectual pride; later he surfeited himself, in the library of his friend, Edward Irving, upon skeptical literature and philosophy; and still later he passed through a period of grueling doubt, which ended only at Hoddam Hill, in 1826, when he had achieved a partial peace through reinterpreting his beliefs. The failure of Carlyle to reach an adjustment between what his soul and heart were hungering for, and what his prideful and corrosive intellect led him into believing, accounts in a large measure for the fundamental disharmony in his life and writings. It explains the feverish, shrieking period in his life when the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* expressed his mental and spiritual torment, as he gazed at the Vanity Fair of his time. And this failure is made more understandable — and more pathetic—by a consideration of the extent to which he was willing to walk the path of the mystics. It shows us, perhaps more clearly than otherwise, some of the elements of his enduring fame. When he rose to the level of religious intuition, he spoke with the authentic voice of one who had seen a revelation. It is noteworthy, therefore, that almost invariably when he speaks in religious terms on a religious subject, he speaks like a mystic. It is possible, then, to find in Carlyle a number of elements of far greater universality than might be expected from a writer for whom the Church was nothing but an outworn garment, Christianity nothing but the fanaticism of a Jewish sect, and the hope of the future nothing but an "exodus from Houndsditch," or an abandonment of the Church and all institutional religion. These elements in his teachings may be more profitably considered against the background from which they emerge. They should not blind us to the pure gold in Carlyle's works,

the superbly phrased spiritual truths, the brilliant insights into human nature, the memorable flashes of light which he throws upon the long dark pilgrimage of the soul. In this degree he is in the company of the world's great mystics. At least we are justified in placing him in the great tradition of semimystical thinkers who, though never having scaled the "ladder of perfection," have nevertheless beheld, glimmering at the top, the enkindling Light.

SAINT FRANCIS

By Maurice V. Reidy

CLAD in gray rags, encircled with a rope,
He stepped aside upon the broad highway,
And humbly waited till you great ones passed,
With pomp and pride, a glittering array;
Raised by your horses' hoofs, a dusty cloud
Hides him a moment in its whirling shroud.

O chiefs and warriors, steel-clad knights and squires,
You were so much intent on great affairs,
You had no thoughts for that poor beggar-man,
You passed upon the roadway, murmuring prayers,
You shrugged your shoulders, gave a pitying nod,
When he addressed you, "Brother-Knights of God!"

You fought for glory, and you searched the world,
To find a worthy cause; it was your code,
O chiefs and warriors, steel-clad knights, and squires,
Look back and see the dust upon the road,
Out of its depths breaks forth a gallant song,
Sung by the beggar as he walks along.

Long turned to dust are you, and so is he,
But whether you found glory in the fray,
Or whether you did not—what recks it now,
It is, like you, forgotten in our day;
Whilst all the world still echoes back the song,
Sung by the beggar as he passed along!

GO TO THE FLY, THOU SKEPTIC

By E. J. Anderson

MATTER in its various forms and manifestations is, a host of intellectual people tell us, the full explanation for the universe and all that is therein. Matter is the sole, the ultimate reality.

Very well. Take the six-legged, two-winged bit of matter which entomologists call *Musca domestica*. The common house fly. Common, yes, but not so common that he is not a most challenging chap, considered materialistically. Just glance, I beg you, at three aspects of the fly: the miracle of his bodily structure, the miracle of his organic nature, the miracle of his instincts.

We notice first that the matter out of which the house fly is built is arranged architecturally. All his organs are as wittingly designed and integrated as though the organism were obeying some all-foreseeing blue print. Before me is an enlarged photograph of the adult fly. At once I am impressed by the orderliness of the creature's anatomy, his bilateral symmetry, or counterbalancing of a wing on the left side by a wing on the right, a leg on this side by a leg on that. Everywhere there is this unimpeachable logicality, this adjustment of part to part, this subordination of a group of parts to the whole. Is there anything haphazard, anything accidental in the construction of this winged animal? Surely not.

Another photograph, this one displaying the compound eyes, simply overwhelms me. Embedded within the two huge orbs are thousands, literally thousands, of tiny eyes, each located with such exactitude as to create a general effect of pattern that is breath-taking. The rows intercurve and crisscross as faultlessly and as beautifully as though a geometrician had plotted their positions with a compass.

A diagrammatic drawing of the alimentary tract tells the same story of knowledgeable, seemingly intelligent planning. Taking into consideration the fly's digestive problems, his pharynx, esophagus, proventriculus, stomach, intestines and crop are as carefully, as knowingly contrived as in any other creature. How any material force, unguided by intelligence — and intelligence, moreover, of a superhuman sort — could have modeled the fly is past one's comprehension.

Functionally, the fly is a machine. Rather, it is many machines. The fly is an aëroplane, a tractor, a camera, a chemical plant, a telephone network, a sewer system, and a host of other complex, *successful* mechanisms all rolled into one. Moreover, these machines are mysteriously intergeared and coördinated so as to secure the most efficient operation of the organism as a whole.

I spoke of the fly as a tractor. Examine the locomotory apparatus. Nothing is purposeless or inharmonious. Each foot is equipped with two hairy pads, the *pulvilli*, which internal secretions constantly keep sticky. Why? Obviously, to improve the fly's foothold on smooth, slippery surfaces. But will the fly always have to navigate polished or

treacherous planes such as ceilings and window-glass? No. The going for the fly will be rough as well as smooth. As though foreseeing this, the fly has provided himself with highly interesting claws. Magnification shows them to be as finely proportioned, as aptly curved as though a sculptor made them. Yet they have the sturdy practicality of a bull's horns.

Or give a moment's thought to *Musca domestica* in his capacity of flying-machine. By what miracle are his delicately-modeled, tissue-paper wings able to lift what is in comparison an enormously heavy body, and transport it the distance of a city block? M. Pouchet of the Institute of France assures us that those wings beat with the incredible, the impossible velocity of 3,600 times a second! And the fuel that will make the wings vibrate at such a speed for *hundreds* of seconds—what is that? Perhaps a drop or two of milk. Our own automobiles, which have benefited by the collaboration of the greatest mechanical geniuses, run ten to twenty miles per gallon of fuel. Engineers say a gallon of gasoline could propel them 400 to 500 miles but for wastage. Is not the fly astoundingly superior in point of engine efficiency? Is there in the world to-day an aëroplane designer with a knowledge of aëromechanics comparable to that of this capable little aëronaut?

Arresting as a flying-machine, the creature is equally arresting as a camera. Let us take another glimpse at those marvelous eyes of his. Thomas Hall Shastid, a famous ophthalmologist, wrote recently in *The American Scholar:*

"If one looks at a common house fly one can see that its head consists almost entirely of two large, dark-brown lobes, the compound eyes, each made up of more than 4,000 eye-units. From each compound eye a mosaic picture—of more than 4,000 minute picture-fragments—is conveyed to the fly's central nervous system. The fly also has three single eyes, situated, in the form of a triangle with its sharpest point downward, in the space above and between the two compound eyes.

"The compound eyes of the fly are used for distance, *i. e.*, three to four yards, and the single eyes for near vision, from one to two inches."

Could unintelligent matter have stumblingly produced so superb an instance of unity in multiplicity? organs which enable the creature to compete so well in the relentless struggle for existence? I am not so credulous as to believe it.

Nor do I overlook another thing. Wonderful are the cameras of the fly, which enable it to see at any instant simultaneously upward and downward, near and far, north and south, east and west. But these wonderful machines are hooked up with a nervous system which is more wondrous still. Can our materialist friends explain how, when the eye-lenses have caught up their image, that image is transformed into meaningful impulses which flow along the threadlike optic nerves? Or how, *en route*, the image is maintained within the blacknesses of the fly's cranium in its entirety? Can they tell us how these impulses are interpreted into consciousness? Or how the outside world is repictured so swiftly and accurately that the fly wings away the instant danger menaces him?

Man can devise ingenious cam-

eras. Can he invent a camera such as this? It is no larger than the head of a pin. All day long it takes motion-pictures, instantaneously flashing them upon a psychic screen. Never need it change its film. Never, ordinarily speaking, has it mechanical trouble. If Man could manufacture a camera such as this, how long would it take him to piece together the delicate, intricate parts? Nature turns them out far faster than our fastest factories turn out automobiles. The cost of such cameras, for Man, would be fabulous. Nature builds them dirt cheap.

Effects as artful, as astounding as these must have a sufficient cause. That is to say, they must have a nonmaterial cause. It will not do to say with Moore that Nature has imposed a Law of Complexity upon matter, whereby inorganic atoms and molecules become organized, willy-nilly, into machines as splendid as the fly. One of our most gifted builders of machines, Thomas A. Edison, remonstrated in this very connection, "matter is directed and not directive."

Precisely. When matter is as cunningly arranged as it is in the fly we know that it has been so arranged by some supremely able Arranger. The fly says to us, "Although I am a mindless creature, I am a profoundly intellectual one, in the sense that superhuman astuteness went into the making of me. All my organs are useful, and were designed so to be. Lavish attention was paid to my smallest details. All my parts and processes are remarkable adaptations of means to ends; all are interdependent; all coöperate for the good of my whole being. Since I show so much evidence of Mind, you are forced to recognize that no unintelligent, merely material agent could possibly have fashioned me. God made me."

We notice second that the matter out of which the house fly is built is living material. Here again we encounter the inscrutable. As Donnan wrote: "The mystery of life will always remain. Science is not the death, but the birth of mystery, awe, and reverence."

The fly, which is for the materialist just a machine, has unique powers. It can take elements such as carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorus, and by some incomprehensible magic convert them into more of the life-stuff of which it is already composed. It uses this new tissue to repair worn and to replace broken parts. It organizes the material in strict conformity to its original body-plan. How all this is done Man will be a long time saying.

Again, this extraordinary machine has the power of adjusting itself to constantly changing surroundings. Stimuli, whether the chemical ones of hunger, the thermal ones of sunshine and cold, the photic ones of light and shade, the mechanical ones of the fly-swatter or your hand will incite the machine to eat, to drowse, to crawl here, to fly there, to do a multitude of things energetically and well.

The machine reproduces itself. Reproduces itself? In his authoritative book, *The House Fly*, L. O. Howard presents a table showing what *could* happen were a female fly to lay a batch of eggs on April 15th. Supposing that all the eggs hatch, and that the flies in every generation reach sexual maturity, by September 10th this very interesting lady will have had 5,598,720,-

000,000 descendants! And this is computing only one instead of four possible batches of eggs in each generation. Mr. Howard agrees that such fruitfulness is only theoretical, and that in practice many things will conspire to inhibit the fly from demonstrating its reproductive possibilities. But the fertility is always there.

Are we to suppose that unintelligent, nonliving matter can blot the sun out of the sky with swarms of living creatures every one of which is intelligently designed? What a triumph of theory over common sense!

But that is not all that this machine can do. Given only an infinitesimal, cellular portion of matter, plus the proper environmental conditions, it can even make itself. Can an automobile make itself? How the materialist can explain the highly complicated and circumspect embryology of the fly, remembering Edison's maxim that matter is directed and not self-directing, I know not.

Before the mother fly has oviposited, her problem is to transmit to her 120 offspring not only her own heredity characters but those of her mate. The method whereby Mendel's famous law is thus obeyed is not only complex, it is superhumanly clever. In the reproductive cells there are groups of chromosomes. These chromosomes are the agents by means of which the hereditary-characters are transmitted. Their number is fixed and typical for the species. But if the female egg contains, as it does, the full complement of chromosomes, and if the male sperm has its full number, then the union of the two in fertilization must result in a double set of chromosomes. But that would not do at all. Instead of there being a fixed number for the species, the number would vary with every generation; worse yet, it would double with every generation.

To prevent the chromosomes from running away with the species, Nature does a very smart thing. By what is technically called spermatogenesis in the father, and oögenesis in the mother, she reduces the chromosomes to one-half the normal number. No more and no less. More startling still, this half set of chromosomes contains *all* the hereditary factors of the full set. Space will not permit an explanation of the ingenious way in which this is done. But since in the eventual pairing the father-qualities and the mother-qualities are represented with absolute exactitude, and without adding to the number of chromosomes characteristic of the species, it is undeniable that Nature is a mathematician and a thinker of the very first rank. But Nature can count only in the sense that an adding-machine can count. Nature can think only in the sense that a typewriter can think. If her fingers perform prodigious, intellectual feats upon the keys, that can only mean that a Supreme Thinker is directing her fingering of those keys.

There is never the least variability in the perplexing procedure of cell division, never any haphazard assorting and reassorting of the precious genes. The subsequent development history of the fly, from the moment of conception, tells the same story of a Nature apparently profoundly aware of what she is doing. Huxley, who had such eloquent scorn for people who believe in miracles, wrote that "of all the perennial miracles [Nature offers to

our surprised inspection] perhaps the most worthy of admiration is the development of a plant or animal from its embryo."

Huxley did not mean, of course, that such development really was miraculous. He simply meant that the most intellectual people had to admire it, and could not, for all their intellectuality, begin to account for it. He saw nothing superficial about his materialism. Yet it was superficial. Webster defines a materialist as "one who denies the existence of spiritual substances or agents, and maintains that spiritual phenomena, so called, are the result of some peculiar organization of matter." Peculiar organization of matter indeed!

Let us observe how *peculiarly* matter becomes organized in the fly. The candid intellect must approve every step of the many unfathomable steps in the embryology of the fly as playing an essential and happy rôle in the building of the fly. Nothing happens that does not further the final well-being of the completed fly. Originally we have a microscopic speck of matter. It divides into two such specks. They divide into four. Into eight. Into eight million. When enough cells have been produced, they form a hollow, not a solid ball, as might have been expected. One end of the ball is pushed inward, resulting in the three germ layers from which the various tissues and organs are built. Why do the cells behave in this fashion, and differentiate anatomically? Because of the "peculiar organization of matter"? How peculiar!

Huxley was an evolutionist. So am I—a theistic one. Huxley would tell me that the fly, that any creature competing for existence, would have to possess well-designed organs to survive. The needed organs have developed slowly over immense periods of time in response to a changing environment and selective breeding of such creatures as were most promising. Now I grant that Natural Selection can operate automatically and yet result in a constant improvement of stock. But if Nature were building her creatures on a hit-and-miss basis she should miss much more often than she hits. I mean that if the evolutionary process were an undirected one, three-headed and double-bodied and exotic-shaped flies should be as common as grass blades. But malformed flies are freaks. They are the exception that proves the rule that Nature always knows what she is up to.

In reply Huxley might object that the law of utility operates to discourage freaks. The inutility of any organ results in its atrophy and eventual disappearance. Yes, its eventual disappearance. Nature is never satisfied; the evolutionary process is a creative one. Nature, therefore, should be constantly experimenting with new-style heads and legs and stomachs, and her failures should be reproduced, although they are useless or even harmful, for many generations. The fact is that all the organs of all living creatures have an ascribable function, and all vestigial organs did have an ascribable function. In other words, Nature does not grope; she knows!

Purpose, it seems to me, has been at work every instant that the embryo of *Musca domestica* advanced upon its adventurous quest for flyhood. Materialists do not like the word purpose. They argue that Nature is not teleological, or purposive, but that some of us insist on

reading into her processes what is not there. Well, we can meet the materialists half way. The forces in Nature do operate mechanistically. But when those forces set to work constructing even so slight an object as a fly they invariably achieve something which puts to shame human ingenuity, and which in every case appears to testify to a premeditated plan. *Musca domestica* reveals a superhuman awareness on the part of Nature of the abstruser phases of such subjects as biology, physics, chemistry, and ecology. It is not rational to credit unreasoning Nature with such knowledge, nor to grant her unsupervised forces the architectural skill, the creative power, the delicacy of internal and external adjustments which are needed for making a fly.

A materialism which will not posit a Designer for the fly is not scientific, since it denies the relationship of cause and effect. Such a materialism, so far from being intellectual, is mere emotionalism; it is a fatuous, self-deluding, stubborn *mood*. Harvey Wickham, in *The Misbehaviorists*, neatly disposes of such theorizers with the statement, "the idea of matter evolving itself implies a universe trying to lift itself by its bootstraps."

Then there is the fly's life. How is the mechanist to explain that? Arnold Lunn argues:

"The simplest cell is a complex organism, and it is absolutely impossible that such an organism could have originated by chance. It is inconceivable that lifeless rocks covered with sea could have produced by chance a complicated cell with the power to reproduce itself."

When the Earth had cooled to the proper temperature (as is suggested in Osborn's Theory), did a pinch of lifeless this and a pinch of lifeless that accidentally combine, resulting in life? Way back in September 10, 1912, Sir William Tilden printed a letter in the London *Times* which the conceptual and laboratory equipment of modern scientists cannot refute.

"I venture to think that no chemist will be prepared to suggest a process by which, from the interaction of such materials (*viz.*, inorganic substances), anything approaching a substance of the nature of a proteid could be formed. The idea that a chaos of unassorted elements and undirected forces could succeed where the skill of the chemist fails is preposterous. No known or conceivable process, or group of processes, at work in inorganic nature is equal to the task. Chance is an explanation only for minds insensible to the beauty and order of organic life."

But the most luminous explanation of why only God could be the Author of life comes from the English scientist, Father Philip de Ternant:

"We know that the so-called simplest living material, protoplasm, is composed of certain common elements, and can be analyzed into them. The question is, can we take these elements and combine them into living material? . . .

"A cell of formless protoplasm is not the ultimate unit of structure. In almost every kind of cell, properly prepared for the microscope, there has been detected a nucleus—a little spot just visible

under moderate powers. Examined under really high powers this spot stands revealed as a world in itself, and a very complicated one. How many units of structure it contains is not known. But microscopists who have seen all that can be seen with our best instruments are conscious that they are on the fringes of another world, perhaps a series of worlds.

"The importance of the nucleus is this, that a cell deprived of it can indeed live, and to a certain extent grow, but it cannot reproduce itself, which is the test of physical life. This nucleus is intimately concerned in all cell-division, and the mechanism of heredity has been traced (in part) to certain of its component details. . . .

"Having watched the little world-in-itself of the nucleus and pored over its elaborate geography up to the very limits of microscopial vision, I am content to follow Huxley and to 'labor in the fields of ascertainable fact.' . . . In any case, to make a living cell out of elements we should have to construct a nucleus. Otherwise we might just as well set up an electric light system and say that the dynamo does not matter, or make a clock without a spring."

Nor must we forget that the cell, wonderful as it is, has specialization and exists in hierarchies. Cells of a given character are colonized to perform a specific task, whether it is feeding the animal, digesting the food, circulating and absorbing the nutriment, or what not.

These communities of cells work industriously at their allotted, different jobs, submitting to an inexplicable, but all-wise coördination. Unlike Man's social groups, no aggregation of cells is ever so zealous or lethargic as to endanger the common welfare, unless the animal is diseased. Emergencies are provided for resourcefully and adequately. Phagocytes patrol their beats like policemen and pounce upon harmful bacteria. New cells are summoned quickly who know how to cope with crises such as accidentally injured tissues.

Consider this also. Nature is an expert chess-player. Blindfolded, she moves her pawns a million times on a million chess-boards, checkmating one king while taking another out of check. For instance, she does not foster the well-being of the house fly to an extent that deprives other species of their well-being. Instead, she introduces upon the scene killing frosts, crippling diseases, fly-catching insects and birds, to the end that her house flies will observe their appointed place in the vast hierarchy of life. Are all these interrelationships, inside and outside the fly, the evidence only of "the peculiar organization of matter"? If matter can perform cerebral tricks like these without the benefit of Mind then all our learned men and all our wise ones ought to abase themselves before a turnip.

We notice third that the matter out of which the house fly is built solves astutely and without instruction the most baffling problems. The larva of the fly is voracious. So much so that when environmental factors are at all encouraging, a few days transform it from a lifeless speck into a hungry giant half an inch long. When fully grown a curious restlessness seizes it, a restlessness which the materialist is invited to explain. Obeying an in-

stinct which seems to be plainly the whisper of God, the humble creature abandons the mountain of food upon which it was born, and which it loves so well, and descends to a sandy desert where there is no sustenance. Voluntarily, but without the least inkling of what it is doing, it buries itself alive. Apparently, it is committing suicide. Actually, it is preparing for a far richer life.

Discharging the alimentary canal, it shrivels up and transforms itself into a potato-shaped capsule that is the pupa. Has mere matter properties such as these? Can a scrap of protoplasm, void of mind, destroy the temple of its body and in three days rebuild it into something much grander? Can the sleeping organism construct, unaided by God, a new body all of whose parts seem to have the wisest intention, and do have the most admirable coherence?

Mysterious is the pupation. So is the liberation of the fly from the tomb that it dug so bravely. Through the imprisoning soil it heroically fights its way to emerge once more, resurrected and glorious, into the blessed sunshine. That prince of entomologists, J. Henri Fabre, affirms:

"Although similar facts abound in insect history, we always notice them with a lively interest. They tell us of an incomprehensible power which suddenly, at a given moment, irresistibly commands an obscure grub to abandon the retreat in which it enjoys security, in order to make its way through a thousand difficulties and to reach the light, which would be fatal to it on any other occasion, but which is necessary to the perfect insect. . . ."

Dr. Graham-Smith supplies some interesting data regarding the feeding habits of the fly. *Musca domestica* is wanting in jaws, and can only handle liquids. Yet we have all remarked how blithely it feeds upon such foods as sugar. How does it accomplish this impossibility? Dr. Graham-Smith observed the act through the Zeiss binocular microscope, and discovered that the fly first converts the soluble sugar into a liquid. The sugar grains are dissolved with its own saliva. Is the fly, then, so competent a chemist that it knows certain solids can be changed into liquids, and can the chemist-fly identify those solids at a glance, and invent a technique for coping nicely with the refractory food material? It would seem so. Is the repertoire unending of that cunning old magician, Matter?

Agnostics may explain away the instincts of *Musca domestica* any way they choose. They can never explain those instincts honestly and logically and still remain agnostics. There is only one explanation of instinct that accounts for all the facts. It is the explanation of St. Thomas Aquinas:

"We see that things which lack intelligence nevertheless act for an end, not fortuitously but designedly. Now whatever lacks intelligence cannot move towards an end unless it is directed by some being endowed with knowledge and intelligence. And this Being we call God."

A Jesuit professor to whom I once went to school used to say, in answer to the mechanist hypothesis, "If I see an automobile I know without much examination of it that intelligence has been at work. Why may I not believe it when I see a bird?" Or a fly?

A SHACK ON THE HILLSIDE

By Alan Devoe

HALF way up the rounded green slope of that ancient earth-pile which rises behind my cottage and is known as Phudd Hill, there exists a small three-sided shack. It resembles a dilapidated chicken-house, and this is not surprising for it *was* a chicken-house until that day when, by such labors as those that attended the construction of the pyramids, it was pushed, dragged, hauled and heaved to its present resting-place among the trees and undergrowth high on the hillside. There, almost invisible in its green retreat, it spends its days in slow decline, succumbing to the encroach of nature. Birch saplings have grown up through its floor and the pale green tentacles of countless voracious vines have made their way into its every interstice. Legions of ants gradually and invincibly reduce its props to sawdust, and the ancient roof rots slowly beneath the damp green lichen. To those sharp-eyed visitors who descry this shack high on the wooded slope of Phudd Hill, and who ask me about its origin and use, I explain that it is the place in which I do my writing.

This is rather less than accurate. It might be said more truly that this is the place in which I *mean* to do my writing. It is to this secluded high-perched ærie that daily in fair weather I clamber with my typewriter, forcing my way through tangles of blackberry briar, slipping on mossy stones and stumbling over ancient tree-roots, always with the beckoning vision of a place which will have the utter stillness and the total lack of distraction requisite to concentrating. As yet this vision remains but a vision, and the writing which I have accomplished in my hillside shack is negligible.

There are no boards on the floor; the three walls are set solidly upon the venerable earth of Phudd Hill. It is a black and loamy earth, an earth from which a thousand or a million trees and plants have sucked up their lives, and into which have been absorbed the flesh and fiber of a myriad withered leaves. Woodchucks have made their burrows in it, and field-mice and moles through countless centuries. It has received the dung of foxes and the droppings of crows, and rain and sunlight have alternately fallen upon it since long before the time of the Mohawks. And consequently there come from this floor of earth "wild scents and subtle essences"—dim half-memories and intimations by which the process of tapping typewriter-keys is dwarfed to utter unimportance. Here, resident in this dumb timeless earth, is the very mystery of creation; here in this old decaying root, this wisp of dead grass, this oak-leaf gnawed to a skeleton by the worms, are its evidence and its symbols. And so I have sat here long hours and days, breathing in the smell of the wet earth and of the rotting lichened boards, and writing not a line. It is such a paralysis as might have gripped one who, at the moment of witnessing some Biblical miracle,

had been asked to stand upon his head or dance a jig or tell a funny story. It comes over me with a quick and tumultuous awareness that whether or no I complete my manuscript, whether I arrange my words artfully or bungle them, it will have no smallest effect upon the march of these cosmic processes all about me. Whether I sell my essay or whether I do not, whether I live or whether I die, the mute and mindless earth-worms will still tunnel through this ancient soil, the hawks will still scream and wheel over Phudd Hill, the clouds will continue to cast shadows upon its hemlock-wooded slope.

There is no tragedy in this awareness, but a vast inrushing solace. It brings a realization of myself as a breathing, feeding, procreating, decaying unit of the cosmic entirety, born to cope with the elements as best I may and ultimately to die, precisely like that cawing crow overhead or like this cricket clambering up the mullein-stalk at my feet or even like that spot of mildew on the old wood of my table-top. An hour ago the sole preoccupation of my mind, the vital necessity of the moment, was to prepare a certain number of rows of typewritten words upon sheets of white paper. But I have been reproached in my petty purpose by this ancient earth, and mocked by the miracle of a cricket.

This minute domain which is encompassed by the walls of my shack is a theater of the endless earth-play in miniature, a ceaseless turmoil of aliveness. There are slugs traversing with infinite slowness the earthen floor; creepers crawl even more slowly but even more implacably across the rotting roof, fighting a dumb and inarticulate and endless battle for their lives as they struggle to thrust their roots down through the crust of the rubble and into the sweet sustaining body of the soil. Roots twist with roots, and leaves grapple with leaves in the battle for the supremacy of a place in the sun. New life springs to being from the vestiges of decay; from the sour rot of last autumn's leaves in that corner there emerges the pallid white graveyard-flesh of a summer toadstool, and from the dank recesses of decaying boards there emerges a colony of newborn ants. Here is the very grinding and turning of the millwheels of the universe, here the sign of the eternal processes by which mountains are flung up from the bottom of the sea and constellations propelled across the sky and the particles of colored dust arrayed upon the wings of butterflies.

The tranquillity of nature is the emptiest of myths. Each moth, each fly, each twig and stone and shimmering spider-web is perpetually in movement, perpetually in metamorphosis. There is no single second of arrest, no minutest particle of time when this scene is static. That midge which has been caught by the spider will be transmuted into blood and nerve and muscle for other spiders, and these spiders will live their small day and die upon the surface of the earth and be absorbed into it and furnish blood and nerve and muscle for a toadstool or a maple tree. It is perpetual change and translation, of worms into birds, of bees into flowers, of each and all of them ultimately into eternal earth. This mammoth mound that is Phudd Hill itself has not always been here, baking its fir-green back in the sun,

nor will it always remain. Its lifetime is no longer than the flickering of an eyelash in the infinite span of time. For all its colossal roundness, for all its immeasurable tons of weight and its prodigious girth, it is as fragile as a bee's wing and as evanescent as a puff of wood-smoke. Even now as it stands here, supporting the weight of ten thousand hemlocks and bearing with ease the snows of winter and the onslaught of rains and lightning, a change is taking place in the depths of its interior earth—a change which may one day level it away, or plunge it to the bottom of an ocean or replace it with a populous city.

My hillside shack is a wonderful place to be when it is raining. As I sit facing the open side to the east, I can see across a dozen farms and far away to a low-lying ridge of wooded hills. It is a panorama of rolling pasture-land, dotted with darker green patches that are orchards and checkered by the boundary-lines of ancient stone walls. The sunlight lies upon it all, burnishing the shocks of new-cut rye, sweetening the heavy-hanging apples on a thousand trees, distilling the smell of dew-wet meadows. And then, as I sit watching, a shadow glides down the slope of Phudd Hill and spreads out over the pastures like a stain. Quickly it widens, darkening the orchards and making the red barns somber, and the distant hills grow dim. All the countryside is abruptly very still. During the past hour innumerable little shreds and tatters of sounds have been reaching my ears—the faint cackle of hens, the far-off lowing of cattle. Now these are still. Instead there comes a new sound—a soft inanimate sibilance that grows in quick crescendo until it is a pervasive rushing murmur. It is the rustle of the leaves. It begins in the topmost branches of the high hemlocks, and as it grows in force their branches creak and scrape together. And now it is coming in a faster rush, and the sumac bushes and birch saplings and little firs around my shack are swaying and bending and whispering, and the low branches of the pine tree are brushing the roof over my head. It is as though all animate life were for this moment suspended in pure arrest and the clock set back immeasurable æons of time. It is once more the primordial planet upon which there is no thing that barks or sings or walks or squeaks or thinks, but only the cold elemental airs sighing over the earth-surface and whistling among the mute and motionless rocks. It is the moment of the rain.

A great drop splashes upon the burdock leaf beside me, trickles down its stem to the mossy surface of the earth and is swallowed up. Another falls, and another. The white trunks of the birches glisten moist and tiny glittering drops bow down the grass blades. Great gusts of wind come down the side of Phudd Hill, soughing in the tops of the hemlocks and rattling the loose clapboards of my walls. The little firs and maples are bowing and bobbing frantically now, and looking out across the pastures I can see the wheat lying as flat before the wind as though a scythe had passed. Uproar and chaos are all about me, leaves whirled furiously skyward, our dirt lane a maelstrom of mud. The ants have fled in terror to their crevices and crannies, birds are huddled in the thickest undergrowth, and under every flat rock and fallen tree-trunk the silvery

woodlice and millepedes are seeking refuge.

Quite suddenly, it is over. Racked trees are abruptly still and straight, and the drumming on the roof has stopped. Only the drip from the corner of my roof upon the burdock leaves is token of the storm that has passed. And now from the furious assault of the rain, evoked from this wild excoriation of the earth, there is born the most stirring scent in the world. It rises up out of the ground at my feet, seeps through the chinks of these old moss-covered boards, is exhaled from the rain-wet leaves of the maples and the drenched branches of firs. It is redolent of the magic of new birth, as fresh and miraculous as a sunrise. It tells of dust washed away from leaves, of drying brooks replenished and made full, of the thirst of seeds in the hot fields quenched and satisfied. The dross and the grime are carried away, a myriad of weary creatures refreshed and cleansed. By slow degrees the animate world, held static for these few minutes, begins to regain its life and the eternal processes of existence to be resumed. A crow flies to the top branches of the hemlock nearby, and voids his droppings on a lichened bowlder below. Blades of grass, which have been bent in taut arcs by the weight of the rain, begin to straighten themselves in spasmodic jerks and to point once more at the sun. A wood-nymph butterfly, its eye-marked wings still powdery dry, crawls from a tangle of leaves and ascends the stalk of a sassafras bush, and perches there in happy absorption of the returned sunlight. The wheels of the universe turn again, the aphis once more sucks at the life-blood of the vine and the spider in his damp corner of my shack sets about the spinning of new meshes to trap his prey.

There is a phœbe nesting in my shack now, and I have spent long hours watching her at her masonry. The special ingredients for which she has need are not to be found close at hand on Phudd Hill. To secure the suitable mud she must fly almost a quarter of a mile to the marshy pasture-land that borders our creek. There in the black oozing earth—a spot that in springtime produces the first skunk-cabbages, and where the woodcocks love to probe with their long beaks—she procures her little lumps and pellets and brings them back to her nest-site, patting and molding them in place with tireless dexterity. So absorbed was I yesterday in watching her at this, and following the line of her flight across the meadows to the creek and back again, that I lost count of time. The twilight found me still rapt in watching.

The twilight comes early to this side of Phudd Hill. While the sun is still shining on the rolling pasture-land and clovery meadows, and while its slanting rays still lie across the far-off hills, the shadows of the great hemlocks lengthen and merge and the light in my little shack grows dim. For all the heat of the sun which has beaten down upon it during the day, the floor of earth exudes now its immemorial planetory coldness. This is no sharp and menacing chill, but the tranquil and beneficent coolness of great cathedrals. It is an earth-emanation to take the ache from backs that have bent all day beneath a blazing sun, to ease the myriad eyes that have blinked and strained against the daylight glare. It is the first inflow of a miraculous peace, that peace

which comes upon nature with the setting of each day's sun, that ancient pervasive benison of nothingness bestowed upon men and upon cattle, upon birds and butterflies and weary leaves, upon everything that lives. The crows have stopped their cawing and in the green depths of the woods are quiet and at rest; the buzzing turmoil of the bumblebees, shouldering their way through the long meadow-grass, is not heard now.

As I sat watching the darkness deepen on Phudd Hill, the countless tiny sounds of daytime dropped away one by one. All the clamor of striving and struggling, all the cries —happy or agonized—that are the voice of existence on this earth, were hushed. The raucous parleying of my neighbor's chickens diminished to a whispering and presently disappeared. The twittering of the birds—the robins and thrushes, the orioles and song-sparrows that hunt their food on Phudd Hill and pour out their songs and beget their kind and die there—became stilled now with the approach of the night. There was, presently, no sound but the rifling of a little breeze through the trees and the rubbing of one branch against another.

Out of unfathomable reservoirs the inhabitants of earth were drawing strength for the coming day. The chipmunk, secure in his chink in the old stone wall; the hawk, roosting motionless in the topmost branches of the towering pine; my farmer friends, seeking their beds. . . .

A shadowy presence, white and light as thistle-seed, brushed my hand and fluttered away into the darkness. It was a luna moth.

AFTER READING JANET ERSKINE STUART

By Sister M. Thérèse, Sor.D.S.

Her Life

INEFFABLE music I have heard to-day—
Laughter of gay and golden daffodils,
Sighing of passion-lilies asleep on the hills
At Paschal dawn when silver trumpets play
Antiphonals of peace. Its lyric sway
Still holds me prayerful captive, yet it thrills
My soul to song that breaks in rapturous rills
Against my heart whereon her presence lay.

Down through the lonely years may she come to you—
Sudden and sweet with a joy that a new love brings;
Catching your heart to God's, leaving a true,
A sweeter reverence for earth's lovely things;
To whom the merest flower that broke the sod,
Trembled ecstatic with the living God!

Her Letters

These are a legacy her gracious hand
Has left unto her daughters, and to you—
Quick with the breath of God, the loves she knew;
Laden with beauty of each lovely land. . . .
Canada's lucent lakes, the glittering sand
That girds the wind-blown oceans, and the rue
Of Orient splendor, skies Madonna-blue
Where Rome prays peaceful on the Tiber's strand.

This of her spirit's kind simplicities,
This of her heart's illimitable own—
Captured in luminous line, we treasure these
Simple bequeathals, who have never known
Her hand's swift healing,—who have never heard
The holier solace of her spoken word.

Her Songs

Songs like a benediction tell the close
Of her rich life,—songs from an other where—
Sung in the wistful words we mortals dare
To match soul-hunger; passionate as the rose
That burns the hedge, inviolate as snows—
Sweet as a young bride's smile, ah, thrice as fair,
Fair as the folded hands of nuns in prayer
Before the piteous Rood whence pity flows.

Poet and Saint! . . . When my wild dreams are barred
Fulfillment, sing to me your mystic runes
Of scattered petals, spilling of spikenard,
And pangful raptures of immortal Junes. . . .
As one who views Infinity fulfills
The throbbing of white stars across the hills.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THERE is a famine in America for the ideas and emotions which underlie true religion and democracy. Communism and Fascism have an intense emotional appeal, plus a compelling ideology. Religion and democracy have potentialities for emotional and intellectual appeal far surpassing Communism and Fascism. It is a question of harnessing the energies of Americans to an appealing goal which can stand the test of past experience and of free criticism today. That is the job of our political democracy. As religious people, Americans must make religion more vital and compelling to youth and adults.

—Dr. Ewart E. Turner, former pastor of the American Church, Berlin, at the Institute of Human Relations, Williamstown, Mass.

The only thing that now can make magic the word liberty is a philosophy which shows that the thing liberty is magical. And where is such a philosophy? It is natural to seek for it among so-called liberals, but in truth, as philosophers, liberals have been generally believers in determinism, a belief which casts a slur at liberty. It is true that many of them have been willing to die for liberty, but they have been quite unable to show why they thought it so holy. . . . According to their philosophy man has as little right to autonomy as the ape. In order to shout for liberty these latter-day liberals have had to be very illogical—which has not bothered them at all. . . . To tell the truth, in order that liberty be a magic word some liberty must be inviolable, must belong to a part of us that is also inviolable, which we cannot lose, and that only thing is our personality. We can lose our overcoats, but not our personalities. I can have my ear shaved off, or even my head, but my personality is inseparable from me. What it comes to, then, is that a sense of the preciousness of personality is the only thing that can restore the magic to the word liberty.

—Daniel Sargent, in *The Commonweal*, August 9th.

Democracy was never in the history of the world at a lower ebb than today. The forces of intense nationalism and fierce preparation for war, which overthrew democracy in the other European countries, now seriously menace it in France. Less seriously, but no less certainly, they menace it here in America, and it has been proposed to alter our Constitution that larger powers of arbitrary action shall be bestowed on our Executive — powers which would, in effect, make him a dictator.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter, in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, August 19th.

Under the English form of government the sovereign power of the nation is lodged in the House of Commons. But if you will turn to the American Constitution and look for the sovereign power, you will look in vain. It is not there. The people gave it to none of their agents, but expressly by the Tenth Amendment, kept it themselves.

They gave to the President the executive power; they gave to the Supreme Court the judicial power —all of it; they gave to Congress the legislative power—not all of it by any means, but such as was set out in detail. . . . In other words, we are a sovereign people, but ours is not a sovereign government. This is fundamental American doctrine.

—Nicholas Murray Butler.

We are living in strange times for a country so progressive in all material things as ours. . . . Good men are fought by any weapon that is handy. Bad men are cheered. . . . Surely we have a fight on our hands. Patriots can now be patriots indeed. No war ever confronted us like this war. Lawyers and judges are helpless, even the G-men, before jurors who cannot judge between right and wrong. Day of Syracuse University once said that he wished it would rain puritanism on this land for forty days and forty nights. Well, such a wish may be excess of zeal. However, do we not need a long rain of something or other if this reign of rackets and lawlessness of mind and body is to be overthrown?

—Walter L. Bennett, in *The New York Times*.

Science has given us powers fit for the gods; yet we bring to their use the mentality of schoolboys. Look at that mechanic by the roadside mending the carburetor of his car. In knowledge of mechanics and electricity, and in skill in its application, he is behaving rather like a superman. Look at the same mechanic ten minutes later driving in a little hell of noise and stench in the apparent belief that sixty miles an hour is ten times more wonderful than six miles an hour, and that six hundred miles an hour is practically the same as heaven, unable to appreciate the countryside himself and spoiling the appreciation of all who are unfortunate enough to come near him, he is behaving like a congenital idiot!

—C. E. M. Joad, in *Scribner's*, August.

Nowhere in the world is any race forced to endure a status of social and political and economic inferiority such as the Negro of the South is forced to endure. It is true that the sadistic fury to which the Negro of the South is often sacrificed is not something which our laws approve. It is, however, something of which our laws do not sufficiently disapprove. We of the South have been able to defeat all attempts of the national Congress to make any law penalizing the lynching of Negroes. We have done all that is possible within the most liberal construction of the Federal Constitution to deny the right of suffrage to the Negro. Under the registration of voters after the new Constitution of Virginia, I heard a Negro applicant for registration asked to construe the constitutional provision, *"No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed."* He was an old man. A colored gentleman of the old school. He laughed heartily at the joke.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter, in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, August 1st.

No metropolitan newspaper can afford to have weekly and monthly magazine critics continually accusing it of unfair practices. So news unpleasing to advertisers, to the owner, to public utilities, to the political and to the hundred and one other powers, is marched silently toward its burial — hidden among the small advertisements, beyond

the sporting or the financial pages where few will see and where small headlines will diminish unpleasantness. . . . The reporter is supposed to be the investigator; but he is the overlooker. . . . From the moment he finds how useless it is to investigate and report on certain things and certain men, his mind becomes numb, and he goes through years of work seeing only what he should see, writing only what he should write. Psychologically he has arrived at a state of mind, however, which makes him believe that he is thoroughly honest, a man of the highest integrity, a powerful instrument for the good of the world, because he feels that he is telling the public the truth that shall set it free.

—Quoted by GEORGE SELDES, in *Freedom of the Press.*

Some dwell on the vastly increased tolerance shown in this country now to Catholics and Catholic things. It does not signify what they suppose. It betokens a decay of Protestantism and a reversion to sheer naturalism rather than appreciation or even toleration of supernaturalism, which is simply ceasing to be understood at all. In any case it is not particularly complimentary to Catholics. Others remind us that agnostic philosophers have been taking up Thomism just as modernists follow the Roman Ritual. A starving generation looks around for the culture that its forefathers threw away. But it does not, in appreciably greater numbers, get back to Mother Church herself. Imitation can be a mass-movement in any generation—it is the nature of fashions — but when obedience is asked you come up against the kink, the inheritance from the generation that rebelled.

—MICHAEL, in the *Catholic Herald* (London), July 6th.

The modern agnostic is benefitting by the ideals which have soaked into the minds of men, and now that they are beginning to evaporate, we are face to face with moral disturbances from which earlier generations were saved. . . . And we have little or no evidence of the end toward which we are moving because never before has there been a society or culture which ignored God completely. . . . So frightening is the outlook to some leading freethinkers that they advocate the retention of ideas and values, in which they do not believe, in order to check the coming materialization of body and soul.

—M. C. D'ARCY, S.J., *Mirage and Truth.*

The prominent man of today isn't in the news because he's important; he is important because he is in the news. As soon as he loses the spotlight, there is nothing left of him. . . . Perhaps the very ideal of greatness and distinction is being lost; for a certain perspective, deliberation, some ripening through time and thought, as for any artistic creative process, are required. . . . We always have a vague impression that the celebrities of yesterday are dead—when they do actually die, it's a surprise; the funeral seems strangely belated. We doubt if any one ever supposed that notable men of the past were dead, even though they had been out of office for years. They had an intrinsic weight and substance.

—I. M. P., in the New York *Herald Tribune Books*, August 26th.

GREENWOOD

By Frederic Thompson

GREENWOOD LARIVIERE'S Nation had fought along with the Red Coats because the Red Coats it was plain to them to see, were proper people to fight along with. The Indians hadn't much use for the white scouts that were mostly poor whites and troublesome and trying to settle on the land. The scouts did not have Official British Dignity, and an Indian respects dignity. There was not much military operating down around the bottoms, anyway, and when the Red Coats went off and allowed they were not coming back, the Nation held a powwow and offered a fair and decent treaty to the white scouts. They mostly liked to be left alone, the Indians did, but the scouts were always coming out in the woods with their long rifles and disturbing the peace, the peace of the forest.

Greenwood Larivière, who was a Chief, and whose people had had relations with the French by way of New Orleans and the delta country, where he had cousins, went along over to France sometime after the Red Coats left. All the news that came back to the forest and bottom country was by word of mouth from New Orleans, gossip there that had traveled from the waterfront through the town, that got talked about in bars cool and damp as caves with beads of moisture on the whitewashed stone walls, that was whispered in second floor rooms behind green jalousies and was carried out of town by Indians come after liquor and by scouts.

Larivière had taken up with Bonaparte, the French Chief, it seems, and the Chief's squaw, name of Josephine. Bonaparte was mostly away making wars like any enterprising Chief would, but Larivière was staying around with the squaws. That was all right because he was a lowland, hot country Chief, instead of a highland, Carolina Chief, like this Bonaparte must be. Larivière wasn't a fitin' Indian. He was resting himself at a place called Malmaison where plenty of squaws were, and this head man's squaw, Josephine. Rumor said she had some colored blood in her, like some of the women over the bars at the bottom of the bluff in Natchez and down along the levee in New Orleans. Larivière had creole blood in him and always had had a leaning for white ways and white man's clothes. So there was not any doubt in the minds of his people in the canebrake and woods, that Larivière was making himself at home in this Malmaison Big House and eating plenty of rice with salt on it. As for Josephine, nobody gave her a thought much, as going with a squaw wasn't held of much account: to an Indian, eating, drinking, resting and just the plain stationary exuding of dignity, were way ahead of it.

Down in the bottoms, cypress, long-leaf pine and cottonwood, and oak and holly trees, with their roots in the muck, thrive quietly, the yel-

low sunlight burning in the top of their intense green. Under them stagnates a greenish steamy darkness. Magnolias gleam with flacid white blossoms and sweet gum trees sweat slow resinous drops. The Yazoo meanders through the forest, running round sometimes almost in circles. It spreads out in swamps in the wet season, and dries up in the dry spell leaving little half-moon lakes with opalescent tops of slime full of crawling things. Here and there the river where it banks, piles up bluffs, most of them not more than a hundred feet above sea level, and the highest — such as Greenwood—little higher. And as the river makes bluffs, it unmakes them, undercuts them, suddenly or slowly, moves them by grains of earth and sets them up again somewhere else.

Negroes and Indians like the country because they relax. They rest themselves like the other growing things. Fact is, a white man walking through the bottom land, lest he is a scout, can't pick a Negro or an Indian out of the landscape when they are resting themselves. One is of the color of shadow; the other of earth. That is, back in the old days when Larivière's Nation were undisputed owners of that part of the country and the Indians kept Negro slaves.

Figs, pomeloes, gourds and yams grew without anyone's touching them until they were picked and eaten. The Indians mostly grew from sleeping. They ate dog and rice and maize now and then for a celebration, as a ceremony, and drank themselves up for a wild spell with New Orleans rum. Then they lapsed back into a stupor and slept some more. The Negroes stirred around like slugs in the shade and a lot of them were so lazy they would get drowned in the wet spell because they were too lazy to move out of the way of the river. Anyhow, it was hard to tell which way the river would go. You might walk away from it, and it would change its mind, cut a corner somewhere in the woods in that flat, soft, black land, and be meeting you when you thought you were going away from it. The Indians kind of knew its ways with living with it so long. But the Negroes never did figure it out and perhaps none of them ever really tried. If they'd find themselves by a bluff, they allowed it would be too much trouble to go up on it. The water was warm water, so the Negroes never rightly feared it; in fact, it sort of fascinated them.

Greenwood Larivière finally came back to his Nation. He had clothes with silk and lace and velvet, and silver and gold and scarlet, and buckles on his shoes, such as even the Red Coats, or Bienville and his cousins in New Orleans, hadn't had. And proud and to himself, he was ornery proud and fanciful even for a Chief. He had the Nation's Big House cleaned. The bones of his ancestors that adorned it, he had removed, oh evil! He had several of his cousins killed because they did not think he meant it when he told them to stop committing nuisances near the Big House. He forbade the old men to pick the powerfully sweet smelling flesh from the skeletons of the recently dead in its shade. And he was prouder in his speech, than even the commonest trash thought was proper as the pride of a Chief.

The news got around, not because he called them in council and told them, he wouldn't favor them like that, it just spread itself some-

how from him on down through his nearest of kin to the best families and then to the trash, and finally to the Negroes, that he had made a treaty with Napoleon. He was going to fight for Napoleon and drive a lot of ornery white scouts out of the country, and let Napoleon's people in. The Black Robes who spoke Napoleon's people's language, the Indians knew, and they were good people, they never killed, they didn't even carry arms, they had dignity, and Indians like dignity, and they were gentle in their speech and not given to rowdyism, and Indians appreciated that. Mostly they talked about things that were good talk, high-flown and fanciful to the point of wonder, and that is the Indian's idea of the proper use of talk if you are going to talk at all. The shady women and bartenders who would accommodate an Indian, in Natchez and New Orleans, were mostly Napoleon's people too. So Larivière's Nation were satisfied at first to hear he had made a treaty with Napoleon.

Some of Napoleon's White Chiefs came to the Big House. They powwowed with Larivière and brought plenty of rum, more than those Yazoo Indians had ever seen before. Even the Negroes got to get some rum that they would take from jugs standing around in places under the trees where Indians were paralyzed. Larivière himself never drank much except wines and French stuff that smelled like flowers. He had his cousins thrown out of the Big House when they would get drunk like any proper Indian would.

The White Chiefs seeing that liquor was not valuable coin with him, had their oxcarts come out through the forest with chairs and a bed and a table on them, and mirrors and candles to set in front of the mirrors. Pretty soon Larivière had a regular "salong" in the Big House, with dark-eyed women with very white faces and White Chiefs sitting around the table, with candles on it, and they were eating out of plates and laughing in a frivolous manner.

There was talk in the Nation. Nothing like this had ever happened before and some of the head men and the trash did not like it. But Larivière was their Chief and they were a naturally orderly people that had always obeyed their Chief. It was queer for him to be going on as he was, but they would have expected the lightning to strike them and the rivers to rise and the snake people to come marching out of the woods in regular lines and their food to poison them, if they disobeyed their Chief.

Next thing they knew, he was working them and working the Negroes. They were working in their sleep before they knew they were working, and then they woke up and there they were. White Chiefs had head men under them and head men had trash and they had the colored slaves. They were cutting and drawing wood and floating it down the river, cypress trees tall and straight as their hundreds of years, oak hard as iron, gum and yellow pine. Where before they had scratched the earth a little with sticks and planted maize and rice and let it struggle for itself, maybe spending a few hours of a few days in the year in this ornery work, just enough to make a little food that they ate themselves, now they were spending every day and clearing land, planting and cultivating it.

For the trees that had gone down

the river, and the maize and rice, and figs and pomeloes and sweets, boards came back by oxcart and some clever White Chiefs began pegging them together with oak pegs. Every once in awhile when one of the Indians or Negroes working in the bottom land would come out of sleeping on his feet and open his eyes, and look up to the top of the bluff, he would think he was dreaming. There in a clearing in the forest was a Big House going up that was like no other Big House before. Even an untutored savage could appreciate that it was something to wonder at. Columns and cornices that had been turned in the shops down the river, were going up, and tall walls.

"Oui, Votre Excellence, c'est une exacte réplique de Malmaison. Oui, exacte, je vous assure."

Gilt furniture came up on oxcarts, and more mirrors, and things for candles and lamps to stand around in, in front of mirrors. The Indians in the bottoms and the Negroes would look up at night to the house on the bluff and see the yellow gleaming windows and hear the frivolous laughter, and some of them that had listened to the Black Robes, crossed themselves. Others labored darkly in their pagan minds. The thing was not good.

The dead moon that hung over the steamy country nights, trickling a little pale light through the trees into the slashings the Indians and their slaves were making, never did shine in the dark of the woods on powwows some of the head men, medicine-makers, were having now and then, with practically no speaking. Stillness except for the hooting of owls and barking of foxes, and the soft, licking sound of the river, hung over the rank and fecund bottom lands. But on the top of Greenwood Bluff in Larivière's Malmaison, there was frivolous laughter and even strange music, late into the dead night.

The white women used to scream sometimes, and there were peculiar goings on about Larivière and his white cousins. He had no Indian cousins with him in Malmaison, not even any squaws to wait on him. There were white trash, men and women, all dressed up, working in the house. Strange to the Indians and the Negroes in the swamps, the only native in the house besides Larivière, was a deformed dwarf who had a long head almost as large as his body. Him they had dressed in colors and plumes and with bells on him, and the women used to play with him and scream and laugh like they were crazy. Larivière never had anything to do with him except to kick him if he came near. Then the women would scream and the dwarf would groan while some of the white trash would carry him out.

"Mais oui, Votre Excellence, n'est ce pas, on dirai que c'est tout à fait Malmaison ici."

Larivière never even saw his people anymore. White Chiefs bossed his cousins, these bossed the Indian trash and these bossed slaves. Prodigous labors such as built Nineveh and Tyre were carried out by laborers who demanded no pay, who had no clothing but loin cloths, and who ate only the figs and yams that grew wild about them as they had grown in what had been roughly like Eden. The accounts were kept by white men. Larivière was above such traffic and knew nothing of the balance of what was received overland by oxcart, for what was floated down the river from his Nation.

Word reached, however, over water, and through the town, and along the trail through the hot, close woods, to the Malmaison on the bluff that Bonaparte had put away Josephine from him and taken to him another squaw who was of a Chief's family in a neighbor's nation. Larivière wanted Josephine. He had his treaty with Bonaparte, and if Bonaparte had put Josephine away, then Larivière wanted her. Here he had a Malmaison for her. He sent ambassadors, with gifts, in the manner that was right for one Chief to treat with another.

Time passed in the Great Yazoo Bottoms with a smooth, warm inevitableness like the river. The forest was being cut into in the dry season, the trees logged and rolled to the river bank to wait for the rising of the waters in the rainy season. When the rainy season came, they were floated down to the towns where carpenters with adzes squared them into timbers; then the choicest of the timbers were raised to the decks of square-rigged, high-pooped little vessels that got themselves blown across the ocean by hoisting sail when they had a favoring breeze, and lying to it under bare sticks when the wind was against them, so that the sum of their moving by being blown was in the direction they wanted to go, more or less. Persimmons and yams went with the small boats besides the sweet smelling resinous woods, some to be eaten on the voyage and a few, by luck, lasted to be shown and tasted as the strange fruits of the new world.

The forest was falling, nothing to speak of, of course, as regards its stretching over mountain and plain from Terra del Fuego to Hudson Bay, but appreciably as regards the neighborhood round Greenwood Bluff.

Ambassadors came back with conflicting messages. Bonaparte wanted his friend Larivière to have Josephine, but he was not able to make her go to Larivière's Malmaison. Even to Larivière, this was strange talk for a Big Chief. Such a small matter should have been easy for Bonaparte. Larivière's dignity was tried. Josephine should come to him. He was not going to go get a squaw, even Bonaparte's squaw.

Larivière had one of the ambassadors that angered him by persisting in unsatisfactory news, seized and tied outside to a post and beheaded. The man was led from the presence through the nervously whispering white women. There were some attempts at laughter, but even Larivière felt the frivolous note was gone. Later his Indian sense told him that the fawning whites he had surrounded himself with, as with a miniature court, lied to him. He asked to see the head, and they told him the corpse had gone down the river.

He was now not only silent but also sullen. Soon he demanded another beheading, and this time made sure of it.

There was muttering among the whites in their own rooms and beds, as there had been muttering at night in the forest, in the deepest parts of it, among the medicine men.

The Indians in their councils, long ago, with practically no speaking, had come to an understanding that frivolousness with women and too much eating and drinking in walls, as had been going on at Malmaison, could not go on forever. Their own obscene rites, they prac-

ticed only as occasional outbreaks and would never have thought of them as steady staples of life.

Larivière himself was nigh sick of the white squaws he had. Though they were all dressed up and painted and smelled nice, and were delicate and sensitive acting, he knew they were common. He wanted Josephine. With her, he thought, his Malmaison would be like the one in France. (Larger destinies than Larivière's have been involved in attempts to recapture lost felicities.)

He was sullen when he was kept waiting and there were no signs of Josephine's coming. Something had got to give; an Indian won't give in, not even if you kill him. You can still see his mind's made up even when he is nothing but a corpse; he will still look at you, hard and unyielding and sullen. And this was in a hot country too.

Larivière took his temper out on the whites. The temper of the White Chiefs, took itself out on the Indian head men, and theirs on the Indian trash, and theirs on the Negroes.

The country steamed under the hottest sun of the year. It sank red at night over the everlasting green. Russet stains in the green were tokens of the end of a season and coming of another. The Negroes and Indian trash labored sullenly in the direct sun of cleared spaces. They were neither used to clearings nor used to laboring in the direct sun. The head men and White Chiefs in the shade were goaded by uneasiness and the dust of the workers. Dust was a profanation in this world. It was the symbol of the stripping of the land, the smoke of burning soil.

Larivière in Malmaison destroyed a white woman's face with a blow of his fist. There was screaming and no frivolity as her limp body dripping blood from its broken face was carried from the room. Some of the white men whose talk was indistinguishable from the women, screamed and fainted. Some scowled at Larivière. In languid, affected but imperfect French, he talked to them about having them beheaded. They were silent but in the dark at night there was whispering in the house. Rumor spread and there was whispering in the woods and the canebrake by whispering little streams. And Larivière, proud and to himself, though he could not hear the whispering, sensed it.

"Fou. Sauvage. Il croit qu'il est un autre Bonaparte. C'est formidable."

First rain fell sometime later, and the caked earth shed it as though the water had fallen on brick. Larivière from Malmaison looked at how quick the water rose in the treeless watersheds and how fast it ran. In the house it was taken as an ominous token of his new mood that he went in the rain into the woods. Two Indian cousins had gone with him.

Events marched swiftly as the drops of slanting rain. A steady wall of water was falling from the sky. The whites were in Malmaison. To them the trails, obliterated in mud and mist and darkness, were no longer passable.

Thunder was in the air, heavy, hot country thunder. It rose to the house on the bluff as well as rushed down from the sky. It came out of the clouds and up from the earth. The river was rising.

"Nom d'un chien, qu'est-ce qu'ils font? Regardez!"

Indians and Negroes were piling logs.

Sweating like minions of the Ptolemies, in long human chains united by a rope taut over many shoulders, they were hauling logged trees on the slippery banks, building a kind of log-jam levee upstream that just gave the river a flick. Indian head men stood over them but no White Chiefs. Larivière was not in Malmaison when he was sought for an explanation.

An expeditionary force of Frenchmen went from the house and huddled in the rain. They were islanded. The river had been turned and was pouring on both sides of the bluff, a swollen yellow stream carrying brushwood trimmed from the forest's fallen trees like severed limbs turning over and over in the water helplessly. They raised their voices, and their voices were no account in the monotonous thunder of the rain in the surrounding woods, the reverberations of thunder, and the steady roar of the forked river.

As the river moved its banks, it attacked Greenwood Bluff, undercutting it on two sides. Tons of earth caved into the torrents adding their crashes to the general sound of dissolution.

In shrouds of rain and darkness, in the forest loneliness, bluff, Malmaison, white women and white men, with forever lost and unrecorded rendings, terrors, heroism, screams, or frivolous laughter, were dissolved; washed away like a last year's magnolia flower, the petals scattered on the flood. Indians and slaves may have salvaged from the muddy torrent, individual white petals, but they nevertheless disappeared into the r e m o t e places known only to the quiet men under the trees; they were as lost as those broken and suffocated in the foaming Yazoo.

The hot sun, days later, piercing the clouds and reasserting another bright season for the slow steaming of the water, for drawing it through the air, up through roots, and cells w i t h i n wood, and through the mouths of leaves, through moss, and through cane, later drawing the juices into flowers, then later still, into fruits of the earth, shone on no moving life in the forest. Only the vast sleeping languid green. In the green depths, Indians and Negroes slept, or occasionally moved stealthily in the shadows, careful not to disturb the peace. Where Greenwood Bluff had been, the muddy waters of the Yazoo rolled silently on their way to the Father of Rivers.

Greenwood Larivière, like Greenwood Bluff, like the Malmaison to which Josephine refused to come, disappeared. In Natchez and New Orleans the rumor was that he started out to go to Josephine, and his cousins knifed him from ambush for losing his dignity and going after a squaw. Others said Bonaparte's scouts tracked him and shot him finally for destroying Bonaparte's white cousins on Greenwood Bluff and breaking his treaty.

The parasitic, orchidlike white flowering Greenwood Bluff had born was gone. The persisting growth of whites, was slower, weedier; long muskets glinting in the green, more and more of them, and finally white scouts moving in the open with wagons and cattle.

DOORWAYS TO YESTERDAY

By Margaret Davis

THE rutted remains of the first road built on the American continent still stand in Princess Anne. Winding through heavy woods, it follows the path said to have been made by buffaloes. And on its way it passes old lintels that are doorways to the past.

For three centuries ago, Princess Anne County was rich in rival traditions; the scene, too, of as colorful and clashing a life of transplanted Roundhead and Cavalier as was found in the new world. To-day it is the repository of some of the nation's oldest memorials. Hidden deep beyond country lanes, in folds of woods or on the green points overlooking the salt tides of Lynnhaven River, there still stand the brick and mortar relics of these first homesteaders.

Unlike the Plymouth Pilgrims, whose contemporary historians recorded their doings voluminously, the Virginians found the practical conquest of their environment so all-engrossing that they left few written records. But so well did they clear forests and sow fields and build houses that much of their work has defied time.

One of these houses—the Adam Thorogood house—built about 1636, and the oldest brick dwelling now standing in Virginia—has been restored both without and within to its early seventeenth century perfection. "Poplar Hall," the old Hoggard home on Broad Creek, dates back to 1645, and through successive generations has been occupied by descendants of the Hoggard who built it.

Most of the other pre-Revolutionary homes are occupied, but mainly by new owners. A few are abandoned ruins that stand out desolately against the landscape—revenants from the past whose only reminder that they were once inhabited is found in the old family graveyards nearby, with their lichen-covered, scarcely decipherable tombs.

The Thorogood House

On a point of land that tapers down to the water's edge, there spreads the broad expanse of acres that came to Adam Thorogood by royal grant in the year 1634, when he moved from Kicotan, the site of the present Hampton, to Lynnhaven Bay. This same Adam Thorogood emigrated to these shores from the beautiful cathedral close of England's Norwich. He acquired in Virginia by patent 5,330 acres, bounded on the north by Chesapeake Bay, "granted him at the especiall recommendation of him from their Lordships and others of his Ma'ties most Hon'ble Privie Counsell to the Governor and Counsell of the State of Virginia and also due for the importation of one hundred and five persons." It gives one an odd sense of pause—a pointed recognition of how greatly the comparatively obscure may figure in the ultimate workings of destiny—to recall that one of the immigrants induced to these shores by

Thorogood was Augustine Warner, progenitor of George Washington, and generations later, of Robert E. Lee.

There are a number of roads leading to the Thorogood house to-day. But by whatever route the twentieth century visitor elects to come, the first impression is the same. At the end of a long avenue of pecans it stands—a little, lovable, quaintly gabled house that is a sheer jewel of early Colonial architecture. Great box bushes, clipped and glowing, stand sentinel on either side of the low doorway. The old, old brick has been warmed and mellowed by so many season's suns that its tone is singularly soft and rich.

Within, the light still pours unsoftened through deep-set, tiny-paned windows, flooding the quaint rooms dark with mahogany and bright with pewter and carpeted gayly with hand-hooked rugs—all looking just as they used to look in the days of the house's first mistress, the lively Madam Thorogood.

The plan of the house is exquisitely simple. There are two rooms upstairs and two down, each with its rich wood paneling, its huge cavernous fireplace. And running from gable to gable under the eaves are secret closets, built, it is said, to provide a hiding place from the Indians. The present-day visitor, peering into these old secret eaves, can but look back with wonder on the hazards dared by the eighteen-year-old Sarah Offley who came from England as young Adam Thorogood's bride. Very different was her background as the Lord Mayor's granddaughter, to the lot she embraced as mistress of a home carved out of the wilderness in Princess Anne. But the legends that have clung around her name throughout all the generations of her descendants praise her courage, hardihood and valor no less than stress her vivacity and charm.

Miss Grace Keeler is the present owner of the Thorogood house—and it is to her love of it and her vision for it that it owes its perfect restoration into a home that is one of the nation's historic treasures. Guiding her to some extent in the matter of furnishing was the old, yellowed inventory made by Madam Thorogood herself in the year 1641. This was after the death of Adam, and the widow's swift remarriage to Captain John Gookin. The inventory was presented in court, petitioning for such worldly goods as her first husband had evidently left her. It calls for "one bed, with blankets, rug, and the furniture thereunto; two pair of sheets and pillow cases; one table with carpets, table cloth and napkins, and knives and forks, two [illegible], one linen, one woolen, six chairs, six stools, six pictures hanging in the chamber; one pewter basin and ewer, one warming pan, one pair of andirons in the chimney, one pair of tongs, one chair of wicker for a child, plate for the cupboard, one saltcellar, one bowl, one tankard, one wine-cup, one dozen spoons (which I claim as a gift exprest in the inventory).

"The above-mentioned are conceived to be a fit allowance for furnishing Mrs. Gookin's chamber, the said Mrs. Gookin being the widow of Captain Thorogood, deceased."

When his estate came to be settled, Sarah Offley claimed certain pieces of silver which she said she "did claim as a gift, given by his brother, Sir John Thoroughgood, Knight, and Mr. Thomas Thorough-

good, at her marriage with their brother, A d a m Thoroughgood." These are said to be the first bridal presents known in Virginia.

It is difficult to convey the impression of warm human charm that emanates from this old house. Birth, life, death—from generation to generation their unquiet sequence has passed through the quiet walls. These walls' stability reminds the observer to this day that length of years does not always measure length of influence. Adam Thoroughgood was but thirty-eight years old when he died, and less than twenty of them had been spent in his adopted country. In his comparatively brief public career he rose rapidly in eminence, his public offices including service as Commissioner and Burgess, as member of the Counsel and as Presiding Justice of the county court of lower Norfolk. Princess Anne is proud to acclaim him as her "first" citizen, and Virginia to acknowledge the home he built among its hostages to time.

The Boush House

A short distance away as the crow flies is found the old Boush house, another home of great age and interesting history. Situated on a farm now belonging to W. W. Oliver, it stands out small, quaintly gabled, touched with the haunting suggestion of an earlier, simpler age. The exact date of its building is unknown, but among the records on file at Princess Anne Courthouse there is a deed transferring the property from "Wishart to Wishart, son," dated 1699. In this deed the present dwelling is closely described, and is referred to as being at that time "an old house."

Abandoned and isolated though it is, its lines remain a delight to the discriminating. An entrance hall, a big room on either side, with huge fireplaces—the plan is similar to that of the Thorogood house. The walls are sixteen inches thick and put together with mortise and tenon. The tiny windows add to its look of age.

This house passed into the hands of the Boush family in 1795. The family graveyard is still visible—less than a hundred yards from the house where the sleepers once lived. The moss-grown inscription on the main tomb records a pleasant history of the one-time owner of the house. It reads: "This is sacred to the memory of William Boush, born 1759, died 1834. In all the relations of life his heart glowed with benevolence to his fellow-beings, and he lived in the practise of the precepts of the Gospel and of those graces and virtues which adorn the human character, and whose motive was ever: Deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."

Of meeker mold is the inscription for the wife who lies by his side: "Sacred to the memory of Mary Boush, consort of William Boush, born 1764, departed this life December 4th, 1822. She was of a broken and contrite heart, and when the last summons came, with serenity of mind she affectionately took leave of her relatives and domestics, and with unfeigned faith fell asleep in the Lord Jesus."

Grace Sherwood's Prison

The road twists and winds through the country, and at every bend passes by some ancient landmark. "Donation" or "Ferry" farm, as it is known to-day, is on a

point overlooking Lynnhaven River. The spreading, two-storied white house in its fine grove served as the first courthouse in Princess Anne. Now it is equipped as a modern residence, though occupied only a few weeks in the year. The kitchen wing of the house remains unaltered, and to this day the heavily barred windows of the little pantry mark the cell of the jail adjoining the courthouse where Grace Sherwood was confined in the year 1706. To stand within this dark, musty, incredibly tiny barricade is to experience a vivid sympathy with the prosaic matron who was accused of witchcraft. Within sight of old Donation church she was brought to trial, the prosecution being conducted for Her Majesty, Queen Anne, by Maximilian Boush, who received for his fee five thousand pounds of tobacco. By the verdict of solemn citizens of her day, leaders in Church and State, she was forced to march along the road since known as "Witch Duck" to the beautiful pond where she was successfully to try her fate.

Pre-Revolutionary Homes

Passing from Princess Anne homes of the Colonial period to those built in the years immediately preceding the Revolution is to witness an evolution from small, simple dwellings to larger and more pretentious mansions. The date "1764" is carved deep in the brick over the lintel of the old house known as "Thalia" or "Pembrooke." This great twenty-room house, with its cupola top, was among the most stately homes in the county. For many generations in the possession of the Saunders family, it was long associated with Loyalist tradition. One of its sons, John Saunders, joined the British forces, receiving the rank of captain. In recent years the house has been a good deal changed and modernized.

Still another stately old mansion was "Fairfield," long the home of the Walke family. This house was built for Colonel Thomas Walke's oldest son Anthony Walke, who was named for his grandfather, Colonel Anthony Lawson. He was the first of the Anthony Walkes who became so prominent in Princess Anne County in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"Fairfield," for so long the seat of the Walkes in that county (which in 1671 had been formed from lower Norfolk County and named for the Princess Anne, the daughter of James II., and afterwards "Good Queen Anne"), had been purchased for Anthony Walke, 1st, by his father's executors, Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Lawson and Colonel Edward Moseley, Sr. One of Anthony Walke's descendants in the fourth generation writes of it thus: " 'Fairfield' was in the oldest time a kind of Baronial establishment, or an extensive land estate distinguished for its retinue of liveried black servants, and the hospitality and splendor of its entertainment. It had when I was a boy, the appearance of a village, from the number of houses or shops of different descriptions which were near it. These were occupied by blacksmiths, wagonmakers, saddlers, tailors, etc., all mechanics imported from England who taught the Negroes who wrought in the shops their trades." When two hundred years old, "Fairfield" is spoken of as still "resisting the effects of time. It is Dutch-roofed. The walls are more than four feet thick of some dis-

tance above the ground. The interior walls are wainscoted with black walnut. The halls are exceedingly spacious."

To-day the site of "Fairfield" remains, and the quaint cottage that once served as kitchen, but the great homestead of twenty-four rooms—once the radiant center of a lavish hospitality, and hearthstone for many men and women destined to play a conspicuous part in the country's life—has long since been razed by fire. Its lone memorial is the tomb still standing whose inscription reads:

"Coll. Anthony Walke.
"He was a cheerful companion. Steady in the practice of Christianity and a zealous promoter of virtue. He was for many years a Member of the House of Burgesses and a Judge of the Court of this County. In his publick capacity he behaved himself with an uniform regard to justice tempered with Mercy, and in all respects consulted the best interests of the County over which he presided. He died on the 8th day of November, 1668, in the 76th years of his age."

"Rolleston" is another famous old plantation that has preserved but few relics of its once high estate. It was named for "Rolleston Hall," in Staffordshire, England, the family home of the Moseleys, and built by that Sir William Moseley and his wife Susannah, who came to these shores in 1649, bringing with them a "court calendar," a coat of arms, old family portraits, one of them painted in the reign of Henry II. and the rest by Van Dyck, and family jewels of great value. The vicissitudes of fortune compelled the fair Susannah just one year later to barter these same jewels for "cattell," the purchaser being Francis Yeardley, son of the Colonial governor and leader of the Cromwellian party in Virginia.

Legend of Lawson Hall

The manor house of "Lawson Hall," one of the oldest grants in Tidewater, was destroyed by fire some years ago. But legend still clings thick around its beautiful old garden where are found the largest box-bushes in America. To stand within this great inclosure, where the box preserves a perpetual summer is to dream dreams of that first Sir Thomas Lawson to whom these acres were granted by the crown in the year 1607. It was this same Sir Thomas Lawson, so tradition has it, who sailed in the ship of Sir Thomas Summerer which was caught in a gale off the Bermudas, from whose adventures Shakespeare derived his material for *The Tempest*.

Indeed, legend no less than history abounds the length of the county. The traveler stumbles into it from the time he sets foot on Princess Anne soil until he reaches the road at the extreme end of the county known as "Marsh Road." Scattered the length between are fragments associated with old tales of romance. At Pleasure House Creek, with its Indian mound of earthworks, is the site that is said to have been the headquarters of Captain Kidd, the pirate; close by is the site of the ancient "Pleasure House," while Blackbeard's Hill, on the eastern side of the Inlet, is reputed to be the scene of this buried treasure. Pleasure House Creek, one-time site of the old Indian town Apasus, is itself linked with the

name of the old "Pleasure House" —that first country club in America, which in turn is associated with the name of the vivacious, socially-minded Madam Thorogood.

First Clash of Revolution

Coming towards Norfolk one passes by Kempsville—a gray, ancient village long antedating the Revolution. Around it center many vivid episodes of revolutionary days. Here was the first contact between the British under Dunmore and the Colonial troops, November 16, 1775. There is still standing the old residence that served as headquarters of Lord Dunmore.

Nearer still to Norfolk, on a site overlooking Broad Creek, is "Poplar Hall," one of the most beautiful old homes in Tidewater. This square brick dwelling, both simple and stately in design, was built in 1645 from brick said to have been brought over as ballast from England. And from those far-off days when the home first took shape on land granted by the crown to Nathaniel Hoggard, until the present time, this home has never been bought or sold. Eight successive generations of the Hoggard family have lived there. On the green land sloping down to the water's edge a shipyard was in full sway before the Revolution. The long avenue of poplars from which the home took its name—they still live in an old print that hangs in the parlor—long ago gave way to trees of sturdier growth. But otherwise, there has been little change since the visiting artist sketched it.

The Misses Hoggard, who were its owners until their death a few years back, at which time it succeeded to their nephew, sought zealously through their long life's tenure to maintain the atmosphere of the beloved old home as they knew it in childhood. The result has been to preserve an oasis of beauty intact in an age not too much given to it. The quiet spell of the past pervades to-day as yesterday the long entrance hall, the deep parlor, the smaller dining room. Especially does it pervade the tiny bedroom tucked away so unexpectedly on the first floor, with its great dominant, high canopied four-poster. The massive dignity of antique furniture ignores the fussy little modern clock on the bureau that ticks the minutes away with such celerity. The elder Miss Hoggard had a gentle way of saying to visitors to whom she showed the room: "This was our mother's chamber. Everything in here is exactly the way it was when she came here as a bride, a hundred years ago. I believe that it must have looked just this way too a century before that. Like the rest of the house, it seems to have escaped the change and flux that has gone on all around it — to have remained fixed at a point in time."

THOSE PUZZLING STOPS

By C. H. Lea

A WRITER has recently told us that he was once acting as a proof reader for a firm printing the books of Robert Louis Stevenson. The famous author sent a note stating that he knew his system of punctuation was very bad but "it is mine and it shall be adhered to with punctual exactness by every created printer who shall print for me."

This problem of punctuation has puzzled countless writers and will probably continue to do so. Yet it is safe to say that even a badly punctuated sentence is easier to read than a sentence printed in the days before punctuation was employed, *except* in certain cases.

For instance, an old childish puzzle consists in making sense of the apparently foolish statement:—"That that is is that that is not is not but when that that is not is can that that is be that that is not." Punctuation explains it as "That that is, is; that that is not, is not; but when that that is not, is, can that that is, be that that is not?"

Another childish puzzle is to make sense of "I met a lady with eight fingers on each hand; a thumb on each foot; five toes over her head; an umbrella to withstand the rain." This makes sense when repunctuated as "I met a lady with eight fingers; on each hand, a thumb; on each foot, five toes; over her head an umbrella to withstand the rain."

When an uneducated person tries to punctuate there are laughable results. All over the country strange punctuations appear in shop windows; in Birmingham there is an "I'dentical Fish and Chip Saloon." It is doubtful whether such a gem as the following occurs more than once in a generation. This gem is remarkable not only for its lack of punctuation but also for the quaint spelling.

It is only fair to say that the Chinaman who circularized his customers lived in China and not in England.

"Chong thie Loong kee.
Most humbly beg leave to acqu-
: aint the Gentlemen trading to
this cort that the above mention
:ed chop has been established long
dnd is much esteemed for its Black
and young Hyson Tea but fearing
the foreigners might be cheated by
tho
:se shumeless persons who forged
this
chop he therefore take the liberty to
pallish these few lines for its remark
and trust"

One wonders whether the printer was proud of his English!

There have been times when lack of punctuation or misplaced stops have misled even experts. The classic example is that of an engraving published by a wit of 1756. This showed a stone bearing an inscription in an uncouth language as follows:

B E N E
A.T.H. T H. ISST
onere. pos . et
H.C L A U D ,cos T E R . TRIP
E.S E L L E R O
F. I M P
I N. G T. onas . D O
T H . H I
S , C .
O N . S O R
T . I . A . N . E .

When these letters were written down and repunctuated it was seen that instead of being an ancient language it was plain English:—"Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

We are told by compositors that Mr. T. P. O'Connor uses a typewriter but does not punctuate his work as he goes along. He types his essays straight out without even spacing the words, sothatitlookslikethis, and then afterwards he runs through it and makes the division with strokes of his pen so/that/it/looks/like/this.

This strange habit is a throwback to the early days of printing, for the early printers used no punctuation except a dash. The first book to contain some other kind of punctuation besides the dash and the period was the *Lactantius* printed by Sweynheim and Pannartz at Subiaco near Rome in 1465. Aldus Manutius introduced a system of dots, based on those of the Greek grammarians, by means of which he broke up lines into words, and separated the words into sentences. In England, although it was realized that "the craft of poynting well used makes the sentence look light," English printers resisted punctuation for a long time. The Bible of 1592 does not contain a single semicolon. In 1633 the publication of Charles Butler's *English Grammar* established the full rights of the semicolon. It has been suggested that Shakespeare never used a single semicolon in his writings and that if he had, a great deal of misunderstanding would have been avoided, and some of the ludicrous readings of his works would never have been made.

Less than two hundred years ago, however, a book was published without punctuation. This was the curious *Lord Dexter's Masterpiece.* Timothy Dexter amassed a fortune and filled his gardens with wooden statues. He then dressed himself like a Roman and wrote several books to show his contempt for the rules of composition. One of these was called *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones,* with a subtitle of "Plain Truths in a Homespun Dress." The first edition was so free from punctuation that when a second edition was printed, there were dozens of lines with nothing in them but scores of commas, colons and other marks of punctuation, with which the reader could "pepper and solt" the book for himself.

In this book Dexter proudly asserted that he was a lord, for he wrote, "Ime the first lord of the younited states of amercary now of newbury port it is the voise of the people and I cant help it and so let it gone."

Accidental mistakes in punctuation can be found almost every day and the marvel is that with so much matter being printed there are not more errors. Not so long ago an American newspaper reporting that a man-eating shark had been seen, gave it as "A large man, eating shark, was seen in mid Atlantic." Even the *Times* made itself the

laughing stock of two nations, when during the American Civil War it stated that "How many more were better dead than doomed to crawl on the mutilated victims of this great national crime?" A comma after the word "on" would have made all the difference:—"than doomed to crawl on, the mutilated victims, etc."

A comma once cost the American government two million dollars. A bill was drawn up to allow all foreign fruit-plants to enter the country free. A clerk inserted a comma, making it "all foreign fruit, plants." This meant that plants and fruit were let in for a year free of duty, and the loss in revenue was as stated.

TWO DAWNS

By Catherine Parmenter

DAWN on these hills . . . and the autumn colors dying
Relentlessly—
And, like pale stars, the last leaves falling, flying
From every tree—
And an echo, out of the southward sky, of the gray birds' crying!

Summer is long since dead, and winter is sweeping
In on the tide,
Gathering all to itself for silent keeping
Where snows abide . . .
Cool in a chrysalis of white, the world will soon be sleeping.

Dawn on these hills . . . and April's youth defying
Perilously
The stark old earth—and the dreams of April lying
Over the sea—
And an echo, out of the northward sky, of the gray birds' crying.

There shall be other dawns—and dusks—of wonder,
But none like two
Of death and birth—that ever have dared to sunder
Beauty which knew
Once on a time the autumn's tremulous flame and the sea's spring thunder!

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

RICHARD AND SALADIN

"HA! de debil!" quoth King Richard to the King of Cyprus. They are the only recorded words of English that he was ever known to speak. English tradition has made of Richard a stout English hero, but Richard who bequeathed his own Lion Heart to his Normans in Rouen, was born of full-blooded French parents and acknowledged the King of France as suzerain of most of his dominions. Richard owned half of France. As for Richard's wife, her chief claim to fame is that she is the one English Queen who never set foot in England!

But there is no denying that Richard's willful charm endures through the centuries and that if Mr. Cecil DeMille and his collaborators had followed history more closely in their great spectacle of the Third Crusade, they would have produced a scenario just as romantic and much more unusual than their own.

These are the facts:

Richard's father, Henry II., had married Eleanor, divorced wife of the King of France and ruler in her own right of Aquitaine (Guienne, Poitou, Gascony), which meant most of southern France. Eleanor and Henry fought not only in a small domestic way but largely as sovereigns and their four sons fought two by two beside them. Richard was his mother's boy so he spent most of his life in Aquitaine or running away from his father's wrath to the French Court. His father had been Count of Anjou and the Angevins had the worst tempers in Europe. Henry died in a rage when Richard was thirty-four and repentance came to Richard when the corpse began to bleed as he knelt beside the coffin, and he thereupon decided to join in the Crusade. But first of all he hurried over to England to be crowned King and to release his mother who had been locked up in Winchester by his father for sixteen years, but he paid no attention to his affianced bride, Alice of France, to whom he had been betrothed when he was seven and who had been waiting for him in England for twenty-nine summers! The Princess Alice had never seen her brother, the King of France, and she had probably never seen Richard since he was a child, but Richard had excellent reasons for not making her his Queen, as the Town Topics of the day, compiled by Piers Langtoft, explains:

"That Alice to his Father
A child had borne
Which King Henry held for his
owne."

and as Richard said to Philip:

"This was a great trespass
And against my own witte
If I Alice take."

and one must really agree with him.

The truth is that Richard had very different plans and so soon as

he had stuffed all the English taxes he could raise into his coffers, he sent his mother off to Spain on a romantic errand. One of Richard's best friends was Prince Sancho of Navarre who, like Richard, was a good troubadour as well as a stanch knight. Richard had been the guest of his friend Sancho some twelve years before at a tournament in Pamplona where he saw Sancho's sister, Berengaria, and had never forgotten her. Queen Eleanor was now commissioned to travel to Navarre and gain permission to bring Berengaria to Sicily where Richard would meet them at his sister's, Queen Joanna's, court. Then Richard met Philip Augustus at Vezelay in Burgundy, where they put on their crosses and made a triumphal progress down the Rhone Valley amid cheers and songs and flowers until finally Richard embarked in his galley *Trenc-la-Mer* with fifty galleys and one hundred and fifty ships following him. The ladies were duly met at Messina where the old Dowager Queen departed, leaving her daughter, the Queen of Sicily, to chaperon Berengaria, but soon after, the fleet was parted by a storm and when Richard finally rejoined the royal ladies in Cyprus, he would take no more chances and he married Berengaria at once. "And there in the joyous month of May, 1191, in the spacious isle, celebrated as the abode of Venus, Goddess of Love, did King Richard solemnly take to wife, his beloved lady." And we are told he wore a rose-colored tunic and a red bonnet and a silver mantle embroidered with half moons and his curls were golden and his figure like Mars! But he also bore away the King of Cyprus as a prisoner and the lovely Cypriote Princess and there was a little stir of scandal about her later on.

When they arrived at Acre, the siege had been going on for over a year. A cosmopolitan army was encamped in a little city of their own between Acre and the sea. The roll call of the Third Crusade was a Who's Who of smart Europe. Virtually every throne had been vacated and having learned the penalty of taking a riffraff of penitents, even the ranks were all selected men. Besides the Kings of France and England and Jerusalem, the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa had taken the Cross but had unfortunately died in Asia Minor, but there were the Dukes of Austria, Suabia and Moravia; the Marquis of Baden, the Count of Nassau, the Landgrave of Thuringia who had the Frisian and Danish nobles in his train; there were companies from Pisa, Genoa, Venice; the Knights of the Temple, the Hospitallers of St. John; Prince David of Scotland; the Counts of Dreux and Clermont and Blois; the Flemings under the Bishop of Cambrai and the archprelates of Besançon and Canterbury. There was also the scheming Count Conrad of Monserrat whom DeMille, following the tradition of Scott, has taken for his villain. The Count of Champagne arrived after Richard and had some battering rams and towers built which cost fifteen hundred pieces of gold apiece. Between the assaults, tourneys were held to which the paynims came and presents were exchanged of falcons for Arab mares.

After two years of fierce fighting, Acre capitulated and Philip Augustus went home. Then Richard assumed full command. He marched up the coast and seized Jaffa and

defeated the Mussulmans under their great leader, Saladin, in the battle of Asur which lasted from sunrise to sunset. One chronicler insists that Richard and Saladin met on the field and the armies rested to watch the combat. However that may be, Richard could not spur his unwieldy army on to Jerusalem. He held court at Jaffa and before he could take Ascalon, Saladin had burned it down. At one time, Richard might have captured Jerusalem, had the Duke of Burgundy not deserted.

Richard, covering his eyes, exclaimed: "May I never see the Holy City if I may not deliver her according to my vow!"

He never did see the sacred places for both he and Saladin, finding their forces diminishing, agreed to a truce of three years and eight months during which time Jerusalem would be freely opened to pilgrims of every land.

Both Saladin and Richard were strange mixtures of chivalry and cruelty. When he entered Jerusalem, Saladin called on his emirs and lawyers to kill with their own swords the Knights of the Temple and St. John who stood in chains before him but he permitted all the Christians to buy their freedom and remitted the ransom of widows and orphans; his brother paying for two thousand of the prisoners out of his own purse. When Acre was taken the Christians were allowed to retire. When Richard's famous sorrel charger, Favelle, was killed before Jaffa, Saladin sent him one of his finest Arabians. Saladin, himself, was neither an Arab nor a Turk but a Kurd. His family took service under the Caliph of Bagdad and then moved on to Noureddin, Sultan of Damascus. Young Saladin, sent to Cairo, was soon made Grand Vizier and expanded his power by rapid degrees until he controlled Egypt, Arabia and Syria and his empire spread from Tripoli to the Tigris. He was brave, merciful and wise. "He covered the nations with the wings of his justice and poured upon cities, the plenteous showers of his liberality."

As for Richard, he did forgive, when dying, the archer who had killed him but he lost his temper at Acre and ordered over three thousand prisoners to be beheaded. Human lives meant no more to him than the mounds of dead rabbits and pheasants which are now shot every autumn in his kingdom. His courage was artless. When news reached him once at Acre that Jaffa had been retaken, he jumped on a merchant ship and as he scrambled off on the Jaffa beach, the whole Mohammedan army decamped. They came back later to the attack, but Richard with three hundred archers and seventeen knights held them off and though he rode up and down the lines challenging everyone to single combat, not an Emir would accept the risk. To say "Melech Ric will get you" to a Syrian child for many years brought prompt obedience. But when his brother John begged mercy for his treachery, Richard freely forgave him and when St. Hugh of Lincoln scolded the King for neglecting his wife, he admitted his sins and reformed.

More fantastic than most scenarios is the tale of Richard's shipwreck on the Venetian coast, his wandering alone across Europe with a page and being discovered by one of the Duke of Austria's men, very busy turning the geese on the spit in a tavern. Locked up

in a secret tower, Richard was searched for by his minstrel, Blondel, who went singing the King's song through Germany and Austria, until one day he heard the refrain answered from a castle's wall and Blondel rushed back to Queen Eleanor who appealed to the Pope and also raised a ransom.

So much for the facts—this is the picture:

Acre captured by Saladin; the Cross hauled down, the Christians sold as slaves. But the hermit who curses the Mussulmans, is allowed to escape and we next see him in France, preaching the Crusade. Meanwhile in Paris, the Princess Alice is begging her brother, Philip Augustus, to hasten her marriage to the English King, and they both set out to see him. Richard is introduced tilting at dummies and comedy appears with Blondel the minstrel and the armorer. Cornered by his week-end guests from Paris, Richard decides the best way to escape Alice is to join the Crusade. Next we see Richard arriving with his hungry army in Marseilles. (It is not explained why his funds ran out so soon.) Although Marseilles is a good distance from Navarre, King Sancho has driven great herds of fat cattle across the Pyrenees and refusing all I.O.U.'s from Richard he swears he will drive the cattle back unless Richard will make the Princess Berengaria his Queen. For the sake of his starving soldiery, Cœur de Lion consents but at the last moment sends Blondel to the ceremony with the Royal Sword for a proxy. This, according to Richard and Mr. De Mille, is an ancient prerogative of royalty. It is not till next day as he is riding to the waterfront that Richard sees his bride (Loretta Young) and finding her loveliness surprising, he commands Sancho to ship her to Syria. But Alice of France has volunteered for the Crusade and when Berengaria boards the galley, they meet.

"ALICE (haughtily): This is the royal cabin. I am sister to the King of France.

"BERENGARIA: (sweetly): I am wife to the King of England!"

At Acre, Saladin himself appears before the mighty leaders of the Crusaders. They hurl defiance at each other and when Richard, to punctuate his threats, cleaves a great club with his sword, Saladin, true to the legend used by Scott, throws a muslin scarf in the air and slits it with his scimitar. *Exeunt* the Knights of the Crescent.

Some domestic comedy intervenes, of Richard trying to woo his angry little wife. Then Berengaria is warned by Philip Augustus that unless she renounce the King, Philip will disband the Crusade, whereupon Berengaria rushes out between the lines, falls wounded, is rescued by Saladin and borne off to Jerusalem. But Richard thinking she is a prisoner in Acre, sounds a general alarm. There follows the capture of Acre — the great high light of the picture on which Mr. De Mille has lavished all his skill—a dizzy, colossal, stupendous spectacle. Catapults; Greek Fire; huge battering rams; moveable towers; shock troops in armor; archers; knights; kings; horses; scaling ladders; cauldrons of pitch; hurtling rocks; falling men—then the walls breached; the drawbridge lowered; the portcullis up and the troops in the city. The adoration of the True Cross as the wounded and the well

mount the flight of steps on their knees is the most effective piece of photography in the film. But Richard, not finding his wife in Acre, rides off, followed by his knights, towards Jerusalem. Saladin comes to meet him and they give battle. From both sides of the plain appear the champions, the Christians on dark horses, the Mussulmans on white and they come together—*Bang!* The whole theater rattles. Men fall, horses roll, Richard wields his ax in the thick of it. At the close of the day, Richard looks among the dead for his old armorer but is surrounded by the assassins of Conrad de Montserrat, the villain. The King holds some sixteen of them at bay but he might have had a bad time had not some Paynim knights suddenly appeared. They were sent by Berengaria who had heard of the plot and who promised to become the bride of Saladin if he would save Richard.

So at the moment when Berengaria, in Oriental veils, is about to make the supreme sacrifice, Richard is dragged in a prisoner. Their devotion is so apparent that Saladin is moved and he offers freedom if Richard will agree to a truce. That gives Berengaria the opportunity to make a plea for peace, and tolerance. She points out that they and Saladin worship the same God and that His Cross is borne by different men in different ways. The great warrior yields. Cœur de Lion breaks his sword. The Christians may visit Jerusalem and her shrines and truce will be kept for three years. At the close amid the chants of the happy pilgrims, Richard who has vowed that he will only enter the Holy City as a conqueror, may not accompany his Queen on her entry into Jerusalem but as he kneels, faith comes to him at last and he too thanks God!

One must admire the ingenuity of the scenario writers. Mr. De Mille faced a problem. His expense accounts demanded a universal appeal yet here was a story that centered round the Cross and there was New York, the largest Hebrew city in the world. At the moment when everybody is insisting on peace, the glories of his hero were entirely of war. On the other hand the advantages were that it is a period of history generally unexplored; that Berengaria — except for the ocean liner—was an unknown quantity; that it was a grand opportunity for spectacular scenes with a good religious background; that Richard the Lion Hearted was fairly familiar by name and that Saladin might fairly pass as a near Jewish hero.

Henry Wilcoxon, does have a "figure like Mars" though he has no yellow curls and his Richard is a gallant, hard-working, strong-fisted monarch. In his helmet he really savors of the times, but Miss Young and her costumes, although they are both charming, never belonged to twelfth century Navarre. Nor do the backgrounds, which seem a mixture of Doré and Alma-Tadema. There is too much futile detail, too little composition. There is a tremendous future for a camera man who is also a great artist. But the Hermit, Blondel, Philip and Montserrat make one forget costume trunks. With a large disregard for history, the smaller facts are more accurate. Richard's castle has the round Norman arches and dogtooth edging and the knights wear chain instead of mail armor. We wondered about the game of Chess until we opened the Oxford Dictionary and there was the first quotation:

"So Kyng Richard did playe
At the Chess in his galeye!"

As for Alice, she was sent back to France when she was thirty, was married to a Count d'Aumerle and then we hear no more of her.

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER.—Have you ever had the opportunity of putting a corpse on the back porch of a neighbor with a grudge? It's such a simple method of disposing of undesirable encumbrances found in a rented house and it seems no time at all after Marco orders the Lincoln to the kitchen door that he and his staff return beaming. Marco is a real leader of men—resourceful, generous, brave and strong-handed. He once was a king among the bootleggers but now he is the legitimate head of a brewery and the maker of Marco's Beer—none better. His former henchmen are respectively his chauffeur, his cook, and his butler. His daughter is a *débutante* and he and Mrs. Marco have rented a house at Saratoga for the season with Commissioner Mahoney from Washington as their house guest. That the daughter has become engaged to young Whitelaw, scion of *the* Whitelaws of Amsterdam, N. Y., is only one of the bits of bad news that encircle Marco as he arrives with the Commissioner in Saratoga, and the reactions of old Mr. Whitelaw (Lawrence Grossmith) to the guests at one of the "open house" evenings at the Marco's is only a part of the mounting comedy that skyrockets out of the melodramatic action. There is Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom, the precocious orphan whom the big-hearted Marco has taken for a holiday from the Star of Hope Asylum which was his own cradle; there is Mrs. Marco who is trying to be a lady, but a good sport at bottom, who doesn't care what they do with corpses once they take them out of her spare room but who won't let them put them on the Nixon's flower bed because Mrs. Nixon is going to have a baby and she thinks it might be a trouble for her; and then, of course, there is Marco! Marco, who always has to take off his shoes because it rests his feet when he is worried; who gets up a little concert over long distance telephone for a pal who is sick in the hospital and who emerges triumphant from all the dangers besetting him by sheer inspiration and courage.

John Harrington as Marco takes the center of the play without effort; Georgia Caine keeps up her end as Mrs. Marco and Joseph Sweeney gives dry acidity to Mike the butler. Mr. Howard Lindsay, coauthor and director, has painted his ex-crooks with a picaresque light-heartedness that both appeals to one's humor and one's sympathy. By this time you may understand that it is a very funny play.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

MOON OVER MULBERRY STREET.—The first play of autumn! Pretty bad at that but with a real idea. The reactions of an Americanized son in an Italian family to his surroundings. One wonders why it has not been written down before; one wonders why it has not been written better now. In the first place the family is never really wholly Italian. Their accents seem wabbly and they cut their spaghetti. But they are more authentic than the society girl from Park Avenue—must it always be Park Avenue?—who comes down to flirt with the

lawyer son. If she had been a blonde stenographer everything would have been on a more natural basis. One bright spot is the Nina of Olga Druce. Giovanna and Papa were fairly credible. But *Moon Over Mulberry Street* does accomplish one point—one begins to appreciate the actualities of *Tobacco Road.*—*At the Lyceum.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD. — It certainly is not an attractive picture of life in the Georgia mountains that is shown in Mr. Caldwell's play but the characters live and Jeeter Lester, if he loses his home in the South, has certainly found one on Broadway.—*At the Forrest.*

December

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Sharing the summer with only one other comedy, Miss Gladys George as the stranded movie queen, has kept her theater full of audiences who enjoyed an air-cooled house. Now they will soon be having to turn on the heat.—*At the Henry Miller.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Although not awarded the Pulitzer Prize, this tensely emotional drama will outlast the winner on Broadway, as *The Old Maid* is going on tour. Superbly acted, with a dangerous theme seriously handled, this story which is founded on fact teaches an unforgettable lesson.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

ANYTHING GOES!—Soon the new musical revues will be arriving in force but they will need to be well speeded up in their tryouts to equal the fast if not very elegant humor of this syncopated satire of modern life as seen on an ocean liner in which William Gaxton and Victor Moore work so hard for an appreciative public.—*At the Alvin.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Not only Chicago and the Coast and intermediate cities are now laughing at this exuberant farce but London is soon to be given a chance to be amused by very American fun. It is an entirely moral drama even if some of the laughs are not at all to our taste. While most of us will admit it is not too polite, one must also admit that it is really unusually funny. William Lynn, who writes verses for greeting cards, is a prime comedian.—*At the Playhouse.*

May

KIND LADY. — Having closed for the summer, this melodrama adapted from the story of Hugh Walpole which impressed us so much last spring has now come back with Grace George and Henry Daniell in the rôles they did so ably. This is a melodrama of quite different texture. The whole house holds its breath at the finish.—*At the Longacre.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, THE WORLD AND THE FAITH. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

A FORGOTTEN HERITAGE

SOME years ago an eminent professor of history delivered an address at the annual meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association, and presumably shocked some non-Catholics who were present when he stated that "many of the important cities in North America are built on Catholic foundations." Later on, the same day, during a luncheon at the Ebbet Hotel where were assembled several hundred members of the learned societies then holding meetings in Washington, he said: "I think it would be advantageous if some of the apparently uninformed speakers who have preceded me would visit some of the Latin American Republics and learn a lesson from nations where a cultural atmosphere existed for nearly a century before certain gentlemen had moored their barque in Massachusetts Bay." The professor in question is a non-Catholic, head of the history department of one of the largest universities in the United States, and ranks as one of the greatest authorities on the history of our Southland and of the Latin Republics.

The fact is that many instructors in our institutions of learning do not know, or perhaps forget, the large debt that America owes to Catholic pioneers. Of course they cannot forget that Latin America, generally, has preserved its Catholic heritage; but they have somewhat hazy notions regarding that section of the western hemisphere which lies to the north of the Gulf of Mexico.

In connection with this there comes to mind the hubbub raised in certain circles on the occasion of the erection of a statue to Columbus in the City of Washington. Violent attacks were made on all and sundry who were identified with the movement to erect a suitable monument to the Genoese navigator, and almost frantic protests came from individuals who seem to have learned their American history from such sources as Aaron Goodrich's *History of the Character and Achievements of the So-Called Columbus*, and Marie A. Brown's

Icelandic Discoveries of America. Of these Justin Winsor says: "It has been left for the unwise and overtopped advocates of a later day, like Goodrich and Marie A. Brown, to go beyond reason in an indiscriminate denunciation of the Genoese. The latter writer rambles over the subject in a jejune way, and easily falls into errors, while she pursues her main purpose of what she fancies to be a deep-laid scheme of the Pope and the Catholic Church . . . to capture the sympathies of Americans in honoring the memory of Columbus in 1892."

The story of the Catholic foundations of San Francisco, Santa Fé, and St. Augustine is too well known to retell it here. But not so well known is that of other foundations made chiefly by Catholic adventurers, all of whom were either natives or residents, of what to-day is the Dominion of Canada.

Iberville founded the City of New Orleans, and his brother, Bienville, the City of Mobile. Pierre Laclède laid the foundation of St. Louis. Dubuque, remembered by the city of that name, was the first settler of Iowa. Jean Baptiste Bissot de Vincennes gave his name to the city with which the name of Rogers Clark is so closely identified—Vincennes, Ind. The port of Galveston was opened by Michel Branamour Ménard whose nephew played such an important part in the early history of Texas. Milwaukee was founded by Solomon Juneau. Detroit began its history with LaMothe Cadillac. Faribault, first to cultivate the soil west of the Mississippi, was the founder of Faribault, Minn. Du Lhut gave his name to the City of Duluth. Parret, Gervais, and Guérin were the first inhabitants of St. Paul. Abbé Picquet founded Ogdensburg. In 1669 the Jesuits, Pinet and Binneteau, established a small village where now stands the City of Chicago.

But this list by no means exhausts the story of Catholic foundations in the United States. Three-quarters of a century before English colonists had reached the Chesapeake, Ayllón, who coasted the eastern littoral of North America, "setting up crosses in the name of Charles V., King of Spain," established a colony at Guandape, and gave it the name of St. Michael (San Miguel). This, according to our great historian, Shea, was the very spot where the English subsequently founded Jamestown. Ayllón was accompanied on this voyage by the Dominican Fathers, Anthonio Montesino and Anthonio de Cervantes; with them was a Brother, Peter de Estrada. The colony failed, presumably owing to the death of Ayllón.

Perhaps the most interesting and arresting story of Catholic foundations in the United States is connected with the City of Washington, the federal capital. One hundred and twenty-seven years before George Washington selected the site of the federal city several Catholics of Maryland had acquired title to that part of the city on which the United States Capitol and the Library of Congress now stand.

When the Commissioners appointed by President Washington purchased the American Capitoline Hill, it formed part of the domain of Cerne Abbey Manor, and under this historical Catholic appellation, it is engraved on the earliest maps of the District of Columbia. The Catholic ownership of this property from 1663 (when the first entry concerning it appeared in the *Pro-*

vincial Records of Maryland) until 1790 (when it became part of the Federal Capital) is undeniable, according to data furnished by the late Margaret Brent Downing. Its original proprietors were Thomas Notley, Gentleman of Dorset and Deputy Governor of Maryland (1676-79), John Thompson, and Dr. Thomas Gerrard. Subsequent proprietors of the Capitoline Hill were Notley Rozier; his daughter, Ann Rozier Carroll Young; her two sons, Charles Carroll and Notley Young; and her grandson, Daniel Carroll, of Duddington. Notley Young was twice married, first to Mary, daughter of Ignatius Digges of Melwood, and then to Mary, daughter of Daniel Carroll of Upper Marlboro, father of Archbishop Carroll, and of Daniel Carroll of Rock Creek.

Daniel Carroll of Duddington "plays a complex part in the early history of the Capital. He died in 1849, impoverished and embittered by losses in land speculation. He gave generously to the Church in his prosperous days." The story is told that when his kinsman, Bishop Carroll, was seeking a location for the college later established at Georgetown, Daniel Carroll invited his episcopal kinsman to look over the section then known as Jenkins' Heights (now known as Capitol Hill, where are located the "marble halls" which house the Congress of the United States) as a possible site for the proposed college. The eminence was then clothed with a virgin forest, and seemed "too far back in the woods ever to make a desirable location for a successful boys' school," and the Bishop preferred to locate his college at Georgetown, which, at the time, was a flourishing port with a large population.

Later, another visitor went to Jenkins' Heights, whose keen eye "recognized the possibilities of the noble eminence." This was the distinguished Pierre-Charles L'Enfant who came to America with Lafayette, and on May 2, 1783, was named brevet major in Washington's army. On his advice apparently, Washington "designated the site for the National Halls of Legislature." When the site of the Federal City was finally adopted, L'Enfant drew the plan, which he entitled: "Plan of the City, intended for the Permanent Seat of the Government of the United States. Projected agreeable to the direction of the President of the United States in pursuance of an act of Congress passed the sixteenth day of July, MDCCXC, establishing the Permanent Seat on the bank of the Potomac." In the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser*, of July 1, 1791, there is an item which reads: ". . . By this plan and the President's explanation, it appears that the buildings for the legislature are to be placed on Jenkins' Hill, on the land of Daniel Carroll of Duddington, about two miles from Rock Creek and one and a quarter from the Eastern Branch."

The land which now comprises the District of Columbia was purchased on behalf of the Federal Government by three Commissioners, of whom Daniel Carroll of Rock Creek was one. The proclamation appointing the Commissioners, issued by President Washington reads as follows: *"Know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity, skill and diligence of Thomas Johnson and Daniel Carroll of Maryland and David Stuart of Virginia. . . . I do hereby appoint them . . . Commissioners of*

the District of Territory, accepted as the permanent seat of government of the United States."

At the time of appointment to this office Daniel Carroll was a member of Congress from Maryland; and his selection as a member of the Board of Commissioners is a splendid tribute to the broadmindedness of our first President. As Margaret Brent Downing so well says: "He took no cognizance of the fact that Carroll was a Catholic, for the time had not yet come when that alone made a man accepting public office an object of suspicion."

Here we may note the fact that the first mayor of Washington was Robert Brent, a nephew of Archbishop Carroll. Robert Brent's wife was Eleanor, daughter of Notley Young whose family held a high place in the "social register" (if any existed at the time) in the City of Washington. The Young mansion was a remarkable building on what is now G Street, between Ninth and Tenth Streets SW. The mansion, built of yellow brick, had a wide portico opening on the west into a noble chamber which served as a chapel during the penal days. "It was in this room that Father Digges, riding up from Melwood to visit his sister and her family, celebrated Holy Mass for the first time within the city limits proper. The year may be fixed approximately as 1760" (Downing).

Tempora mutantur! Washington has no longer a mayor. It is governed by three Commissioners not one of whom is a Catholic apparently. Yet the present Catholic population of Washington is a large contingent in the Federal City. In one of its suburbs it has a famous educational institution—the Catholic University of America, around which are grouped some thirty-two colleges, or houses of study.

We have almost forgotten the Catholic engineer who planned the City of Washington, Pierre-Charles L'Enfant. He spent his declining years at Chillum Castle Manor, home of his friend William Dudley Digges, where he was buried. The writer of the article, "L'Enfant," in *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, says: "In April, 1909, in accordance with an Act of Congress, the remains of Major L'Enfant were removed from his grave in Maryland, and after lying in state for a short time in the Capitol at Washington, were reinterred in the National Cemetery at Arlington with the ceremonies of the Church and the military honours due to his rank in the Continental Army." Margaret Brent Downing tells a somewhat different story: "L'Enfant lay in a neglected, almost forgotten grave at Chillum Castle Manor, for years after the Commission appointed to restore his City Beautiful had adopted his plans in their entirety. The request of the Right Rev. D. J. O'Connell, then rector of the Catholic University of America, later Bishop of Richmond, Va., for permission to disinter the distinguished patriot and bury him in a worthy mausoleum to be erected on the University campus, precipitated a national controversy, which, happily, ended in the tardy recognition of the services rendered the nation by the brilliant French engineer. He now rests under a marble shaft among the heroic dead at Arlington."

P. W. Browne, D.D.

Nova et Vetera

"What a Piece of Work is a Man!"

The science of the living beings in general, and especially of the human individual, still remains in the descriptive state. Man is an indivisible whole of extreme complexity. No simple representation of him can be obtained. There is no method capable of apprehending him simultaneously in his entirety, his parts, and his relations with the outer world. In order to analyze ourselves, we are obliged to seek the help of various techniques and, therefore, to utilize several sciences. Naturally, all these sciences arrive at a different conception of their common object. They abstract only from man what is attainable by their special methods. And those abstractions, after they have been added together, are still less rich than the concrete fact. They leave behind them a residue, too important to be neglected. Anatomy, chemistry, physiology, psychology, pedagogy, history, sociology, political economy do not exhaust their subject. Man, as known to the specialists, is far from being the concrete man, the real man. He is nothing but a schema, consisting of other schemata built up by the techniques of each science. He is, at the same time, the corpse dissected by the anatomists, the consciousness observed by the psychologists and the great teachers of the spiritual life, and the personality which introspection shows to everyone as lying in the depth of himself. He is the chemical substances constituting the tissues and humors of the body. He is the amazing community of cells and nutrient fluids whose organic laws are studied by the physiologists. He is the compound of tissues and consciousness that hygienists and educators endeavor to lead to its optimum development while it extends into time. He is the *homo œconomicus* who must ceaselessly consume manufactured products in order that the machines, of which he is made a slave, may be kept at work. But he is also the poet, the hero, and the saint. He is not only the prodigiously complex being analyzed by our scientific techniques, but also the tendencies, the conjectures, the aspirations of humanity. Our conceptions of him are imbued with metaphysics. They are founded on so many and such imprecise data that the temptation is great to choose among them those which please us. Therefore, our idea of man varies according to our feelings and our beliefs. A materialist and a spiritualist accept the same definition of a crystal of sodium chloride. But they do not agree with one another upon that of the human being. A mechanistic physiologist and a vitalistic physiologist do not consider the organism in the same light. The living being of Jacques Loeb differs profoundly from that of Hans Driesch. Indeed, mankind has made a gigantic effort to know itself. Although we possess the treasure of the observations accumulated by the scientists, the philosophers, the poets, and the great mystics of all times, we have grasped only certain aspects of ourselves. We do not ap-

prehend man as a whole. We know him as composed of distinct parts. And even these parts are created by our methods. Each one of us is made up of a procession of phantoms, in the midst of which strides an unknowable reality.

—From *Man, the Unknown.* By ALEXIS CARREL (New York: Harper & Bros.).

A LAND OF COLOR

BY the 16th we had been in the Gulf Stream for some time, and yellow-brown seaweed interfered with the purity of colour. The sea really *is* blue, and doesn't get its tint just from the sky. Because the sky is nearly always greyish; so that this makes the surface almost black-grey, or whitish; whereas when you look right into the curve of a wave, it is of a blue to make your heart beat. And I verified a discovery that I made when watching the Rhone run out of the Lake of Geneva. Homer called the sea *oinops*, which means wine-faced or wine-looking. People insist that it means "wine-*coloured*," and have argued themselves hot to prove that the Ægean really can be called wine-coloured. They have even suggested that Homer meant yellow wine, and alluded to the sea at sunrise . . . ! No. Nobody in his senses can say that the sea, which is blue or green, looks the colour of any wine. *Oinops* refers to a *quality*. Negatively, the sea was not like the inky Greek wells or turbid little torrents or translucent springs or brooks. When I saw the Rhone, I remember exclaiming to my companions: "It's like port wine!" I wasn't thinking of Homer and certainly not of *colour;* but the deep interiorly-lit peacock-blue of the Rhone had just the profound glow of port—what makes even a ruby look like a crimson liquid rather than a stone. Just as there are certain purples which *correspond* to oranges, and again to greens, so there is a texture, a grave glory, in a deep blue sea which corresponds to the texture of a noble wine, red though that colour be. Good. The controversy is at rest for ever, or would be, were a scholar ever likely to read this book. But none ever ought to. No matter. . . .

I awoke at 5 on this day of good omen—July 14 is the feast of St. Bonaventure! *La bonne aventure!* A happy arrival, and, I felt sure, a good adventure. Adventures at my age! Well, why not? And it proved not unadventurous, and not ill-adventurous, when all is said and done. A world of milky gold. The sea was mother-of-pearl; the hills, that seemed to clasp the water, pearly too, with delicate deep hints of green. Wellington seemed built of golden houses roofed with rose—an incandescent world behind milk-white veils.

By now, the day was super-superb. The sea out-blued the Mediterranean, or anything that I had seen as we came. No *soapiness*. No thick lapis-lazuli. Intensity, limpidity, and incandescence. Lit as from within, the waves rose into sheer emerald, out of a great *aristocratic* blue—the only word. More blue than kingfisher or gentian or anything save those Morpho butterflies that have to be seen to be believed. But when the waves do break, on this most rocky shore, they do it frivolously. Small, rapid, fountainous. Cheeky boys teasing pleased but elderly and rather heavy-witted persons like myself. The road followed the indentations

of the coast in amazing sweeps. Oriental Bay. Breakers Bay (very well named). Thence you see the grand snowy mountains of the South Island fifteen miles away, across Cook's Straits. Here and there the roads were incredible—the heavy Chrysler d i v e d into abysses and emerged like any Atlantic liner. But you see well what a superb engineering future is intended.

By now I was saying to myself: The only thing to which you can compare this labyrinth of lovely seas and hills is Greece—either end of the Gulf of Corinth. Ridges and ravines; and suddenly the blueness of the sea where you least expect it. But I decided for Lombardy. The general colour suits: lots of pines; the harbour like a lake; the houses are cream; with roofs—of corrugated iron, I confess, but painted so deep a red that they look like Italian tiles where the sun has not yet bleached them. Once in a way, green roofs; but of the same rich quality as the red. The red is pomegranate, or dragon's-blood. The green, deeper than a field filled full of meadow-sweet. If you took the houses one by one, whether wooden bungalows, or the new plaster-and-concrete working-men's houses, you might say: "Why all these turrets, these gables, these fanciful verandahs? Keep a little quiet, can't you? Don't *fuss* so much." But you *don't* take them one by one. Looking at these suburbs, you love their gay light-hearted coquetry . . . And you see a delicacy like Japan's, owing I suppose to the clear-cut decorativeness of the evergreen vegetation. Though it was midwinter, not only the gorse was ablaze, but in the brilliant gardens you saw jonquils, freezias, cinerarias, gladiolus, camellias white and carmine. . . . The silver-leaf tree kept putting puffs of vibrating smoke on the hillsides, just like olives; and the other trees, all of them (save I believe the fuchsia) non-deciduous, had the hard glossy almost metallic surfaces of orange-groves, and of holm-oak. Yes, just like north Italy; and the New Zealand flax is little else, I'm told and I believe, than a yucca. Box, too; and cactus here and there.

—From *The Risen Sun*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

Perfection Absolute

Every revelation of the divinely human life of Jesus, every one of its negative and positive perfections, and its abounding virtue and perfect sinlessness in their manifold manifestations are all marked by the stamp of unlimited perfection.

On this absolutism are based that harmony and universality of Christ which captivate us with a power that is as winning as it is majestic. All other characters are lacking in these qualities and have the disadvantage of possessing much narrow-mindedness and many incongruities. One-sided talents, one-sided development and one-sided activities are characteristic of everything human. Every man has his peculiar temperament, his personal distinction, his own individuality. The cause of this is the fact that in each separate individual certain qualities, forces, advantages and deficiencies are conspicuous, while others fall into the background or do not exist at all. Even the greatest and the best of men cannot free themselves from this iron pressure, limiting all human life and mun-

dane existence. It is already much if they can manage by tireless self-training and discipline to divest themselves of their worst eccentricities and to repair the greatest flaws in their own characters. No one attains to a universally complete and perfectly harmonious personality, for the simple reason that no one possesses an absolute complement of virtue and faultlessness, and limitation makes one-sidedness.

In Jesus, on the contrary, harmony and universality emanate from his absolutism. Because all high qualities are to be found in him in their highest perfection, they all possess the most complete symmetry. Thus we find in him ardent zeal and inexhaustible patience, noble fervour and indulgent leniency, holy seriousness and sunny cheerfulness, an impulse to solitude and yet world publicity, majestic greatness and the deepest humility, inflexible determination and the sweetest gentleness, powerful energy and quiet self-possession, the warmest love for sinners and invincible hatred of sin, compassionate sympathy and strictest justice, irresistible attractiveness and fearless frankness, incorruptible truthfulness and extreme forbearance, mildness and force, resignation and resistance, adamantine strength and motherly tenderness, indefatigable outward activity and inward contemplation, childlike confidence in God and manly self-consciousness. In everything—in thinking, in willing, in speaking, in achieving, in precept and in practice, in doing and in suffering, in life and in death—he is equally great and perfect. In him combine in wonderful harmony all the higher and lower powers of his soul, his feelings and sentiments, understanding and will, idealism and realism, an intense sense of reality as regards the things of this world, and a ceaseless striving to promote the kingdom of heaven.

—From *Christ and the Critics*. By Hilarin Felder, O.M.Cap. (New York: Benziger Bros.), Vol. II.

Foreign Periodicals

Culture and Religion

Love of learning, or learning itself? Culture, or the acquisition of specialized knowledge? This is the great problem which faces every university in the modern age. Some, indeed, claim to have solved it to their own satisfaction. Others are still grappling with it.

The problem has been created with the passage of time and the opening up of fresh fields of thought and knowledge. Applying equally to both the old and the new worlds, it is of universal importance, inasmuch that on the solution of it depends the future, not merely of our educational systems, but of our civilization itself. . . .

Culture does not necessarily mean the accumulation of large quantities of uncorrelated knowledge. Any system of education that aims at being cultural must consider both sides of the question. The acquisition of a certain amount of knowledge may be, and is, important, but equally important is the knowledge of how to use our leisure. Modern education makes no attempt to train the growing mind to use the time of leisure profitably —in fact, the student of to-day has no time left for mental leisure, so great is the demand and the necessity for the acquisition of more and still more knowledge. No provision is made for that wide reading which is so essential for a true conception of life.

This is the one great handicap that the university graduate has to overcome when he, or she, goes out into the world. The university man may have a far more extensive knowledge of his subject than his less fortunate brethren, but he lacks the experience necessary to apply it. Unfortunately his training has been such that he does not know how best to obtain this missing factor. Disillusioned, he finds he has to tread the bitter path of learning by experience—his years at the university have been wasted! Contrast the self-educated man. He has learnt the essential facts of life at the age when he is most able to assimilate them. The specialized knowledge he has acquired in his leisure hours—often at considerable sacrifice to himself. But he has the foundations of culture. His learning is acquired because he wants it; the love of learning, and not learning for its own sake, has actuated him. He has learnt to use his leisure wisely, and because of this will always possess an advantage over the university man who does not know how to use his leisure. In the same way the handmade article of industry will always be superior to the mass-production article of a machine. . . .

In one respect the universities are worse off to-day than they were in the Middle Ages — they lack the ideal that religion, as exemplified by the Catholic Church, used to give them. Religious thought at the modern university is in a state of chaos. It lacks co-ordination and unity. No attempt is made to link up education and religion. While admitting that a return to the old religious conditions of the univer-

sities is impossible, they could at least insist on a greater degree of religious instruction, based on fundamentals, and avoiding controverted dogma. Whatever the cost, the universities must regain those Christian principles and ideals on which our civilization is based.

Education without an ideal, without an aim. Whither can it lead? Too long the universities have been imbued with the spirit of the Church of England—the spirit of compromise. Now the time for compromise is past—a bold decision is necessary. Delay will simply mean the problem (already intensified by modern conditions of sex equality in education) becoming so acute as to be incapable of solution. . . .

While it is true to say that the devout Catholic is far better off than Protestant neighbours, it is a sad fact that many Catholics at all the universities lose the fine freshness of their Faith at the time when they need it most. This is more noticeable among the women than the men, but the conditions are the same for both sexes. Continual close contact with the forces of materialism dulls the idealism that the Faith alone can give, and this, combined with an almost complete divorce of university education from their religion, creates a state of mind that only the very strong can overcome.

The ideal solution, from a Catholic point of view, would be a Catholic University. This may sound fantastic and impracticable, but the time will come when we shall have to take the step, if we hope to triumph over the forces of decadence that even to-day are threatening to engulf the coming generations. The great struggle of the future, on the result of which the fate of our civilization will depend, is already defined; Catholicism *versus* Materialism. Admit this, and the need for a Catholic university becomes evident.

The world expects a higher standard from Catholics than from any other body. Here we have the chance of setting an example that a tired and jaded world will be only too eager to copy. The masses are waiting for a definite lead. Since Protestantism has failed to provide education with an ideal, we must supply the deficiency. Courage of the highest order will be necessary, but the Faith that has nurtured and inspired men of courage in the past can still produce sons, and daughters, too, capable of carrying out this great project.

The fate of civilization hangs in the balance. The time for compromise is past. Let us only admit, what is patently true, that Culture and the Catholic religion have always gone hand in hand, and our duty is clear. A bold decision is necessary, and the sooner it is taken, the sooner will the world be able to look ahead with equanimity to an era of real peace, based not on fear, but on the truest principles of culture and humanity.

—S. Walter Yeomans, M.A., in *Blackfriars* (Oxford), September.

Æ

Few men of letters in our time have made a bigger stir than Mr. George W. Russell ("Æ"), who died in July. The many tributes paid to his memory, by men of different lands, races, creeds, callings, tastes, interests, tributes which had the ring of grief, prove the range of

his influence. He had become a legend, even while he lived, like Dr. Samuel Johnson, with whom he may be likened—not as to nature, indeed, but in this: that he wrote little that will live of its own merit, yet was the centre of a circle of writers, and a leader of many.

Future times, if Æ is judged only by his books, may wonder at his predominance in these times, and at the tributes paid to him, as to a master; for he has left little of himself in his writings. He lacked both the gifts and the training of a writer. . . . Æ possessed a fiery imagination, which saw colours and forms so vividly that he could paint a scene from the image in his mind's eye. He expressed his nature best in his paintings of sunsets and dawn on the sand-dunes of Donegal, great sweeps of coast, light spilt through trees, flashing water, dim, glimmering twilight scenes. He resembled Turner in his intoxication with light and many hues. He was made to be a sensuous painter of landscape. It was a pity that he lacked the discipline to turn his gift to perfect use. The best impression of him can be got from the bust in the Municipal Gallery, Dublin: a great, leonine, meditative head among the images of many other men of distinction, whom no land but Ireland could breed. This was the man, denied the art that he loved, and working with words that he never had mastered, who yet was a mover of his time, admired and even loved by many. How did that mind affect so many others? By the gift of talk. Æ was the greatest talker of the times. . . .

The moral of Æ's talk was highly unorthodox. The morbid Russian novelist and scraps from the *Bhagavad-Gita*,—these were unsatisfying to any classic and concrete Irish mind, to say nothing of any orthodox Catholic. You never could find solid ground in Æ's philosophy; for, in truth, he was no philosopher. He was simply a hungry imagination, groping in the world of philosophic ideas. . . . Of all subjects, religion and philosophy most need accurate knowledge in a writer. Æ chose to write of these subjects, and accuracy was the very gift that his turbulent imagination lacked. . . .

Nothing could renew one's faith in the classical education more than exchanges with Æ; for his vagueness went with a neglect, if not a scorn of our traditional mental standards. . . . Æ knew little of English literature. In a discussion on prose style, I remember his saying that he never had read a page of Elia. As for Gaelic letters, Æ's studies can have been no more than a reading of a few modern essayists on that theme. . . .

Where Æ was at his best with the pen was in those remarkable essays week by week, in the *Irish Homestead*, in which he dealt with the co-operative system, and with rural life in general. . . . He developed a plan for a co-operative commonwealth which amounted to a draft constitution. Many thought his scheme Utopian, but it was more practical and sound than many schemes which have come into actuality in Europe since the World War. His book on Co-operation, and that fine volume *The National Being*, set forth his ideas on these matters, and deserve study. Perhaps some part of his proposals will be embodied in an Irish constitution yet. . . .

In the *Irish Statesman*, Æ continued, after the war, what he had

done in the *Homestead*, but with less charm, less enthusiasm. He was engaged now in general political work, and he was ill-suited for it, despite his generosity, his quickness to forgive after quarrels, and his breadth of interest. Moreover, the years were bitter. A national split had made most of us say and do angry things, hard to pardon, and Æ was no exception. He wrote fiercely and was answered fiercely; perhaps he was provoked. His theory of unbounded liberty of utterance now led him into calamitous courses. Restraint had gone from our public life, and it went from his pages. It was now that he published writings on moral and religious topics, by noted anti-Christians, that gave almost unpardonable offence. He could not do otherwise and be true to his own principle, which denied authority, and saw the spirit in every man's ungoverned desires.

It is needless to discuss his doctrine, his pantheism, which made gods of us all and denied the transcendent God of Heaven. He declared that Prometheus was just as historical as Christ — that Christ Himself was simply another symbol, raised by man's myth-making mind. In facile, highly-coloured verse, he sang of our supposed journey home to a heaven from which long ago we descended into the earthen world. He believed in reincarnation, and once in youth told Mr. Yeats that he was resigned to wait until his next life on earth for the realisation of his desires in art or poetry. All this fitted badly into a Catholic society, with its definite faith and stern moral system. In the contentious years, it brought about open conflict. . . .

Æ's political quarrel with many has been forgotten and forgiven. He wrote so splendidly of Pearse and McDonagh and McSwiney, he who rebuked Kipling's assault on Irish honour with such noble indignation, he who wrote in *Michael* a poem of high patriotism and, all his life long, gave his talents to Ireland as to him seemed best, must rank among the noted figures of Ireland in his day. His religious difference with the old nation was chiefly his own loss; he was reared in ignorance of that faith with which he differed, and might have accepted it if he had understood it. His influence lives, perhaps, in many disciples of his co-operative doctrines, but yet more in the many whom he helped and encouraged, who were stimulated by his mental eagerness, differed from him, yet went farther in more orthodox paths than they would have gone if he had not set them thinking hard.

We will miss him from the streets of Dublin, big and smiling, a butt for wit and a friend to all; Donegal will miss him, where, in a glade of magical loveliness above a hidden, silver strand, he had his lonely cottage, and painted and meditated for a month every year in a solitude that no small mind could endure. He is gone, and we are the poorer.

—Aodh de Blacam, in *The Irish Monthly* (Dublin), September.

Recent Events

New Rector of the North American College

Early in the summer the Right Rev. Eugene S. Burke, D.D., who had been Rector of the North American College in Rome, resigned to return to a pastorate in New Jersey in his home diocese of Newark. Last month his successor was named and the appointment breaks a precedent. The Most Rev. Ralph L. Hayes, Bishop of Helena, Mont., who has been chosen by the Holy See, is the first bishop to hold the position of Rector. He is an alumnus of the College.

The North American College was founded at the earnest suggestion of Pope Pius IX. His Holiness purchased the building which was first used and the College formally opened December 8, 1859, and he celebrated Mass there the following month. It was saved from being seized by the Italian Government in 1884, by the intervention of our Government, and in that same year Pope Leo XIII. raised the institution to the rank of a Pontifical College. Many famous American ecclesiastics have made their studies at the American College. Bishop Hayes goes there after barely two years in the episcopacy. He had made his studies in Rome and was ordained there in 1909 for the Diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa. Later he spent two years at the Apostolic Mission House at the Catholic University in Washington. When the Diocese of Helena was left vacant by the death of Bishop Finnigan of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Bishop Hayes was consecrated in September, 1933, in the Cathedral of Pittsburgh and took up his duties in this far western post. We wish for him success and abundant blessings in the rectorship of the American College.

Death of Astrid Queen of the Belgians

Queen Astrid of the Belgians met a tragic death on August 29th, in an automobile accident on a road skirting the shore of Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. There is an added note of sadness to the tragedy in the fact that her devoted husband, King Leopold III., was driving the car; he was injured slightly. Astrid had been Queen only eighteen months, since the death of the gallant King Albert, which brought her husband to the throne on February 23, 1934.

The young Queen—she was only twenty-nine—was a niece of the King of Sweden, being the youngest daughter of Prince Carl of Sweden and Princess Ingeborg of Denmark. She was, of course, a Lutheran, and when the marriage with the Crown Prince of Belgium was arranged King Albert told Cardinal Van Roey that it had been explained to the Princess that she was coming to a Catholic country but that no effort would be made to force her to change her religion; she would, however, he assured the Cardinal, be given every opportunity to learn about the Church living in a Catholic household, but

only if she became convinced of the truth of its claims would she become a Catholic. It was nearly four years after the marriage, shortly before the birth of her second child, that she was quietly received into the Church by Cardinal Van Roey at Malines on August 5, 1930.

Queen Astrid had endeared herself to the Belgian people during the nine short years she lived among them, by her democratic manner in mingling with the people and visiting the poor. The Royal couple had three children. The bereaved King testified it was a truly happy Christian marriage.

May the soul of this queenly woman rest in peace!

Italy, Ethiopia and the Pope

While there has been no formal declaration of war between Italy and Ethiopia at this writing, mobilization of troops by both countries has been carried on for weeks. Meanwhile, diplomats have been engaged in what the *Literary Digest* called "shadow-boxing" in the League of Nations Council. The picture there kept changing from day to day. The Supreme Pontiff, naturally concerned at the threat of war after his earnest pleas for peace during the Holy Year, took two occasions recently to express his conviction that it could be avoided. Addressing a congress of Catholic nurses at Castel Gandolfo, August 28th, the Holy Father declared that "a war which was only a war of conquest would be obviously an unjust war, something which passes beyond imagination, something unspeakably sad and horrible." He proceeded then to state the arguments being used by Italy to justify the invasion of Ethiopia, namely, the question of defending her frontiers and providing room for her fast-growing population, and said that if these two needs existed, "it will be preferable to settle all differences by some other means than that of war." The Pope called upon the nurses to pray for peace, for, he said, they knew well the horrors and suffering and destruction of war, he pointed to the evils that would befall the foreign missions among the colored races, and he prayed that the efforts of farseeing men who were doing their best for pacification and preventing war would be successful.

The second address was made on September 7th, to an international convention of World War veterans, among whom were many from the United States; about fifteen nations were represented. The veterans assembled in St. Paul's-Outside-the-Walls, and the Holy Father journeyed there from Castel Gandolfo, and made the address in French, first having celebrated Holy Mass with an ivory chalice lined with gold, the gift of the French chaplains. There were present about 12,000 veterans and some 2,000 chaplains, headed by the Rev. Daniel Bergey, president of the French Priests' War Veterans' Association.

Pope Pius preached a spiritual sermon to the soldiers urging them to continued warfare against Satan with his temptations and suggestions, against the world with its seductions of vainglory, its human interests, its sensuality, riches and pride of life. He told them he prayed for them and for the veterans who had died, and he prayed for peace. His Holiness admitted the hopes and needs of his own people, the Italian people, and he de-

sired their aspirations to be satisfied, but not at the expense of peace. To quote the N. C. W. C. report of the sermon, the Holy Father "hopes that right may be assured and recognized, but with peace and justice —with justice because opposed to justice is sin alone and sin renders peoples miserable; with peace because peace already in itself is far removed from all those evils that war brings for all people who are guilty of it, and because peace is an essential condition to all prosperity and welfare."

The Holy Father expressed great pleasure in seeing what he termed "a rainbow on the horizon" of international affairs, and he concluded with a prayer for peace, saying: "May God give this peace of justice, truth and charity, born of honor and dignity, born of right and respect for all rights, which everywhere announces the presence of happiness for each and for all."

German Bishops Meet at Fulda

The meeting of the German hierarchy at Fulda in August resulted in a pastoral letter which was read in all the Catholic churches on the first Sunday in September. The letter carried the names of the three German cardinals and of twenty-three bishops, and it was addressed to the clergy and people under their jurisdiction "from the Tomb of the Apostle Boniface." The letter received no publicity in Germany other than its public reading in the churches, for the Berlin police promptly forbade its sale or distribution. *The New York Times* secured the text by wireless and published its salient parts. The Bishops said their letter was necessary in order to fortify the souls of their flock against the new paganism threatening the nation, and to give them strength to rally in unity and loyalty around the Holy Father. The muzzling of the press is deplored by the bishops who write: "The freedom of the press, we deeply regret to say, has become so restricted that former Catholic newspapers no longer are allowed to publish contributions of a religious nature, and not infrequently are compelled to give space to certain articles which only make it more imperative that the reader search the Scriptures and attend worship more diligently so that he may have only the armor of God. The pagan *Weltanschauung* [world outlook] affords no moral support for communities of people. The regeneration of the German people can succeed only if it is founded on the rock of divine religion."

The bishops protested that every legitimate attempt to conserve the race would find in the Church a willing and enthusiastic ally, but they took serious exception to the Nazi view that "racial purity" was the only gauge of marriage, and to the immoral idea that legitimate and illegitimate motherhood should stand on an equality. They reminded their people that "police edicts" would not stop the falling birth-rate. Parents were reminded that the Concordat had guaranteed the maintenance of Catholic schools, and they were urged to send their children to them, but if this was not possible then the obligation rested upon them to impart proper religious instruction at home.

The expression "political Catholicism" was ridiculed. "It has been asserted," said the letter, "that religion has nothing to do with politics.

We emphatically oppose this contention. For one cannot be a devout Christian at home and a heathen outside it as has been postulated in the catchwords, 'Religion is a private matter.' The charge that Catholics are all too much concerned with politics can only impress immature minds," said the bishops. "Thoughtful persons will ask what is to be understood by 'political Catholicism,' and how far does it differ from religious Catholicism."

The letter firmly rejected and opposed any activity against the authority of the State. "The spirit of Christ," it said, "battles with different weapons from those of the spirit of the world. Catholics do not lead revolts against the State or offer forcible resistance." On the other hand, the bishops proclaimed their steadfast loyalty to the Holy See. "It has been suggested," they wrote, "that one may be either a Catholic or a Roman. Our answer is that if we can no longer remain Roman Catholics we cannot remain Catholics. The doctrine of the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff is an article of Faith concerning which there can be no compromise."

The bishops concluded their impressive statement with a plea for prayers for the whole German people and for all who are in authority "that we may lead a quiet and a peaceable life in all piety and chastity" (1 Tim. ii. 2).

The following Sunday the new Bishop of Berlin, Count Konrad von Preysing delivered his first sermon in St. Hedwig's Cathedral and in the afternoon a crowd of 20,000 Catholics welcomed him in the Sportpalast. The new Bishop declared his policy in plain language. "We accept the rulership only of God," he proclaimed, "and God's word is, 'I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt have no other God but Me.'" He asserted that the terms "Christian" and "German" were complementary, and declared that Catholic youth stood first in their loyalty to their Fatherland. His pastoral letter to his own diocese was read in all the churches of Berlin that morning.

Our Contributors

LIKE a distant storm on the horizon, rumors of war in Africa allow us little sense of security these uncertain days. Every contributing factor is of superlative importance, and we anticipate much interest from our readers in PIERRE CRABITÈS' "The Abyssinian 'Superiority Complex.'" Judge Crabitès, who is at present at his home in New Orleans, is the American representative on the Mixed Tribunal at Cairo. In our August, 1933, issue he wrote "the Diamond Jubilee of the Nile" which it would be interesting to re-read at this time. His latest book, *Benes, Statesman of Central Europe*, has just been issued by Routledge of London.

FOR the setting of his story, "Florabel Loses Her Lapang," JAMES W. BENNETT goes a long way from his favorite Orient, though here its flavor is by no means lacking. Mr. Bennett and his wife—known to our readers as Dorothy Graham—are now on their way home from Peiping, China.

IT is several years since we have had an article from ELIZABETH S. KITE, LITT.D., learned archivist of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. Her subject this time is "Benjamin Franklin—Diplomat," which she treats sympathetically and from out the abundant sources at her command. Dr. Kite is a convert to the Church from Quakerism and Theosophy.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is always sure of a welcome from our readers. It is a far cry from St. Thomas Aquinas to our neighboring borough of Brooklyn, but the trip over Mr. Thompson's bridge in "When the Schoolmen Came to Brooklyn" is an interesting and novel crossing.

THAT mysticism played no mean part in the make-up of that gruff old enigma Thomas Carlyle is the subject of a paper in this issue by a new contributor, CHARLES FREDERICK HARROLD, PH.D. ("Carlyle and the Mystical Tradition"). Dr. Harrold, Professor of English at the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti is the author of *Carlyle and German Thought* and also of numerous articles and book reviews dealing with Carlyle in *The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature, Saturday Review of Literature*, and various important philological reviews.

MAURICE V. REIDY, who writes "Saint Francis" is the author of *From Kerry Hills* and *The Vision Beyond*. He is an Irishman, living in London.

E. J. ANDERSON has chosen an arresting title for his first article,—"Go to the Fly, Thou Skeptic." Those who think, will relish the science, philosophy and religion so generously provided in its pages, and those who do not, will absorb much that will give them no mental indigestion. Mr. Anderson studied at Denver University and at Regis College, Denver. He saw service with the A. E. F. in France

(cavalry) and since has devoted his time to reading, studying and writing. He entered the Catholic Church on the feast of St. Joseph, in 1927, as a result of a mission given by the Paulist Fathers.

LOVERS of the country who read ALAN DEVOE's article in our issue of last March, will hail a second one from his pen,—"A Shack on the Hillside." From his coign of vantage, Mr. Devoe looks at nature and finds it good. The setting of his idyl is Phudd's Hill, Hillsdale, N. Y.

SISTER M. THÉRÈSE, a member of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Divine Savior, finds inspiration for her first contribution to our pages in the *Life* of Mother "Janet Erskine Stuart" who died on October 21, 1914. Sister Thérèse received her A.B. degree—*magna cum laude*—from Marquette and is Poet Laureate of the same University where she was awarded the Golden Key for highest scholarship. She is a member of the Catholic Poetry Society of America and has contributed to its magazine, *Spirit*.

A FELLOW journalist, with a reputation already hung up in contemporary halls of fame, FREDERIC THOMPSON of *The Commonweal*, makes his first appearance in our pages with his story "Greenwood." Mr. Thompson has a degree from Harvard, was a 2nd Lieutenant in the Field Artillery during the War, was once a reporter on the *Washington Daily News*, a special correspondent of *The Outlook*, and a member of the staff of *Country Life*. He is at present Assistant Editor of *The Commonweal* and Secretary-Treasurer of The St. Paul Guild, and has contributed to *America*, *Spirit*, *The Forum* and *World's Work*. From one of his stories in *McClure's Magazine*, Columbia Pictures made a movie starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

IN "Doorways to Yesterday" MARGARET DAVIS brings us into untrodden ways which cannot fail to delight us. In private life she is Mrs. Louis I. Jaffé, of Norfolk, Va., and though her "sense of the past" is so beautifully developed, she is modern enough to have had a story, "Shut In" (published in our magazine some years back), listed among the outstanding stories of the year in the O. Henry prize volume and starred in O'Brien's *Anthology*.

CHARLES H. LEA has given us in "Those Puzzling Stops" a paper which we guarantee to be of lively interest. He is not unknown to our readers, but to the uninitiated let us say that he is an Englishman from Erdington, Birmingham, who spent many years as a printer and then as a journalist. He is now a contributor to countless periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic. His hobby is searching for old books and digging out from them quaint and little known facts.

CATHERINE PARMENTER, the poet in a family of writers, sends us "Two Dawns" from her home in Colorado Springs. Her lovely "Sonnets to Beauty" in our July issue, received many words of praise.

New Books

Concerning Beauty. By Frank J. Mather.—The Colonial Period of American History. By Charles M. Andrews.—The Two Sources of Morality and Religion. By Henri Bergson.—Vein of Iron. By Ellen Glasgow.—The Fate of Man in the Modern World; The Bourgeois Mind; Freedom and the Spirit. By Nicholas Berdyaev.—The Russian Revolution, 1917-1921. By W. H. Chamberlin.—New Minds for Old. By Esmé Wingfield Stratford.—Claudius the God and His Wife Messalina. By Robert Graves.—The Catholic Literary Revival. By Calvert Alexander, S.J.—The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges; The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon. Edited by Claude Colleer Abbott.—No Traveller Returns. By Joseph Auslander.—A Question of Lovers. By Sister M. Madeleva.—The Spiritual Letters of Dom Chapman. Edited by Dom Hudleston.—North to the Orient. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh.—Shorter Notices.

Concerning Beauty. By Frank Jewett Mather. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $3.00.

From Plato and Plotinus to Santayana, Croce and Lipps, the problem of beauty—what it is and why—has been a preoccupation of the philosophical mind. This would necessarily be so. It is a phenomenon that has accompanied man for the six thousand years of his historical experience; it has commanded universal recognition, yet no one has ever been able to give it a satisfactory explanation, though there are few metaphysicians who have not made the attempt — and with small unanimity in point of their conclusions. Professor Mather is the latest in time and though he is too sound a philosopher to assert any dogmatic conclusions, he has made a particularly lucid and stimulating contribution to the study of this great mystery, for mystery it is, and one of the most provocative. As such it takes its place with those other mysteries—time, space, matter—and like them remains unsolved, perhaps forever unsolvable.

Nevertheless, beauty is a definite reality; something to be reckoned with. It is omnipresent in nature, very generally in the manifold forms of art and not infrequently in human character. It is a reliable test of value, a criterion of truth. The thing that is unbeautiful, whether in art or in personal character, in philosophy, politics, social institutions or religion, is the ill thing and of the wrong shape. This being so, beauty must have some cosmic relationships and Professor Mather comes nearer than most to suggesting what these may be.

In the first few pages of this book we come upon things that raise a doubt, that even make us a trifle suspicious: the author seems to be casting towards the side of the newer, pragmatic psychology, that which assumes there are no definite and immutable standards, no reality in fact behind the show, and that the individual mind is the only criterion of validity; a state of things which of course spells moral and social, as well as artistic anarchy. When he says, "no work of art nor scene in nature has beauty as its own attribute or integument.

It is beautiful only when and so long as it evokes an experience of beauty in somebody. Beauty, then, is a quality of a human experience, and not of an object"; then we raise our eyebrows in dubious interrogation. He rather labors this point, quoting with approval Lord Listowell when he says, "strictly speaking beauty only exists in the universe at the actual moment of creative activity or appreciative delight." However, having made his bow to pragmatism, he never returns to it again, and his whole essay turns into a noble and convincing demonstration of the reality of basic things, particularly of beauty as in no respect the mere reaction of the human mind to certain sensory stimuli.

So far as Professor Mather is concerned, the whole "nominalist" contention falls to the ground and we are back, scholastically speaking, on a solid "realist" basis, when later on he says, "If the experience of beauty really depends upon our finding beauty where we have put it ourselves, and where it is not in fact, then all esthetic activity is clearly based on a delusion—and worse yet for the believer in *Einfühlung* on a delusion that is known to be such. Here we meet also the paradox that the highest certitude we enjoy, the supreme affirmation of our nature seems to rest on an error in psychological analysis. Putting the case more colloquially, —do we merely fool ourselves into finding certain objects beautiful? . . . I imagine the answer to this dilemma may be that the esthetic activity and its analysis are in entirely different worlds, neither of which is bound by the terms of the other." Professor Mather has guessed right, and his antithesis between activity (experience) and analysis (ratiocination) holds just as firmly in the case of sociology, politics, philosophy and religion as it does in that of æsthetics.

He implicitly accepts the doctrine of cosmic rhythm (the most ancient wisdom of the world) and thereby he validates his whole system of æsthetics. It would be fairer to say that having recognized the actuality of this rhythm, he confronts it with his own preconceived philosophy and finds that they completely coincide. Beauty, then, is correspondence with this eternal law of being. "Now the mere intellectual apprehension of these universal cosmic rhythms would not constitute an esthetic experience; it would merely be a concept. But suppose such apprehension to be also highly charged emotionally. Suppose we accept this universal rhythm passionately and with admiration, feel the orderly ongoing of the whole to be far greater than ourselves, and yet feel ourselves as participating in its transcendent greatness—ought not such feelings go far towards explaining the experience of beauty in nature?" Yes, certainly; and if this does not raise beauty above a mere personal reaction; if it does not give it a reality, as substantial a reality, as the solar system or the procession of the equinoxes, or as matter itself, I do not know what it does do.

Having demonstrated beauty to be that which is a manifestation of cosmic rhythm, Mr. Mather shows how this beauty is embodied in art. "Every alert reader will have noted that I have been using rhythm and proportion as completely synonymous." Of course. Every architect has known, and some to-day know, this. Or rather they act under the compulsion of a reality of

which they are generally unconscious. No real artist *knows* anything, so far as the laws of creative activity are concerned; no artist ever has, from the Greek potter to Memling, Mozart or the creators of the Gothic cathedrals. They did what they did because they could not do otherwise. They acted under cosmic compulsion. Sometimes, after they had been educated, or had yielded to the leadership of theorists, they discovered that they had done something that fulfilled certain geometrical or harmonic laws, then they became mechanical and self-conscious, and the result was not so good.

In his notable chapter on "The Artist," Mr. Mather reveals his nature and his way of work more exactly than has ever been done before. "Those rhythms which pervade the animate and inanimate universe, evade most of us, but are vividly sensed by the artist, for they correspond to the rhythm of his own inner experience. We are all parts of the organized energies of the world, but generally unmindful of our participation. In these ordered energies the artist finds analogies with his own, finds in them a fund to which he may contribute, a source from which his own activities may be nourished and refreshed. . . . It is this sensitiveness of rapport with surrounding activities that constitutes the superiority of the artist—his glory, his capacity as a seer which was lauded as early as Aristotle. . . . And this impressionability of the artist may be also his burden of loneliness and maladjustment to the ordinary concerns of living. . . . It is this paradox that the artist, who is admittedly the most representative of men, the fullest expression of our human intelligence and dignity, is often of men the most isolated and unhappy."

From these almost random quotations a general idea may be gained of Professor Mather's sound and enlightening philosophy of æsthetics and his clarification of the quality and status of the artist. They, the quotations, do scant justice to his full and comprehensive argument or to the grave and noble prose style of his writing. The whole book must be read to gain this end.

As may be imagined, Mr. Mather is no sycophant of the modernistic trends in what passes for contemporary art, though there is neither malice nor prejudice in his judgments. He considers that "the modern vogue of pure expressionism may be rather a dubious fashion than an accomplished revolution," which is a very polite way of putting the case. As for the prospects of the future, and in considering the question of good taste and its lack of conspicuousness at the present time, he says, "In our day it is the democratic unwillingness of the traditionally base people to admit their baseness and the consequent inferiority of their esthetic enjoyments, that deprives the various small groups which may be said to represent the good taste of our moment, of anything like general authority." A profound saying, and how far its implications may be extended!

Three of the eight chapters seem to stand out in singular brilliance in the midst of a whole that is good: "Theory of Correspondences of Rhythm"; "The Work of Art, its Form"; and "The Artist." One would needs go far to match these for clear and deep thinking, for illuminating suggestiveness, and for

fineness of expression. Assuming that I believed that art could be taught in the classroom (the assumption would be purely gratuitous) I think this should become the chief textbook. In any case, even if art cannot be taught, it may and should be used as one of the most important factors in cultural development, therefore it should certainly form a part of the curriculum of every institution of higher learning. R. A. C.

The Colonial Period of American History. By Charles M. Andrews. New Haven: Yale University Press. Vol. I. $4.00.

This is the first volume of Professor Andrews' monumental history of the colonial period. It covers the first half century of settlement in Virginia, Massachusetts, Bermuda, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. The author's aim is entirely different from that of previous historians dealing with American beginnings. It can best be stated by abbreviating his own account of it in this fashion: "To place the colonies in their rightful setting and so to discover what our colonial history is all about, it is necessary to view them not from within, as is commonly done, but from without, disregarding all preconceptions based on later events."

In short, he treats them not as future states of which it is interesting to learn the origin, but as incidents of the creation of the British Empire, then just coming into being. In the past, he says, "the absorbing interest of Americans in their own side of the story has tended to obscure and relegate to the background this cardinal feature of our early history."

The exhaustiveness of his work prevents Dr. Andrews from carrying this first volume far enough in time to make possible any estimate of his ultimate success with this ambitious and novel plan. For the present, therefore, criticism must in fairness be limited to the very small part of the colonial period which this large volume covers. And that criticism is summarized in the statement that this eminent and admired historian has very probably produced his masterpiece, or will have done so when his great work has advanced far enough to be viewed as a whole.

His method is, as we should expect, perfectly historical—that is, animated only by a passion for truth; he is dispassionate, but his impartiality does not prevent him from coming to definite conclusions about the right and wrong of each event and trend. The conclusions, however, are never based on anything but the evidence. Probably Catholics will be more interested in the religious phases of the infant settlements of Virginia and Massachusetts than in any other. In this nascent stage there was not much development. In Virginia, the causes and character of the immigration subordinated religion to the struggle for existence. In Massachusetts the Pilgrims, or *Mayflower* passengers and their successors, were Separatists, holding to peculiar doctrines; but the Puritans, who began coming ten years later, were orthodox members of the Church of England. They were, however, at odds with the episcopal hierarchy on forms of ritual and matters of Church government, and the way in which they too drifted into Separatism and became Congregationalists, as described by Professor Andrews, was

singularly accidental. Being without a pastor, they yielded to the pressure of a visiting enthusiast from the Pilgrims Dr. Samuel Fuller, Endicott and two of their other leaders being in sympathy with his views. Presumably the rank and file were not very deeply partisan either way. C. W. T.

The Two Sources of Morality and Religion. By Henri Bergson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.00.

This book sets forth the implications of Bergsonism in the fields of morals and religion. The two sources of morality are (a) the pressure of society upon the individual, and (b) aspiration after the perfection seen in an exalted model. These differing sources of morality lead to the development of divergent types of society: the closed, and the open. Each of these in turn has a characteristic form of religion, the static and the dynamic respectively.

The closed society is that whose members hold together, caring nothing for the rest of humanity. A force of unvarying direction ensures the cohesion of the group by bending all individual wills to the same end. That force is moral obligation. A closed society can resist the dissolving action of intelligence and communicate to each of its members that confidence which is indispensable only through a religion born of the myth-making function. This religion, which M. Bergson calls static, and this obligation, which is tantamount to a pressure, are the very substance of closed society.

The open society is the society which in principle embraces all humanity. A dream dreamt now and again by chosen souls, it conquers difficulties hitherto unconquerable. The diversity of these efforts could be summed up in one and the same thing: an impetus that is the mystic life. The dynamic religion which thus springs into being is the very opposite of the static religion born of the myth-making function, in the same way as the open society is the opposite of the closed society.

To this discussion, which we have summarized in substantially the author's words, is appended a chapter on "Mechanics and Mysticism" in which M. Bergson questions the deadening influence of the machine age upon the life of the spirit. He maintains that it was the conquest of nature which later became so characteristic of mechanical advance that enabled Christian mysticism to transcend the limitations which thwarted the full fruition of Eastern mysticism. He even foresees a possible return to the simple life in which the world will function more perfectly as "a machine for the making of gods."

If, as Bergson says, he has passed beyond the conclusions of his *Creative Evolution*, it is only because he has applied his principles to other subject matter. Here is the same philosophy of *devenir*, the same preoccupation with the problem of Zeno's arrow, the same contempt for the intellect, and the same confidence in the ability of a transcendent biology to solve all problems. Thus, whatever criticisms Catholic thinkers have offered in the past apply equally well to this latest of Bergson's works. And yet the book is full of noteworthy passages. Solid satisfaction is to be had from the author's independence of scientific or psychological theories in momentary vogue, from his

complaint against present-day overemphasis on sex, and in the clear-cut statement on page 102: "Science is as far as ever from a physico-chemical explanation of life."

But the most pertinent question regards the effect the book will have upon the reader who abandons himself to the flow of its imagery. He may end by being convinced that morality is no more than custom, and religion no more than myth-making. These are not the conclusions of M. Bergson, it is true; he calls his followers to the open morality of aspiration and the dynamic religion of mysticism. And yet he admits that only a few can attain such heights. Are the rest of his readers going to be content with what he has taught them is second-rate and make-believe, or will not the vital impulse find in their case less lofty outlets still? E. P.

Vein of Iron. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

Miss Glasgow's latest novel spans three generations of the Scotch Presbyterian Fincastles. With technical mastery she projects the heroic fundamentalist grandmother, the heretical, freethinking son, John, and the modernist granddaughter, Ada, who shatters to bits the stout moral code of her ancestors. The background shifts from the old manse in the Valley of Virginia, ancestral home of the pioneer Fincastles, down to Queenborough, familiar ground to Miss Glasgow's readers. When the narrative restores Ada to the half ruined house in the Valley, the ancient homestead seems to function both as unifying factor and as symbolism.

The author gives chance its due share in our mortal predicaments, but she makes disaster spring from the flaw in character. Here it is Ralph McBride's fear of being unlike the herd and Ada's quick temper that beckon malign destiny and hand Ralph over to the foolish Janet. Without waiting for the Reno divorce-mill already in motion, the lovers act on the romantic belief that they "belong to each other." Ada, though reared in the strict Calvinist tradition, shows no trace of moral conflict. With jubilation, a true child of her era, 1901-1935, she plans a flight and yields triumphantly to her lover.

Some of the characterization is firm and consistent, the background and atmosphere show the author's magic, there are flashes of wit and moments of insight—all conveyed in a style of distinction. Nevertheless there is a basic flaw in the development of the theme of the story, the fortitude that binds the generations together with iron links and makes tradition. Ada, still unconscious of sinning against the moral code, returns in poverty with Ralph, "to lean back on" the dead Fincastles, who are "lending her their strength." This sounds the mystic note. But Ada's appeal is like that of a Catholic reciting the litany of the saints while denying the Incarnation or the Real Presence. The ancestors she invokes had practiced not only fortitude in material things, but the kind that involves the renunciation of forbidden fruit. Like the grandmother in the earlier chapters, they would repudiate Ada's romantic philosophy that love justifies itself. Miss Glasgow has shown herself an able critic on more than one occasion, both of twentieth century literature and the welter and chaos of modern so-

ciety. Either she chooses to ignore this flaw or she has sold out to the moderns. M. C. M.

The Fate of Man in the Modern World. By Nicholas Berdyaev. New York: Morehouse Publishing Co. $1.25.

The Bourgeois Mind. Same Author. New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc. $1.25.

Freedom and the Spirit. Same Author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

Some fifteen years before writing **The Fate of Man in the Modern World**, M. Berdyaev published *The Meaning of History* and four years later *The End of Our Time.* In the two earlier books he proposed the idea that our civilization had come to the end of an historical epoch. Now, more than ever, he feels that a new period, as yet without a name, is beginning; and the first book listed above appears as "a sort of second volume of *The End of Our Time.*"

M. Berdyaev, who has been called "the keenest living critic of Russian Communism," is aware also of the weakness of both Capitalism and Fascism. He here affirms that, in essence, "Mussolini says the same thing as Marx." National Socialism and Nationalism come in for vigorous criticism; and he finds the hope of the world in Christianity—not historical Christianity but rather a new type still to be revealed.

Not dissimilar is the theme of **The Bourgeois Mind**, first published in part in *The Dublin Review*, *Christendom*, and *The Hibbert Journal.* It is made up of four essays, two of which are translated from the Russian direct and two from the French. To M. Berdyaev the "Bourgeois Mind" stands for a middle class mentality no longer restricted by religion nor by spiritual culture and now anxious to express its own conception of life and establish its own hideous kingdom. In so doing it has made man the slave of the machine. The reinstatement of the true hierarchy of values and the restoration of man's natural dignity will come only after the triumph of "person" over "machine." Admitting that there is something in what Marx and Marxists say about religion and Christianity, and that religion has often been used to justify the oppression of man by man, M. Berdyaev points out that these evils are attributable wholly to the outward, social side of religion. He declares the essence of Christianity to be that it sets man free from despondency and slavery, liberates his creative ability, reestablishes his lost dignity, and gives meaning and value to personal existence.

M. Berdyaev, who seems to have read most of the serious books in existence, is a penetrating, sincere and original critic; but reservations in our admiration of his work are caused first by his tendency to obscurity; then by his habit of repetition, and still again by what we might call an ultra dogmatic attitude in his expression of opinions. Often he seems to think his way the only way, and his interpretation, the only possible one.

He is too subjective and too extreme to attain a perfect balance. To his own loss, and therefore of course also to ours, he lacks that measure of restraint, that habit of reasonable humility which is typical of the Catholic mind at its best.

With the publication of **Freedom and the Spirit** in 1927, M. Berdyaev ranged himself definitely among

those philosophers who for one reason or another stand outside the Catholic pale; although he often used—and still continues to use—language which might be used by the most thorough-going Catholic. No one could desire a more trenchant and outspoken refutation of Communism and the Marxist philosophy than his; yet the basis of his own philosophy is unsound and his conclusions are not uniformly acceptable.

M. Berdyaev has had rather a vogue in the last few years. He has been proclaimed as a most forceful and creative thinker, who takes up and solves great social and spiritual problems, and who provides us with the kind of intellectual leadership which we need in order to withstand the onset of Communism. More than this, some seem to have taken it for granted—if they have not actually affirmed — that his views are thoroughly satisfactory to Catholics.

On the contrary, M. Berdyaev's extravagant admiration for Dostoievski was of itself sufficient to serve as an early warning to critical readers who in consequence began to entertain at least a suspicion about the soundness of his doctrine and its implications. This latest volume makes clear his deliberate repudiation of principles to which the Catholic Church is irrevocably committed. One finds in his pages many inspiring thoughts and much evidence of a keen spiritual sense, but what is precious and illuminating is so mixed up with obscure, confused, easily misunderstood statements, that the contribution as a whole becomes of questionable value. Sentences typical of the author's original but uncontrollable mental gymnastics could be multiplied. Let these serve: "The Roman Catholic conception of the Church . . . means the damnation of the majority of mankind." Again: from the standpoint of St. Thomas Aquinas, Christ should "have belonged to the category of God-angel rather than to that of God-man." Still again, "The Virgin Mary is the female cosmic soul of humanity."

One would wish to be reassured also concerning M. Berdyaev's views on such points as the visible Church, the nature of evil, the value of theology, the essence of sanctity, the monastic life and the priestly office, the comparative worth of Thomist and Catholic thought on one hand and of Jacob Boehme and the Gnostics on the other. With regard to all these subjects he seems to speak in opposition to the teaching of the Catholic Church, meanwhile proclaiming his own doctrine with a finality and a comprehensive dogmatism which would leave a pope breathless. J. McS.

The Russian Revolution, 1917-1921. By W. H. Chamberlin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $10.00.

Although numerous details and ramifications of the Russian Revolution are still shrouded in mystery, the main outlines of the events that led up to the seizure of power by the Soviets in Red October are sufficiently clear to enable a conscientious student to reconstruct the drama which saw the fall of the Romanoffs and the triumph of Lenin and Trotsky. The qualifications of Mr. Chamberlin for this task are well known. His training and experience were those of a journalist, not an historian. Consequently, it would be unfair to expect in the narration of events that

preceded his own advent to Russia the keen, penetrating analysis or vivid description that made his *Iron Age* such a compelling human document. Nevertheless, thanks to a grant from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, Mr. Chamberlin was able to devote eighteen months to the intensive research and calm reflection that are essential to the development of the materials of history. On the whole, he has acquitted himself of this task with clarity, distinction and a high degree of objectivity.

Fortunately, the author has been in his happiest mood in showing the whirlwind speed with which the revolutionary forces developed in the spring of 1917 and how the Czar Nicholas had written out his formal abdication almost before he had come to any realization of the catastrophe which had overwhelmed his empire. It is also obvious in these pages that the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies had been in closer touch with the masses and enjoyed more genuine authority than the Duma virtually from the day on which Kerensky took over the trappings of power for the Provisional Government.

It was Lenin, not Kerensky, who took to heart Chernishevsky's mordant phrase: "Who would be interested in propaganda that is not backed by bayonets?" While the head of the Provisional Government, with an admirable zeal and matchless eloquence, orated endlessly for the benefit of Deputies and citizens, the grim-faced minions of the proletariat were circulating among the sailors and soldiers, winning them from their ancient allegiance and sweeping into the hands of the Presidium sitting in the Smolny Institute the keys to arsenals, fortresses, warehouses, and centers of communication and transport. Kerensky, like the Czar, had been stripped of power before he was able to take inventory of the domain which he had been permitted to administer in the period of swift transition from imperial autocracy to the dictatorship of the small group of determined men who controlled the Communist Party. There are crises in history when victory wings her way to the leader, like Lenin, who is convinced that "on the barricades a safe blower will be more useful than Pavlov."

It is interesting and important to compare the initial religious decrees of the Soviet Government with the laws which have been recently enforced in Mexico. On February 9, 1918, in Russia religious teaching was forbidden in public and in private schools, although citizens retained the theoretical right to give and receive religious training privately. Churches and religious societies were denied the right to own property. This and similar legislation was euphemistically styled "complete separation of Church and State."

In view of the recurrent Soviet boast that "organized prostitution has been completely wiped out under the new régime," it is useful to record Mr. Chamberlin's observation that "a new form of irregular sex relations, generated by new social conditions, grew up." Due to the huge bureaucracy which was created in Moscow, the numerous girl employees in the Government offices, the *sovietski barishni*, or "Soviet young ladies," as they were half derisively called, received semi-starvation wages, like almost everyone else. Many of them were willing, if not eager, to enter into *liai-*

sons with speculators or with high Soviet officials who were able to offer such luxuries as flour and sugar, or even cosmetics and silk stockings. Juvenile criminality became, and still is, a serious social problem.

The second volume of this work concludes with the introduction of the New Economic Policy in March, 1921, but not before the author has given an excellent, coördinated account of the allied intervention, the vain efforts of Denikin, Budenny and Kolchak to defeat the Red armies and the mass labor conscription that synchronized with the war against Poland. In an appendix some of the most valuable documents on the period are cited textually; the bibliography lists most of the important general sources, while the chronological table and index are entirely adequate. For all those who desire to understand the technique of revolution these two volumes are quite indispensable. J. F. T.

New Minds for Old. By Esmé Wingfield Stratford. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

The alluring title of this hefty book is somewhat misleading because the author does not pretend to expound a system which will turn any dullard into a master mind. He defines "mind" as "that part of the universal creative energy that informs and gives life to each one of us" and asserts that it is not possible to increase such energy; however, by removing the obstacles to the mind's proper functioning, by directing its flow into the proper channels, the mind itself may be developed to its full efficiency.

The author considers as the most oppressive, and most common hindrances those of social origin: this gives him opportunity for a searching criticism of modern society which has enslaved the human mind forcing it to act according to prepared patterns. The final outcome of such conditions will be a "society of robots controlled by tyrants"—the latter hardly more intelligent than the former. Admiring the keenness of the author's criticism and his pithy style, this reviewer must observe, first of all, that the inclusion of religion among the slave-mind patterns is not justifiable and, secondly, this reviewer would suggest that every social *milieu* has always had its own patterns and that a really "independent mind" has always been a rare phenomenon; after all, on the whole, it is easier to-day, in England or in America at least, to jump the established tracks than it has ever been before.

At any rate, this book will amply repay a thoughtful reading and rereading: it is important to know under what conditions our mind is enabled to function at its best, even though the attaining of such ideal conditions is a matter of individual effort and probably cannot be taught in a book. A. R. B.

Claudius the God and His Wife Messalina. By Robert Graves. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. $3.00.

In depicting the political life of the Emperor, this volume supplements the previous *I, Claudius*, the academician, and sustains interest again through its autobiographical form. Painful experience emphasizes how dull books of Roman History can be; therefore, it is refreshing to follow this natural and un-

stilted description of events as they actually occurred.

Herod Agrippa's remarkable influence on the Roman ruler during the momentous years 40 to 54 A. D., is treated at length, and the author shows thorough knowledge of the Oriental mentality and morality, making us understand Claudius' attitude to Christianity: the confusion of Jew and Christian and ridicule of the Resurrection.

The graphic description of the conquest of Britain and of the Roman Triumph accorded to the conquering Emperor is the high point of the book, which, however, in some respects is less gripping than the first volume. In those sections where the divisions into chapters mark no coherent transitions and seem to have been made only for typographical convenience, it becomes rambling and boresome. The title is misleading also, for the deification is quite incidental and the part played by Messalina is not coequal.

The reader suspects that it was written hurriedly, for purposes of immediate publication, at the sacrifice of careful writing and even of delicacy of expression.

It is a difficult task to recast the ancient days in modern phraseology, and it is to the author's credit that he has succeeded so well. He proves again his erudite familiarity with details of Roman, Jewish, Scriptural and early Christian writings, as well as his genius for presenting them as if he were present at the events which they describe.

His book teaches valuable lessons for the present generation: the perils of monarchy, the desirability of unfettered democracy, the degraded values of paganism, and the need of spiritual ideals to save society from economic chaos and moral perdition. If the next volume deals with the reign of Nero, the conflict of Christianity with paganism should be accentuated. F. L. K.

The Catholic Literary Revival. Three Phases in its Development from 1845 to the Present. By Calvert Alexander, S.J. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.50.

This is one of the most important contributions yet made to the exceedingly valuable Science and Culture series edited by Father Husslein, just as the series itself is an indisputable evidence that a Catholic literary revival is under way. Many a reader recognizing such evidence on the one hand and on the other must have longed for some such systematic account of it. That want has been supplied by Father Alexander's book, I am not prepared to say with unqualified success, but that is probably the last thing so competent a writer would claim for it.

His book is to a great extent a series of critico-biographical studies of the representative writers of the movement which he surveys, with an occasional chapter devoted to a phase of the movement or a type of writing, such as the novel. In the chapters on individual authors he contrives to present an amazing amount of information concerning each man's background and his times. Thus, the chapter on Newman has less to do with the Cardinal than with the connection between the Romantic movement and the Oxford Movement, a highly important point to establish for any understanding of what is now taking place.

In general, however, interesting as these individual studies are, it

seems to me that they are sometimes accorded disproportionate space, with the result that other writers are crowded into a few lines or are no more than mentioned. Important as it is to understand the origins of the movement, it is even more pertinent that the work of contemporary writers should be grasped in its full significance, for which reason some of the space that is devoted to already well-known authors, such as Patmore and Thompson, might, it seems to me, be divided with others whose careers are too recent to have been as yet recorded, Dawson, for instance, whose name does not appear in the index, although of course he is mentioned *passim*.

Naturally the largest space is devoted to the English writers representing the revival, although Father Alexander makes a brave effort to allow America to make a showing. But the foreign influences, especially the French, which are so numerous, so important, and which manifested themselves so early as to have helped shape the English revival, are confined to a single chapter, whereas several of the great figures here mentioned are worth individual treatment, Goyau, for instance, and Péguy, Maritain and Claudel.

These things, however, are to a great extent matters of opinion, and there would probably be many to take exception to changes that suggest themselves to me as improvements. The fact is, that we now have what we have not hitherto had, a more or less complete account of the Catholic revival in its literary aspects. It is written in an attractive informal style that occasionally becomes epigrammatic, it is soundly critical, contains an immense amount of information and displays a vast reading done with the utmost discernment. It is, in short, refreshing proof that Catholic culture even in America has at last escaped the domination of Puritan ideas. It is a book that every literate Catholic should read, because it is high time that the Catholic body began to be permeated with a realization of these things, of which not even the educated Catholic is always aware. The volume is not intended for a textbook, but it could readily be used as such and should certainly be a part of the required reading in every Catholic college.

Criticism becomes invidious when it finds time to notice minor errors, but it becomes a painful duty when there are so many in a book of this kind. Thus we have "councils" for "counsels," "George Sands" (twice), "Mentome," "that of Verlaine's," etc.

Father Alexander says of Mauriac's earlier work that most of it is dangerous to any but "hardened readers." But surely the hardened reader has already been seriously injured, if not fatally hurt.

B. M. K.

The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges. The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dixon. Edited with notes and an introduction by Claude Colleer Abbott. New York: Oxford University Press. The two vols., $10.00.

"Celebrity might well have spoiled Hopkins," writes Daniel Sargent of the poet, "so instead of celebrity, he was accorded by God, companionship . . . largely by letter with three other poets: Patmore, a Catholic like himself, Canon Dixon, who though a Protestant, had

the greatest respect for the life as a Jesuit which Hopkins had chosen, and Robert Bridges, who had an aversion for the Catholic Church and a fearsome lack of comprehension of what it meant to be a Jesuit, but had a rare talent for friendship." The memorials of two of these companionships, covering twenty-four years, are presented here, and the Hopkins-Patmore correspondence is promised at an early date. Robert Bridges destroyed all his letters to Hopkins, the London *Times* reviewer suggesting that he feared the inevitable comparison with the vitality and inventiveness of his friend.

In spite of Professor Abbott's happy moments as a critic of Hopkins's poetry, it is regrettable that the Oxford University Press could not have chosen an editor less antagonistic to the poet's vocation as Jesuit. Even a casual acquaintance with Hopkins reveals that he held his vocation as priest and as Jesuit, as something even more integral to himself than his vocation as poet. Such remarks as this, p. xiv. of the Letters to Bridges, betray a prejudice that might match that of Bridges, himself, and constitute an impassable barrier between the editor and his subject: "Bridges had, and rightly, a profound distrust of the Society of Jesus." Moreover, Professor Abbott strangely identifies an ardent patriotism and a convinced Toryism—two characteristics of Hopkins—with Victorianism. On those counts there were Victorians in the time of William the Conqueror. He fails to isolate the elements of Victorianism. On all planes, essentially, Hopkins stood apart from his age. As a poet Mr. Day-Lewis thinks that Hopkins entered the world "by a kind of partheno-genesis, so difficult is he to connect with anything in the past."

The letters are much concerned with verse technique, with the poet's explanations of his theories of sprung rhythm and counterpointed verse, and with how his poems should be read to be understood. Hopkins leaves his signature on everything he touches, quickening and vitalizing all themes. Scattered through both volumes is a body of literary criticism of rare quality, some of the finest, the most perceptive in the English language. It is a bracing experience in this self-indulgent age, to grow intimate with so austere a soul, scorning the lush and the facile, and ever striving to cope with the difficult. These volumes, well equipped with notes, indexes, appendixes, portraits and facsimiles, should, on the shelves of a library, lend their warm companionship to Hopkins's poems.

M. C. M.

No Traveller Returns. A Book of Poems. By Joseph Auslander. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.50.

A Question of Lovers and Other Poems. By Sister M. Madeleva. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. $1.50.

Joseph Auslander is decidedly one of the most accomplished of contemporary American poets—also one of the most versatile and most highly sensitized. He has sung the tragic toll of machines and has translated Petrarch's sonnets with the devotion of a Renaissance Florentine; his *Letters to Women* traveling the long way from Sappho to Amy Lowell. The present volume, bringing together poems of the past five years, is largely in elegiac mood: its songs are, in the

main, of Love and Death. And they are keenly personal, for all their muted music and twilight coloring: often, as in "Historia Amoris Mea" or "Before Death Had Found You," they are so intimate that they shake and trouble the heart. But the personal grief of broken doll or broken dream is endurable, however it devastates. The unendurable thing is abstract grief—a Lazarus without resurgent faith, and no singing answer to the perennial "Whither and Whence and What" of existence. In this sense Mr. Auslander's pages are shadowed by deep melancholy. But his singing power remains, however, confined to minors or interrupted by purposeful dissonances. And his insight into "Nature's secrecies" remains also—now in the songs of transplanted sea gulls, now in "the lovely and tubercular flush of autumn," again in the subtle fantasy of "The Trees and the Intruders." And one is glad that the memorial lines to Vachel Lindsay—"heart-lifter, breath-taker"—perpetuate the brother poet as "laughing with sunlight."

Sister Madeleva is also a highly accomplished poet—one of the finest of our Catholic group in this country. She is also not only individual in expression but extremely personal in revelation. Yet no two books of verse could well be more different than **A Question of Lovers** and **No Traveller Returns**, for the nun is singing persistently about Love and Life. This slight book of lyrics—which contains, by the by, some exquisite sonnets as well as songs and imagistic fragments of free verse—is mainly a praise of the things which interest her and give her joy. Some of these things or these people are quite human—if indeed anything is entirely human to mystical scrutiny—others are overwhelmingly divine. There is a curiously pungent praise of Rahab the harlot, and many songs of places: Oxford and Winchester and Provence, and of trees and birds and friends and lovers and loneliness, and April with her

"Small, inexperienced, perfect
leaves; the dear
Young rain; a quick green devastating flame
Sweeping the world."

But Sister Madeleva's chief preccupation is with the Eternal Lover in Whose presence the temporal shrinks if it does not precisely pale. And one of the most enchanting of her songs is that joyful and ingenuous "Ballad of the Happy Christmas Wind" which, if it reminds the reader of anything at all—for Sister Madeleva's approach to devotional themes is of a rare originality—may suggest the mood of Kilmer's ballad of "Gates and Doors."

Because the greatest service to Catholic, or indeed, to any poetry is to sift the wheat from the chaff, we wish this little volume what the Irish delightfully sum up as "all good love and luck." K. B.

The Spiritual Letters of Dom Chapman. Edited by Dom Hudleston. New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc. $3.00.

There seems to be general agreement concerning the amiable disposition, the scholarship, the spiritual gifts of Dom Chapman, to whose credit stand several books and numerous articles in such publications as *La Revue Bénédictine*, *The Journal of Theological Studies*, and Hastings' *Dictionary*. A member of the Commission for the Re-

vision of the Vulgate, he was also one of the foremost English-speaking authorities on Patrology; and at the time of his death he was fourth Abbot of Downside.

The present work is made up in large part of letters to correspondents who met him first in his capacity of retreat master. It includes "Letters to Layfolk," "Letters to Religious," and "Letters to a Jesuit," this last group making up nearly one-third of the volume. The book deals largely with the nature of contemplative prayer and the process by which the soul is led to the mystical state,—a delicate subject, difficult to understand, and still more difficult to describe. Dom Chapman, who made no pretense of being an expert either in the theory or the practice of mysticism, stated quite simply that he was merely feeling his way along, trying to do his best for souls who appealed to him for guidance. He was very matter-of-fact and indeed edifyingly humble in the admission of his own inadequacy; he took great pains to understand the problems submitted by correspondents and to discover the correct solution. Here and there amid serious statements he intersperses a playful remark or a conscious exaggeration; and sometimes he passes a rather caustic criticism on saints, or spiritual writers, or theologians or even theological schools. This leaves his published correspondence open to misunderstanding. Already serious strictures have been pronounced upon the author of the letters and upon their editor,—some of them fair enough and others rather farfetched from the point of view of the disinterested observer.

The trained theologian who picks his way through this volume sympathetically will be able to interpret it aright. Other readers may find some passages which are mystifying, and some to which, from one standpoint or another, reasonable objection may be taken. The book may be classified as a volume possessed of great personal interest for those who knew Dom Chapman, and also unusually instructive to the general reader. The discussion it has caused will probably serve to interest many in the subject of "mental prayer" as distinct from "meditation"; and this may easily be productive of great and widespread spiritual benefit.

J. McS.

North to the Orient. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.

In the summer of 1931 the intrepid Lindberghs, following the Great Circle Route over Northern Canada, winged their way across the lonely Arctic terrain and thus made the dream of the Elizabethan explorers, Frobisher and Davis, a reality. The long sought-for "passage by the Northwest to Cathay" was no longer a myth. In this charmingly written travel narrative Anne Lindbergh has produced an account of the dramatic and fascinating adventures, the hours of uncertainty and danger and the friendly encounters along the way. In so doing she gives proof of a personality which finds expression in a love for simplicity and naturalness in all things. From the days of meticulous preparation to the expectant hour of the flight, from the take-off at North Haven, Maine, to the anxious landing in the flooded Yangtze and thence to Nanking, the chronicle moves rapidly, recording, in a delightfully personal way, the

thousand unexpected things that happened *en route*.

Although Anne Lindbergh admits that she could not pass her physics examination in college without special tutoring, she was, nevertheless, able to procure a third-class radio operator's license with a mere three weeks' practice. Between alternating at the controls of the specially adapted Sirius she took care of the transmitting and receiving on the trip. The zest of the book lies in its author's love for the glamour and mystery of the Orient, the land of complexity and contradiction. Colonel Lindbergh's end papers and maps aid greatly in a visualization of the extent of this memorable Odyssey of the air. E. J. C.

SHORTER NOTICES

HISTORY: **Prince Charlie and His Ladies.** By Compton Mackenzie (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00). In these stirring pages Compton Mackenzie pictures to the life the dashing, romantic grandson of James II., the Young Chevalier, Charles Edward, who for years kept England on edge by his endless plotting to regain his rightful heritage. While Mackenzie, a Jacobite to his finger tips, refutes many of the calumnies spread throughout Europe by Hanoverian propagandists and by the Prince's disloyal friends, he does not hesitate to condemn Charles's many vices. Brave, kindly, generous to a fault, he apostatized for a time to win English Protestant support, fawned upon Madame de Pompadour to curry favor with the French King, and copied his grandfather's loose morals. With the exception of his immoral wife, the women who entered his life were remarkable for their loyalty and devotion. Their portraits are all vividly sketched in this well-documented history.

The Catholic Church Under Henry VIII. By John Stow. Edited by C. A. Newgate, S.J., and E. A. Dignam, S.J. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 1 *s.* 6 *d.*). Very timely in view of the recent canonizations of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, is this new edition of selections from Stow's *Annals*. He was a contemporary and an eyewitness of some of the principal events during the reign of Henry VIII. and, although not a Catholic, was an impartial observer with some of the qualifications of an historian. Witness to his accuracy has been given by many writers; and he is described in the *Dictionary of National Biography* as "the most accurate and businesslike of English annalists or chroniclers of the sixteenth century." The little volume in addition to being interesting makes a useful source book for history classes, and might be of interest to persons engaged in such work as that of the Catholic Evidence Guild.

Catholics in Colonial Days. By Rev. Thomas P. Phelan (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.50). In this popular treatise Father Phelan, well-known lecturer and professor of History at the Seminary of the Catholic Missionary Society at Maryknoll, has gathered together the fruits of more than forty years of research regarding Catholic achievement in the thirteen colonies. After a brief mention of the pre-Columbian discoveries, the author describes the voyages of Columbus, the activities of the first

explorers and missionaries, the intolerant colonial laws of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the part played by Catholics in securing American independence, the support in moneys and men afforded our government by Catholic France. The book is provided with a good bibliography, and every important statement is supported by references to Catholic and non-Catholic historians.

The Catholic Church in Modern Wales. By Donald Attwater (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 8*s*. 6*d*.). At the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850, there were 10,000 Catholics in Wales. To-day (January, 1935) there are 103,000. This does not mean, however, that the Welsh have become converts in any great number; the increase is due chiefly to Irish immigration. As the author puts it: "The reunion of Wales to the faith of its fathers is not merely not in sight—it has not been begun." In a dozen chapters Mr. Attwater outlines the history of the Church in Wales, lists the old centers and the old families, describes the labors of the religious orders,—the Jesuits, Benedictines, and Capuchins,—and the activities of Bishops Brown, Hedley, Mostyn, and Vaughan. The author calls special attention to the language question, declaring that over one-half of the population (2,704,769) can speak Welsh, and 23,000 can speak nothing else. The parish priest and the missionary must be able to speak the language fluently, if they hope to make converts among the ignorant and prejudiced country folks.

Before the Dawn of History. By Charles R. Knight (New York: Whittlesey House-McGraw Hill Book Co. $2.50). Mr. Knight, drawing upon the resources of his own imagination as well as on the theories at present favored in the scientific world, produces in this volume panoramic views of prehistoric animals and writes descriptive sketches of what the life of monsters and man may have been in the long ago. Mr. Knight has good rating both as artist and scientist. Various magazines have published his paintings of early animal life, and some of his pictures are included in the permanent collections of the American Museum of Natural History of New York, the Field Museum of Chicago and the Los Angeles Museum. The volume provides an interesting and easy way of becoming acquainted with the current scientific account of prehistoric animal life; and the reader will learn how fossils and skeletons are discovered, mounted and preserved.

RELIGION: **Dominican Spirituality.** Translated by Anselm Townsend, O.P. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $1.25). Remembering the unique prestige enjoyed by St. Thomas in the theological world during the past half century, one finds it surprising that so little Dominican spiritual literature has been obtainable in English, although the Dominican Father Wilberforce by his translations of the writings of Blosius the Benedictine, placed them among the most popular spiritual reading of recent times. Father Townsend's volume opens a series which aims to remedy this defect by the publication of studies and biographies, original works and translations, representing what is best in Dominicanism. In the present group of short papers written by French and Belgian Dominicans, one is descriptive of

St. Dominic and four deal with the nature and historical development of Dominican spirituality. Clearly written and easy to read, the book makes a good beginning for the projected series. The sons of St. Dominic have contributed so richly to spiritual teaching that we may look forward to the building up of a valuable library of Dominican literature in English.

The Word Incarnate. A Harmony of the Gospels. By the Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.75). The title "Harmony of the Gospels" is often applied to an arrangement of the text of the Evangelists in parallel columns. A better usage perhaps applies the title "Synopsis" to such an arrangement and reserves "Harmony" for a work which combines the various texts in a continuous narrative. Archbishop Goodier's latest book is a Harmony founded on Tischendorf's Synopsis —with a few alterations—and was used by the author, we understand, in connection with the preparation of his well-known books, *The Public Life* and *The Passion and Death of Our Lord, Jesus Christ.* The sources are given at the beginning of each section, with a chart in parallel columns added by way of an appendix. It is useful both for spiritual reading and for meditation.

The Victory of Christ. By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.00). In his latest book, a popular treatise on the Redemption, Dom Vonier shows that Christ's victory was gained on the Cross, and not merely at the Resurrection; that it was indeed manifested to the world at the Resurrection and at Pentecost, but that it has been continued in the Church, and evidenced in the Holy Eucharist, which perpetuates Christ's Death and Resurrection. It is exemplified in the Christian, who either dies a martyr to Christ, or who lives as a sharer in Christ's grace. His victory will be fully shown only at the Last Judgment. While Abbot Vonier asserts that he writes as a theologian for Catholics, and not as an apologist for the unbeliever, he nevertheless answers clearly and definitely the chief objections that might be brought against his thesis, *viz.:* If Christ won so complete a victory, why is it that men still persist in sinning; that death is still the lot of all mankind; that all men do not attain salvation?

Christ. By Rev. F. J. Mueller (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $1.50). Readers who have already made the acquaintance of Father Mueller in his other books, *Upon This Rock* and *Christ's Twelve,* will welcome the publication of this latest work, written to form part of the Religion and Culture Series. The author with the lay person evidently in mind, has produced a book that is as readable as it is instructive. So many books of this kind either place too much emphasis on fine theological distinctions which mean nothing to the average layman, or, what is worse, are merely pious books of devotion. Father Mueller's work, while not entirely free from difficulties of this sort, deserves wide reading, and will do much to correct the impression prevalent in the minds of many that a religious book is necessarily a dull book.

Fifty-six Years a Missionary in China. By Mother M. Austin, H.H.S. (London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 5*s.*) "The Mission of

Zi-Ka-Wei," writes Archbishop Goodier in the preface of this life of Mother St. Dominic, H.H.S., "is today one of the most glorious spots among all the Church's foreign missions." The fruit of Mother St. Dominic's fifty-year apostolate, this Shanghai mission boasts seventeen flourishing schools, colleges, hospitals, orphanages and homes for workers and defectives. While the author, herself a missionary in China for many years, relates in some measure Mother St. Dominic's missionary activities, she lays special stress upon her subject's interior life in view of possible canonization. The Helpers of the Holy Souls have much reason to be proud of this saintly and zealous woman.

MISCELLANEOUS: **Library Handbook for Catholic Students.** By William T. O'Rourke (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.25). Rarely is a book more welcome to students than this, the first of its kind, which undertakes to teach Catholic readers how to use library material and to acquaint them with standard reference works, especially those of Catholic authorship. A careful reading of it would serve as a helpful, even, if necessarily inadequate, substitute for a course in Library Science and as an elementary training in the principles of research work. The author, who is Assistant Librarian at Holy Cross College, hopes his book will become the educational companion of every Catholic student. It should be. Also it will provide very desirable help to the seminarian and the publicist. It may even serve to enlighten some college faculties as to the close relationship between Catholic education and the Library. It gives so much in so small a compass that one ventures with hesitation even upon a constructive criticism. However, the author may be glad to have his attention drawn to the fact that among the Concordances there should be mention of Dutripon; that Father Kirsch's book on *Sex Education* is worthy of a place among the titles listed on page 101; and that the reference to *Universal Knowledge* on page 27 ought to receive some amplification.

My Confessional. By Havelock Ellis (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50). The position of Havelock Ellis in a particular department of psychology is fairly well known. Less well known is the fact that he receives many letters from people in all parts of the world who write to him about themselves and their problems. Of these letters, he says, "I receive them meekly, not without a smile, never with a curse, and to a large number I send some sort of answer." The replies to seventy-one such letters make up the present volume. Their chief value lies in their manifestation of Mr. Ellis's opinion on a great variety of things concerning which he has no special commission to speak; but for anyone anxious to become acquainted with the author's views on all sorts of miscellaneous subjects, from Bolshevism and war to music and Spinoza, this is the book.

Unrolling the Map. The Story of Exploration. By Leonard Outhwaite (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.75). This is a book to delight the eye, enrich the mind and fascinate the imagination. Plentifully supplied with maps and with original drawings of famous ships, it covers the whole history of exploration from the voyage to Punt, nearly 5,000 years ago, down to the exploits of Byrd and Ellsworth.

The author, who varies his style, according to the particular tale he has to tell of different men and different periods, contrives not only to make every page interesting, but to condense an enormous amount of information into a relatively small compass. It is a satisfying book, the work of a fair, intelligent and skillful craftsman. No criticism suggests itself to us, except that the arrangement of the bibliography could be made more convenient for the reader, and that on a comparative basis, a little more recognition might have been given to some of the Franciscan and Jesuit pioneers.

Musician's Talk. By Leonora Wood Armsby (New York: The Dial Press. $2.50). The open-air concerts given for the past ten years at the Woodland Theater in San Mateo, Calif., were due to the ability, energy and consummate tact of Mrs. Armsby, the successful managing director of the Philharmonic Society of San Mateo County. In her delightful gossipy book she modestly remains in the background, and allows her artist guests to hold the stage at all times. A goodly gathering indeed of eminent guest conductors responded gladly to her call. Ossip Gabrilówitsch, Arturo Toscanini, Henry Hadley, Bruno Walter, Albert Coates, Walter Damrosch, Eugene Goossens, Howard Hanson and Pierre Monteux. The author gives us many a clear-cut snapshot of these artists at their work in the theater and at their ease in her beautiful Burlingame home. She tells us of their methods of conducting and composition, their estimates of musicians, ancient and modern, their experiences here and abroad, their personal tastes and viewpoints.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

A. R. B.: Rev. Albert R. Bandini, writer and critic, Pastor of St. Rose's Church, Crockett, Calif.; author of *A Lineal and Rhymed Translation of the Divine Comedy, St. Catherine of Siena,* etc.

B. M. K.: Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D., poet and critic, Professor of English, College of Mount St. Vincent, New York City; formerly Editorial Manager of *The Catholic Encyclopedia;* author of *The Valley of Vision, Mary the Mother,* etc.

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author, New York City; former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times;* author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch,* etc.

E. J. C.: E. J. Clarke, Instructor in English, Bishop Loughlin High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. P.: Rev. Edward Peters, C.S.P., Professor of Dogmatic Theology, St. Paul's College, Brookland, D. C.

F. L. K.: Rev. Francis L. Keenan, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Moral Theology, St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; associate editor of *Thought* for the Department of International Relations, and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition,* etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *Be of Good Heart, A Primer of Prayer,* etc.

K. B.: Katherine Brégy, Litt.D., *Officier de l'Instruction Publique,* writer, dramatic and literary critic, Philadelphia, Pa.; author of *The Poets' Chantry, From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc,* etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and University Libraries, Richmond, Va.

R. A. C.: Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D., architect, Boston, Mass.; fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Institute of Architects, Royal Geographical Society (London); member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters; president of the Medieval Academy of America; author of *The Substance of Gothic, Towards the Great Peace, The Catholic Church and Art,* etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

D. Appleton-Century Co., New York:
Made in America. By George Madden Martin. $2.00.

Benziger Bros., New York:
The Ruined Temple. By Rev. Richard A. Welfle, S.J. $1.25.

Columbia University Press, New York:
The Columbia Encyclopedia. In One Volume. Clark F. Ansley, Editor-in-Chief. $17.50.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
Ulysses S. Grant: Politician. By William B. Hesseltine. $4.00.

Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York:
Thomas More. By R. W. Chambers. $3.75.

Harper & Bros., New York:
Honey in the Horn. By H. L. Davis. $2.50. *The Voice of England.* By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. $3.00. *Man, the Unknown.* By Alexis Carrel. $3.50.

William F. Hirten Co., Inc., New York:
Little Cords. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. 25 cents. *Mustard Seed.* By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. 25 cents. *No God Next Door.* By Michael Kenny, S.J. 25 cents.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York:
An Atlas of European History. By J. F. Horrabin. $1.50. *Paul Cézanne.* By Gerstle Mack. $5.00.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Oliver Hazard Perry. By Charles J. Dutton. $3.50. *John Whopper.* The Newsboy. 75 cents. *Married Saints.* By Selden Peabody Delany. $2.00. *Moccasins on the Trail.* By Wolfe Thompson. $2.00. *Youth's Captain.* The Story of Ralph Waldo Emerson. By Hildegarde Hawthorne. $2.00.

McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York:
Science and the Public Mind. By Benjamin C. Gruenberg. $2.00.

The Macmillan Co., New York:
The Furys. By James Hanley. $2.50. *The Ancient World.* By T. R. Glover. $2.50. *In Search of Love.* By Francis Stuart. $2.00. *All Things Are Possible.* By Lewis Browne. $2.50. *Government in Business.* By Stuart Chase. $2.00. *A History of Science, Technology and Philosophy in the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries.* By A. Wolf. $7.00.

Oxford University Press, New York:
European Civilization: Its Origin and Development. By Various Contributors. Edward Eyre, General Editor. Vol. I. (revised), 25 *s.*, Vol. II., 15 *s.*, Vol. III., 18 *s.* *Polarity, A German Catholic's Interpretation of Religion.* By P. Erich Pryzwara, S.J. Translated by A. C. Bouquet, D.D. $3.00.

Frederick Pustet Co., New York:
Our Boys. By Rev. Frederick A. Reuter. $2.00.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:
I Was Hitler's Prisoner. By Stefan Lorant. $2.75.

Reynal & Hitchcock, New York:
Moscow Excursion. By P. L. Travers. $1.50. *The Dupont Dynasty.* By John K. Winkler. $3.00.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Inc., New York:
Feliciana. By Stark Young. $2.50.

Simon & Schuster, New York:
Schoolhouse in the Foothills. By Ella Enslow in collaboration with Alvin F. Harlow. $3.00.

St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.:
A Little Child's First Communion. An Introduction to the Spiritual Way. By Mother Bolton. 10 cents.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:
Coot Club. By Arthur Ransome. $2.00. *Games and Stunts for All Occasions.* By William R. Young and Horace J. Gardner. $1.00.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston:
The Stars Look Down. By A. J. Cronin. $2.50.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.:
Fisher and More. By H. E. G. Rope, M.A. $1.25. *The Rose of China—Marie Thérèse Wang.* By E. Castel, C.M. Translated by Sister Mary Cullen. $1.25.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis:
Freedom of the Press. By George Seldes. $2.75.

George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London:
Benes. Statesman of Central Europe. By Pierre Crabitès. 12 *s.* 6 *d.*

Society of St. John the Evangelist, Tournai, Belgium:
The Liber Usualis. Edited by the Benedictines of Solesmes. Biegas 7.40.

Rizzoli & Co., Milan, Italy:
Misticì del Duecento e del Trecento. A cura di Arrigo Levasti. 30 L.